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### THE COMING CHRISTMAS.

THE observance of Christmas is so engrafted on the hearts of the English people, that we spontaneously rejoice at its advent. If we look back to the great number of public festivals which once distinguished this country, we shall see that most of them have become subjects for antiquaries, and that the present one alone retains its hold on the affections of the people. The use to be made of this fact is to treat the occasion honestly, and to endeavour to determine how the ideas of this period of the year can be most wisely used just now. Christmas is not only a religious time, nor is it only a festal time; but it is a time when the associations of both such periods act at once on the popular opinion, and therefore it appeals with double force to the community.

The Christmas on which we are now entering will not, unfortunately, be one of the merriest of modern times. We are likely to be

more reminded of the duties than of the pleasures of the season. In the first place, it closes a year altogether unparalleled among modern years for its public misfortunes. The Russian war had its dangers, but it was full of glory. Its miseries were such as are inseparable from war generally, and even its blunders would not have been so much remarked, but that they followed on a period accustomed to matter-of-fact and commercial life, and disposed to be unusually shocked by events which passed among the common-place horrors of bygone ages. When they closed, they left behind them political triumphs—a success which in the main was great—and patriotic memories. Taking, however, the best view of the Indian mutiny, how much of this kind of consolation can we claim? Our arms have displayed all their past vigour; our countrymen have behaved with more than their wonted gallantry. But the vigour has been exerted against soldiers in our own pay; and the

gallantry has been exercised against those who for three generations had been our loyal subjects. A suppressed rebellion may be a matter of pride, but never altogether a matter of joy. We cannot blot out the horrors and ignominy which accompanied the insurrection; and, though we have succeeded as a fighting people, it was only after failing as a conquering one. Such considerations must damp our natural pride and pleasure, and, at all events, must mix cypress with our holly.

Considerations like these stand unfortunately altogether apart from the heroism of the men engaged in this struggle. The better they have behaved, the worse it is that we should have required such men for such a business. A hundred theories have been broached to account for the Indian mutiny, but not one will leave our government of India blameless. If we have provoked the natives by offending their feelings, that was wrong. If we have been guilty of wanton annexation, that was cruel. If we have been in the main just,



CHRISTMAS BELLS: THE RINGERS AT THE CHURCH PORCH.—(DRAWN BY A. STADER.)

but have truckled to a badly-organized army, that was weak and ridiculous. There is danger that our triumphs over the issue of the revolt may blind us to the errors which have produced it; and in winding up the accounts of the year, we ought not to let our pride prevail over our insight.

Apart, however, from this great political event, there are circumstances in our domestic life in England which will prevent this from being a very brilliant Christmas. We have just passed through a sharp commercial crisis, of which the effects have been widely felt, and of which the influence has not yet terminated. Great disputes have taken place about the conditions of law and custom under which this crisis has been produced. But nobody has denied that it has come upon us at a time when, judging from harvests and imports, the natural prosperity of the country ought to be sound, and that therefore it is chiefly the result of the greediness and over-speculation which distinguish modern trade. If nothing resulted but the ruin of particular firms, there would be little regret for those firms as associations of individuals. But when firms stop, masses suffer. The errors of those who have knowledge punish the ignorant labourer. We accordingly find at present that thousands are living upon a charity which they themselves dislike, and which is far beyond the ordinary requirements of the country. It is more mockery to wish these people "happy returns" of a day which is to them a day of suffering and degradation. They are mourners for the blunders of your commercial classes, as the widows of Indian sufferers are for those of your Oriental administrations. To say that nothing can be done to avert such a destiny from them, is to make face the governor of the universe, and to contradict all the traditions of the religion which you are about to celebrate in its highest festival.

The evil of our present state of public opinion is, that we make such a practical distinction between what a man is expected to do in his public capacity, and what he is expected to do in his private one. There are different standards of morality for these. It is nothing to the discredit of politicians if the people suffer, provided that the common political honour is not broken through. Accordingly, in difficulties like those which now oppress the working folk, no remedy is forthcoming. We fall back on the old doctrines of charity, which in our times has, even as a word, lost its grace, and come to mean something cold and humiliating. Why, then, at such a dull period, "keep" Christmas? Because Christmas as a tradition is a protest against modern selfishness; because then, if only for once, people are likely to remember the religious law which they profess. Our moral is, that if events make the time at which Christmas falls gloomy, it is all the more the duty of people to carry out its sacred and kindly laws.

#### CHRISTMAS BELLS.

WAKE me to-night, my mother dear,  
That I may hear  
The Christmas Bells, so soft and clear,  
To high and low glad tidings tell,  
How God the Father loved us well;  
How God the Eternal Son  
Came to undo what we had done;  
How God the Paraclete,  
Who in the chaste womb formed the Babe so sweet,  
In power and glory came, the birth to aid and greet.

Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long  
May hear the song  
About with me in the world's throng;  
That treasured joys of Christmas tide  
May with mine hour of gloom abide;  
The Christmas Carol ring  
Deep in my heart, when I would sing;  
Each of the twelve good days  
Its earnest yield of dutiful love and praise,  
Ensuring happy months, and hallowing common ways.

Wake me again, my mother dear,  
That I may hear  
The peal of the departing year.  
O well I love, the step of Time  
Should move to that familiar chime:  
Fair fall the tones that steep  
The Old Year in the dews of sleep,  
The New guide softly in  
With hopes to sweet, sad memories akin!  
Long may that soothing cadence ear, heart, conscience win.

John Keble.

#### THREE CHRISTMASSES AFLOAT.

BY JAMES HANNAY, AUTHOR OF "SINGLETON FONTENAY, R.N."

IN overhauling the logs and journals of several years back, I have enabled myself (I should premise that the individual who thus addresses you is Fitzurse Swillington, R.N., a gentleman not without professional distinction) to narrate to the public some rather remarkable Christmas experiences. It happened to me some years ago—more years than I quite like to remember—to be afloat under the pendant three Christmas-days running, and each time to be prevented by some catastrophe from the right enjoyment of my Christmas dinner. You will admit that this was a singular run of ill-luck; and if you are good-natured enough to feel curious about it, do me the favour to listen for a few minutes, and your curiosity shall be gratified. Since poor old Marryat's death (by the way, he was a pleasant man to read than to sail under), the public has had little chance of hearing good naval yarns. Besides, the service of to-day is not the service that he describes, and can only be sketched by some man that has absolutely lived and served as a youngster among the new generation.

Well, to begin with Christmas First. I was then a mid. on board H.M. steam-vessel *Burrampooter*, which—I suppose because she was rather slower than most steamers—was employed by the Admiralty in carrying the mails. The *Burrampooter* used to run in those days between Marseilles, Malta, and Corfu. We took passengers, of course, when we could get them; and between these three places our life was spent. There were only a few of us in the midshipman's berth, and the life was not very amusing, as you may suppose. *Entre nous*, I thought it rather *infra dig.* for a Swillington—who ought to have been in a flag-ship, with nothing to do—to be carrying letters from Tomkins to Higg. But I had been in a row in the *Petrel*, and had been had up before the Admiral, and the old gentleman had put me in the steamer that I might be under the eye of a paternal superior. The individual in question was Lieutenant Skilly—called Captain Skilly in compliment—who commanded the *Burrampooter*, a somewhat elderly officer, who had acquired a paternal reputation by wearing a large collar and a very old-fashioned coat, and always professing an immense interest in everybody's welfare. His daughter, Miss Skilly, lived on board, and presided at the dinner-table. She had come out with the intention of marrying a captain—had gradually come down to a lieutenant

—then to a mate—and by the time I joined was, I believe, not unwilling to take an eligible midshipman. As for me!—but that was vain. I have never yet been able to live within my income as a single man, and of course should be still less able as a married man.

I have mentioned that there were very few of us in the berth. There was Chumley, when I joined—but he had an extraordinary way of intruding himself into the passengers' cabins—passengers that he thought conversational, I suppose—for a chat during the middle watch (twelve to four). A companionable dog! Only, two or three times, the whole vessel was awakened by a screaming; and, in fact, old Skilly would not stand him any longer; so he reported him—not without a tear, as became his paternal character—and Chumley was sent home.

Soon after this event, we changed our clerk also; and a new clerk came out from England in his stead. I well remember the morning he joined, and the impression he made on me. We had some swell-looking fellows on the station at the time—Pipp, Linley, Percy Blogg—who carried off the great wine merchant's daughter after she gave Lord Poverty the sack (do you see the pun?)—and other ornaments of the profession. But I would have backed our clerk against any of them for a certain languid elegance and for unimpeachable taste in dress. His very name was nice—and that must be something, for I hear that many authors and actors assume new ones of the kind; it was Waverley Plimmer. In a week he had Skilly under his thumb, and was in entire charge of the vessel's affairs. We all of us liked him in the mess; and I confess he won my heart, almost the first day, by asking me "Whether I took my name of Fitzurse from the Fitzurses of Bearington?" I have found, generally, the most shameful ignorance prevalent about that ancient family!

My first anecdote has for its subject this Mr. Waverley Plimmer. He astonished us not more, as time advanced, by the elegance of his appearance, than by a certain graceful sumptuousness which distinguished him in everything else. Our space permitted of his having two cabins. One of these he furnished in a light southern manner; another, in a rich English fashion, for winter. At each place we went to, he indulged in that place's luxuries. At Marseilles, he laid in French goods—Bordeaux, pretty boxes of prunes, scent bottles, light literature. At Malta, he purchased that beautiful filigree-work which looks like hoar-frost in silver. At Corfu, he collected Greek curiosities—beads, daggers, caps. Everywhere, he bought cigars.

Skilly, I say, had complete confidence in him. The old boy was rather a screw himself, and when he had a swell passenger we were always glad, for then he was compelled to produce champagne at his dinners. But this tendency, perhaps, rather made him admire (as I have sometimes seen it do) a person of lavish habits. Besides, Plimmer carried the thing off well. You joked him on his last acquisition:—"Pooh! my dear boy," he would say, "what matters how a poor solitary devil like myself, without a relation in the world, spends his patrimony?" If he had been ostentatious or arrogant, people would have hated him, would have been jealous. But he was the quietest fellow! So Skilly, into whose heart he had got, showed him every kindness, and left all sorts of affairs in his hands with unbounded confidence.

I look back upon Plimmer's career at that time with a certain curiosity and wonder. In the first place, it is rarely that a man in no better position than he was gets into society as he did. They made him honorary member of the mess of the 3rd Bolter's at Corfu; though they were exclusive enough, too. All sorts of fellows came to his breakfasts. The best people asked him to do little commissions for them, and thus he formed a kind of link between the places to which the *Burrampooter* ran. For instance, A. at Corfu asked him to take a message to B. at Malta, who of course had him at dinner there, where he met E., who in his turn had a friend at Marseilles, "who would be delighted to know Mr. Plimmer," &c. He led the pleasantest, easiest life you can fancy—at least to all casual and ordinary observation. I am not one of those fellows who wish to be thought prophets after the events, and I know that some pretended to have had their own notions about Plimmer all along. Yet I must say, I did really notice that he was not always so jolly as you would have thought he should have been. I remember, too, now—though it did not strike me very particularly at the time either—that he would seem almost morbidly anxious to have your good opinion—nay, to have your affection. Perhaps one noticed this, only because it was the fashion among young fellows in my time rather ostentatiously "not to care a—(you know what) what anybody thought or felt about them at all."

Plimmer, as you may suppose, was a good deal talked about on the station. Sometimes a grave man hinted to Skilly that his clerk was "fast." Skilly made light of it—indeed was rather proud of such an ornamental clerk—and always mentioned with emphasis that whatever Mr. Plimmer's gaiety, he never neglected his business. This I myself could confirm, from one or two circumstances that came under my own observation.

For instance—I remember, one summer morning, the mails arriving from England at Malta rather early. I was on board the flag-ship when they were being sorted—for the fact is I had been ashore all night, and was recovering my nerves, with the help of a cup of coffee, under the poop, with my old chum Lorimer, who had the morning watch. To my surprise, one of the *Burrampooter's* boats came alongside, and out jumped Plimmer, come already for our letters. He walked rapidly aft to where Lorimer and I were watching the men tumbling about the huge heap of letters and papers, sorting them for the squadron.

"What!" I exclaimed, "you here already, Plimmer! Why, you didn't leave the Dolters' ball till three, and you were going on board to bed."

"And I've been to bed, and up again," said Plimmer, smiling, but he was pale, I thought. "Skilly will like to have the letters by breakfast-time."

"I'll bring them, if you don't care to wait," said I.

"Oh dear, no," said Plimmer, hurriedly. "I wouldn't trouble you for the world," and he was not long in making off with the *Burrampooter's* bag—Lorimer, as I recollect, expressing his surprise at Plimmer's earliness as strongly as myself. This was only one incident; but I may mention that neither dinner, nor balls, nor rides, nor any festivity, ever interfered with Plimmer's watchful eye over all matters relating to the *Burrampooter*. Skilly seemed, as time advanced, to trust in him and believe in him more and more.

Had he him in his eye—for it seemed clear that he must have good private means—for Letty Skilly? May be so. I know that a ship is a capital place for flirting in, and that when we took out those poor dear Piper girls to Madeira in the *Pelican*, many a night watch did they cheer to Lorimer and me, rarely going down to their cabin till their mamma's head (in a night-cap) appeared up the companion-ladder to summon them. The virgin Skilly used to profess an extreme admiration for moonlight at sea herself, though it was a bore to have to break off in a quotation from Byron (my only poet) and roar out "Watch, up ashes!" Letty, I say, would sometimes take a cup of coffee, prepared by the rude hands of the stoker though it was, if Plimmer happened to be chattering with me when I was in charge of the old *Burrampooter* in the quiet hours. But I don't believe that he ever cared for her; in fact, I know that he loved a girl in Malta, the daughter of a harbour official, and that the jealousy which this inspired in Bungby of us was the cause of his career exploding at the moment it did. Bungby did me the honour to dislike me—I was a gentleman, and it was natural; but he loathed Plimmer, as the event proved.

Time passed. It was drawing near the Christmas of 184—, and there was a general disposition in the squadron to make that a jolly Christmas. You know the naval way—gigantic puddings, with paper union-jacks in them—lower-deck in a glitter of barbaric ornament—entertainment of officers' messes by each other—flags adorning the festal scene with evergreens intermingled—and every variety of liquor flowing freely. Why should we not attempt to do things on a brilliant scale in the *Burrampooter*? We were to be at anchor in Malta that day, and need not imitate the officer whom, because his ship was at sea, issued an order that only half of the crew were to get drunk.

Captain Skilly was full of the subject, as Christmas-day drew near. "This vessel, gentlemen," said he, "is a happy united vessel. (Here Bungby looked at me as if he would have liked to bite my nose off.) I shall preside with infinite satisfaction at the kindly board." Accordingly—for whatever poor old S.'s weaknesses, there was no doubt of his being a thoroughly good sort of man—I declined all invitations to dine out of the

*Burrampooter*. The *Vanguard's* fellows had brought half a flock of wild ducks and widgeon from Corfu; and the *Leda's* were just back from Syria with half a dozen turtles that they had caught at Scimitaron, and were keeping alive in tanks against the jolly day. I had friends on both vessels, and I had invitations ashore into the bargain. But somehow Christmas may as well be kept with your own people, if you can stand them at all; and I was determined to stick to the old B., to stand a bottle of rum each to my hammockman and servant; and, if a chance offered, I was ready to send a man round at dinner to ask the hostile *Bungbys* to "wine" with me, and so do everything in a Christian manner.

Well, it was my morning watch, and I had to see the decks washed, and get the vessel all neat for forenoon "church," viz., for having water rigged up with capstan bars and buckets, and prayers read by Captain Skilly. There was an incident during my watch—a mail-steamer from England—and scarce was she in the harbour than the active Plimmer was on deck. He was a little anxious, I thought, and I twice wished him "happy returns of the day" before he responded to that homely compliment. When he did, he shook hands rather eagerly, and repeated the words with great *comprehen-sion*. Not long after, he was off for the letters. We made breakfast, as usual.

Church was over. The preparations for the festal part of the day were about to begin. Skilly was in full consultation with his cook in the old Bungby, who had charge of the watch, and was silently leaning over the board quarter, listening to the ringing of the scores of bells which sent their noises over the harbour. Plimmer and I were walking together on the other side, talking about the news of that morning from England. He was in capital spirits, and I had concluded that he had received a remittance. I had myself expected one; but never mind, my pecuniary affairs are not the subject, and, indeed, present but little on which I dwell with any complacency.

Turning round, we saw Bungby looking through the glass; and, presently, he walked forward and called out for the "side-boys." There was a boat coming.

The boat swooped round to our side, and a young midshipman came smartly on board. He had a letter—an official "letter on service"—in his hand.

"Officer of the watch?" said he to me, for I was standing near the gangway.

"No," said I, and I waved to Bungby.

Plimmer advanced in a hurried manner. "Letter for Captain Skilly, sir? I'm his clerk. Give it to me."

"I beg your pardon," said the mid., "but my orders are to give it to the officer of the watch. Happy returns of the day," he added, bowing to us all, as Bungby took the letter from him, and in half a second he was in his boat again.

To my astonishment, Plimmer turned as pale as death. He did not lose his "manner," altogether, though, and with the best careless politeness he could muster, he said to Bungby, "Give me the letter Mr. Bungby, and I'll take it to the Captain."

Bungby turned short round on his heels—I shall never forget the coarse hardness with which he did it—and without a word, walked off to the cabin ladder. Plimmer followed. I could not resist coming after them, for something in Plimmer's looks made me feel intensely curious about the affair, and in this order we reached Captain Skilly's cabin.

Poor old man! He was talking to the cook about a turkey, while Letty Skilly (who gave us a smiling little salutation), was up to her waist in all the ensigns of Europe, preparing to decorate the place of banquet.

"Yes, Peter," Captain Skilly (who in his softer moods was an inveterate talker), went rambling on, "turkeys here are not what they are in England. I remember," and here broke off, for Bungby announced "a letter on service from the flag-ship."

"Ay, ay," said he, and he turned, as he always did, to Plimmer. Plimmer's eye brightened. "Let me attend to it, sir, while you talk to your servant."

"Captain Skilly," said Bungby (I hated the man for it, afterwards, somehow, though he was doing his duty), "this, I think, is evidently an important letter, and I ought to give it into your own hands."

The Captain looked surprised; pulled out his spectacles, and broke the seal. Plimmer was close beside me, and I heard him breathe short. "H? What, what?" exclaimed Skilly, suddenly. "My God, what is this!"

Letty ran to the old man, who, after a minute's pause, burst into tears, and threw the letter on the table in the middle of us. Letty glanced at it, and ran out of the cabin with a shriek like that of a frightened bird. We all seemed to seize its import at once glance. The coolest person was Bungby, and he went and stood with his back to the door.

The first sentence of the letter will explain all:—

"H. M. S. *Regina*, 25th December, 184—

"SIR.—On the receipt of this, you are hereby commanded to place Mr. Waverley Plimmer under strict arrest, to be tried for criminal delinquency in the accounts of H. M. S. *Burrampooter*. And I am further commanded—"

But having reached the *dénouement*, I shall not linger over the catastrophe of this poor devil, and the consequences which it involved. His splendour and his activity in seeing to the letters were at once explained. He had intercepted all the inquiries sent to Skilly about his accounts, and puzzled the authorities out of their wits. He was put into jail in Malta; and I shall conclude his perfectly true history (for it is such) by two touches of character, which I think you will admit to be taken from life. He never quite lost his firmness till the fatal moment when the prison officials cut off his beautiful and highly-cultivated whiskers. And when the news came to the places where he was so well-known, the only tenderness shown about him was by the old washerwoman at Corfu, to whom he had been a liberal patron. "Ah, poor Mr. Plimmer," said old Katrina, wiping her eyes—"he a real gentleman—he always wear silk socks!" This was the only epitaph over the grave of his reputation.

The blow to poor old Skilly knocked him up; and the reader may guess what a cheerful Christmas-day we had in the *Burrampooter*. We fed quietly, in our respective berths, and philosophised upon the world over our wine. Although Plimmer was locked up in his cabin with a sentry over him, his messmates ate their dinner; but, to do us justice, Bungby, and Bungby alone, showed any disposition to be convivial.

I left the *Burrampooter* that next spring. Skilly gave me such a good certificate, that, on his vessel's being ordered home, I was gladly "applied for" by Pellet of the *Ortolan*. She was what they called a "jacks frigate," which I defined (as I got to know the captain of her), "a frigate commanded by a jackass."

Captain Pellet was a singular illustration of the truth of Pope's line—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing"—

a line which has, by the way, had the effect of deterring many fellows from getting even a tittle of that commodity. He had been brought up in the modern notion that a naval man ought to make "science" his great object. He was not half a sailor; but he was always pottering over inventions, and had theories about the compasses. This kind of thing may be wisely done, of course, but Pellet had not the head for it.

The conduct of a man-of-war depends on the united action of "captain" and "master." It was therefore like the Admiralty, that when they made Pellet commander of the *Ortolan*, they chose a master for her—old Hucks—of a totally different school. I suppose they thought they would neutralise each other's bad qualities, and do something good between them. Stuff! Some things go well together; for instance, soda and brandy or rum and milk; but to mix (say) beer and curaça is to ruin both. (You must excuse my peculiar imagery by remembering the season.) Hucks was a thorough practical sailor, and believed in nothing else but practical seamanship. I shall never forget how he showed his contempt for one of the fine modern school, who had been holding forth at a ward-room dinner in the *Ortolan*. "He be hanged," says he, when the man's back was turned. "I wish I had him for a fortnight between Portland Light and the Lizard with the wind at W.N.W.!"

Well, you could not expect that these two—Pellet and Hucks—would agree; nay, they were as different in body as in mind. Pellet was a thin, fair, nervous man, tapering down like a billiard-cue. Hucks was big, black, and brawny, and had no nerves at all.

Between them they did me out of the second Christmas dinner which I

lost during those unlucky years. We were en route to Malta in December, and I looked forward to a pleasant festival *this time*. I had friends travelling in the Mediterranean, who had fixed their headquarters at Valetta for the winter, and who (by my advice) were giving dinners. Christmas time was all arranged for: we were to hear midnight mass at St. Paul's at Citta Vecchia, and goodness knows what. Malta, too, had taken a turn for British sports at that time; and the new Governor, at his balls, always insisted on Sir Roger de Coverley, which the more fastidious fools of that era thought old-fashioned and a bore.

But I digress. We were within no great distance of the island, and the *Ortolan*, slow as she was, was making tidy way, when one morning Pellet came on deck. I saw at once that he had got hold of an idea—you could always tell: it affected him, as it were, as a drop too much of thought. He paced up and down, looking ever and anon with an uneasy eye at the binnacle. At last he sent for the master.

It was soon through our mess that there was a "difference of opinion." I quaked. I had been up on the fore-castle, sniffing the plum-pudding afar off below the horizon, and now I perceived that my chance of it was in danger. Nothing would satisfy Pellet but that the compasses were "affected by a magnetic current," and that we must change our course!

Husks reasoned with the captain before his face, and swore at him behind his back. Both processes were useless. On we went—where, I didn't know. At last, after a twelve hours' run, captain and master held another conference. It was my watch, and I caught the last words of it:—"Then, sir," said Husks, "then, sir, I give up charge." By this magic phrase Husks cleared himself of his share of the responsibility as to the future of H.M.S. *Ortolan*.

Captain Pellet was startled, but men of this stamp are obstinately vain. No doubt he fortified himself by reflecting that Husks was a man of inferior attainments. At all events, he held out, and the vessel bowled along on her new way. I looked hard for Malta, but I saw no signs of it; and, all things considered, our prospects were pleasant. We had left our last anchorage, calculating on gaining the familiar island by a certain day. We were short of fresh bread, of vegetables, of live stock—and as for milk, we had not even an egg to beat up into an imitation of that refreshment.

Christmas-day dawned on us, and the look-out man called out "land." I was soon on deck (though I had had the "first") to see where we were. So was Captain Pellet; so was Mr. Husks, the master, in spite of his having given up charge.

The scene that ensued was rich. I have seen many queer things in the modern service, but not many more absurd.

Pellet turned towards his master. "Well, sir, I think I was right. I think we shall soon be at Malta now!"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I differ from you."

"Why, where then shall we be?" said the Captain, pointing towards the land on the horizon.

"In my opinion, at Tunis, sir," Mr. Husks answered.

Husks was perfectly right. We were at anchor there before long. We had to send boats with the stewards for prov. They could only get a little vegetables; and my Christmas dinner was *bubble-and-squeak*.

Twice had the cup of my ancestors been snatched from my lips. Another year came round. I had returned to England in the *Ortolan*, which had been paid off, and Pellet had gone to Woolwich to learn to misanderstand steam.

I am not one of those men who, being what is called "independent of their profession," are allowed to take what liberties they please with the service; so I could not decline to go to the coast of Africa in a dirty little ten-gun brig three weeks after the *Ortolan* had been towed into Hamosze. The *Joeler* was so named after a pet hound of the then First Lord, and she was as heavy as the First Lord himself.

I'll tell you why she was sent to the Coast just then—for there are little bits of domestic tragedy that the world only hears of at rare times, and that need not be thrust aside even at Christmas. It was to get poor Monthermer, the lieutenant who commanded her, out of the way. He was of a noble family; and, to tell you the truth, until I knew his secret, I wondered what made him so deuced civil to me at Plymouth, where we were fitting out. He had always been delicate; and, as the "Honourable Percy Monthermer," had been much patted by captains' wives when a youngster. But of late he was obliged to have artificial assistance to enable him to articulate; and at times he was in fact *weak*, and required a friendly and firm doctor by him. This was the gentleman who was to command the *Joeler*. He wanted change of air—a warm climate—his family said. The profession, however, took a harsher view of their wishes concerning their relative. They are great people, the Monthermers, rich and noble, though Snookes in the male line. They were civil to me, because I was to be next in command to their relative; in short, an obliging Admiralty had appointed me to take care of vessel and commander both.

We sailed from Plymouth, and duly reached our destination—cruised off Lagos—cruised off the Congo—chased slaves and did not catch them—and otherwise succeeded as you might have expected from a vessel like the *Joeler*. Poor Monthermer was all this time virtually an invalid; the work of the brig was all mine; and he himself was in the hands of the doctor. At first, as you may suppose, I did not like my post. But when I got to know the poor fellow, I found him one of the tenderest, modestest men breathing, with a melancholy about him that was irresistibly touching. It became a great pleasure to me to show him that there was no need of fidgeting about his duty, and that the brig was going through her routine in perfect good order.

The third Christmas was now drawing on; and with the memories of the two last in my head, I wondered what we should make of Christmas in the *Joeler*. The marine festive Christmas is a variable personage. He will deck himself with banana leaves, if he cannot get holly—will drink out of a calabash when need be—doesn't object to substitute a kid for a boar's head—and is not rigid on the point of apples if there be a melon in the way. Something like this I was broaching to our doctor, when he shook his head, and stooped to whisper in my ear. I understood him. When my third Christmas-day came, Monthermer was dying. There was a sadness about his last words, which, simple as they were, haunted me for a long time. As he pressed my hand and thanked me, he whispered—"Don't send my body to England."

It may have jarred upon the ears of his father "the Earl," for when I wrote him an account of his son's illness and death, I was "thanked for my great attention"—through the family solicitor.

So the third Christmas was passed under a half-masted ensign—kindly, I hope, but certainly not merrily. I was appointed "acting-lieutenant" by the admiral, and the Admiralty confirmed me lieutenant afterwards—or I might not have got my step for some years. With this event in the *Joeler*, the spell which seemed to prevent me from enjoying the Christian festival like other people broke, and the year after that, I remember nothing which distinguished my Christmas-day from those of most jovial gentlemen.

## THE NARRATIVE OF AN EXTRAORDINARY PASSAGE

IN THE

LIFE OF MR. JOHN TIDYSHOES, OF LONDON.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, AND PREPARED FOR PUBLICATION BY  
GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

THE Tidyshoes have ever been a respectable family; and are, I have been given to understand, of considerable antiquity. We scorn the hack-nied boast of having come over with the Conqueror, satisfied as we are of having been established here for a long time before the Conqueror thought of coming over at all. If the Tidyshoes are not mentioned in Domesday Book, it is very certain that they ought to have been; and if there have never been any Lords in our family, it is equally certain that no Tidyshoes has ever suffered death at the hands of the public executioner, which is more than the Howards, or the Talbots, or the Veres de Veres, can say.

My name is John Tidyshoes, and my father's name was John before me. He was a warehouseman in Milk Street, Cheap-side; and so am I at this present writing, intending to leave my business to my son John, who is now studying commerce in the house of Messrs. Madapolam and Jacobet, warehousemen, Manchester. There never was a Tidyshoes bank-

rupt yet; and we have always been respectable people, paying rates and taxes, and adhering to the doctrines of the Church of England.

In these stirring times, when everybody who has anything to tell—from the incidents of a journey to Paris, to the particulars of a murder he witnessed—seems bound to tell it in print, it appears to me that I have a perfect right to give to the public the NARRATIVE OF A VERY EXTRAORDINARY PASSAGE IN MY LIFE, and which befell me on my wedding day, just seven years ago, come Christmas.

It isn't about battles or sieges; and it isn't about murder, and it hasn't anything to do with ghosts. Least of all, is it in any way connected with politics, with which the Tidyshoes never meddled, refusing as far back as the fifth and sixth generation to stand for common councilmen, and having nothing whatever to say to the Lord Mayor. But it is a very extraordinary Passage notwithstanding; and though I don't exactly say that it is the most interesting record of an adventure in the life of a private individual that has ever occurred, I should very much like somebody to show me a more interesting one. My wife and I are never tired of talking about it, and my wife is a sensible woman. My son, too, takes the greatest interest in it; and as he, also, will be married some of these days, it is as much on his account as on my own that I give this narrative to the world. The Tidyshoes were always a well-educated family, and I gained the prize for grammar three years running at Mr. Smith's classical and commercial academy in Christopher Street, Finsbury Square; but woollen goods, you see, are my business, not literature, so I have placed this paper in the hands of Mr. Sala, who writes, I see, in the "Illustrated Times," and who comes to dine with me pretty often when he is in London, though he isn't much of a favourite with my wife. He has promised to look at the grammar and rub up the style, and that sort of thing; and when I told him that I wrote for pleasure, not for profit, and that I didn't expect to be paid anything for my article—nay, that I should consider myself his debtor for the trouble he took in revising it, he said that the expression of such feelings did me honour, and that if the proprietors of the "Illustrated Times" (whose generosity to their contributors is well known) positively insisted on paying for the communication, he would take care that the money should be bestowed in charity. I suggested that it might be sent as a donation, with my initials, J. T., to the poor-box at the Mansion House police-court; but he said that he knew somebody very poor and quite a deserving object, who wanted money very badly, and to whom the gift would be most welcome, so I let him have his own way, satisfied that he would employ the funds in a proper manner. He is a very singular man, Mr. Sala, and not at all proud, coming to dinner without any nonsensical ceremony. I wish my wife didn't dislike him so much.

I hate long-winded introductions, so I shall just set about saying what I have to say. My father, who was one of the old school, though he was as kind a parent as ever lived, kept rather a tight hand over me, and till I was twenty-six years of age wouldn't even let me mention such a thing as marriage. There was plenty of time, plenty of time, he always kept saying; and my mother, who sat under Mr. Bowler, who had a little chapel in Honey Lane Market, and was dreadfully evangelical, had made up her mind that marriage was sinful, and courtship carnal, and went on so about weddings being vanity, that I often felt tempted to ask her why she ever got married herself, if it was so sinful. I never was permitted to go to any theatre but Astley's, and my ticket-of-leave to go there, was stopped because my mother read one morning in the play-bill that among the scenes in the circle Mademoiselle Hortense, of Turin, would appear as Columbine on a bare-backed steed. I am sure there wasn't any harm in it. Such wrinkled, pinched-up, cross-grained old shrews as we had for maid-servants you never saw in your life. There was one pretty housemaid, who got in by accident once while my mother was ill at Margate, and my aunt Jerima was keeping house for us; but Mrs. Tidyshoes pretty soon packed off the new maid when she returned to London. She wore ribbons in her cap, I remember, and my mother used to say that she would come to be hanged. I was always expected to be home by ten o'clock at night. I wasn't allowed to smoke, and was strictly forbidden to read novels. I worked very hard in the counting-house on week days, and on Sundays I was expected to accompany my father in the morning to the parish church of St. Duffenoches-under-Crump, in Crump Lane, Cheap-side, and my mother in the evening to Mr. Bowler's, in Honey Lane Market. But I was happy enough; for my dear good father and mother, Heaven rest their souls! loved me very dearly, and were very kind to me. There was plenty to eat and drink; I didn't care about smoking, because the only pipe of tobacco I ever tried in my life made me awfully sick for a week; I didn't care about companions of my own age, because, to tell the truth, they were rather given to calling me "Spooney" and "Mummy's darling;" and as the Tidyshoes were always remarkable for having very quick tempers, I kept myself as much as possible, to avoid quarrelling. And as I was always fond of business, I stuck to the counting-house, thought our great ledger, with the red back and the brass clasps, the most interesting book in the world, next to the "Pilgrim's Progress" and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

But I couldn't think of settling down as an old bachelor altogether; and I told my parents one evening in the summer of 1850 that if they didn't see about getting a wife for me, I would run away to Australia, and marry a young female bushranger. There was a dreadful disturbance. My mother compared me to the prodigal son, and my father said I was a disgrace to the family; but they knew I was in the right, and were obliged to give in at last. In fact, both of them must have known for a long time that the thing must come sooner or later, and that I must be married and settled in life—only they wanted to stare it off for as long as they could, partly through unwillingness to part with their only son, and partly through that odd fancy that seems to take people, who, as soon as they get married themselves, try all their might and main to place obstacles in the way of other people getting married.

I had most dutifully expressed my willingness to acquiesce in any matrimonial choice my parents might make for me; and I must confess that I felt rather inclined to regret the pledge I had given. My mother had more than once hinted that in matrimony, such as it was, happiness was only to be found when one at least was of mature age, and that the union of a parcel of boys and girls was not only silly but sinful. I was seriously afraid that I should be married to some starved old maid, as lean and shrivelled as our servants, and whom I should be told to consider as a person of "mature" age.

But either my father and mother differed in opinion, or my mother herself changed her mind; for it was at length solemnly announced to me that we were to visit a family, on one of whose members my parents' choice had fallen. The Gimps of Finsbury Circus, indeed, the family in question, were of a standing and respectability almost equal to the Tidyshoes. Mr. Gimp had something to do with the corporation. He wasn't sword-bearer, and as he was about sixty years old, he couldn't have been a sword-bearer's young man; but he used to wear a very grand dress indeed on Lord Mayor's Day, always went to the Guildhall dinner, and drew seven hundred a year from the City treasury. Envious people used to say sneeringly that all he had to do was to feed the Corporation swans, and take care the Guildhall turtles didn't fly away.

Mrs. Gimp was by birth a Pugg, and was insufferably proud in consequence. I don't mean that she was a pug dog, or that she had a pug-nose; but she came of the great family of the Puggs of Norfolk, whoever they were. She thought the Tidyshoes immeasurably inferior to her; but my mother let her know a piece of her mind about the Puggs, and threatened to state publicly that in the reign of George the Third a Pugg was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing a goose. I believe the two women always hated one another; but they patched up the quarrel somehow, and pretended to be excellent friends. As for old Mr. Gimp and my father, they got on capitally, being both of the same opinions in politics, insured in the same fire office, and sitting frequently on the same juries.

They had one daughter, Laura; and it was Miss Laura whom my parents had long had in their eye for your humble servant. She was about eighteen seven years ago, and was such a very little thing, that when she wore a pinafore, which she frequently did, she looked for all the world like a little school-girl. She was so pretty. Was! she's prettier than ever now, and she's Mrs. Tidyshoes.

She was about the timidiest, most nervous, and frightened little creature

you ever saw in your life. She has got over all that now; but seven years ago, if you spoke to her, she began to falter and tremble; and if she happened to have a needle in her hand, or a tea-cup, ten to one she would prick herself with the first or let the second fall to the ground. Even if you looked at her, a blush of so deep a crimson suffused her face, that you could scarcely help looking at her feet, to see if her stockings hadn't turned pink. She had a low, soft, rich voice, when she wasn't too frightened to speak; and played very prettily on the piano, when she wasn't too frightened to put her fingers on the keys; but her principal amusement seemed to be to devour books, when her mamma was not present, and to sit on a low stool at that lady's feet, doing needlework, at other times.

Her parents and mine seemed to have settled the preliminaries among themselves in a very amicable manner. I used to go to tea three times a week, and to dinner every Sunday. Old Gimp used to go to sleep after dinner, and Mrs. Gimp would also disappear—she said, to read Law's "Serious Call;" my mother said, to brag about the Puggs to her cook, and drink cherry-brandy. So you see that I had every reasonable latitude allowed me for what is called courtship. But I didn't get on very fast. Laura was so shy, so bashful, so timid. Then she was always reading; and if I took her hand, she trembled so that I thought she was going to faint; and when, after six months courtship, I screwed up my courage to the sticking-point, and, with the permission of my kind parents, popped the question, she began to cry. I knew she had been brought up very strictly, and in a solitude as complete as that in which my own youth had been passed. She had never been to school, but her mother had crammed her at home with the works of Hannah More and the genealogy of those confounded Puggs. Laura used to be sent to bed at nine o'clock at night, and the servant came ten minutes afterwards to take away her candle. She often, as I have mentioned already, I think, in a pinafore; and she has told me herself in after times, laughing, that her mother used to whip her till within a month of her being married.

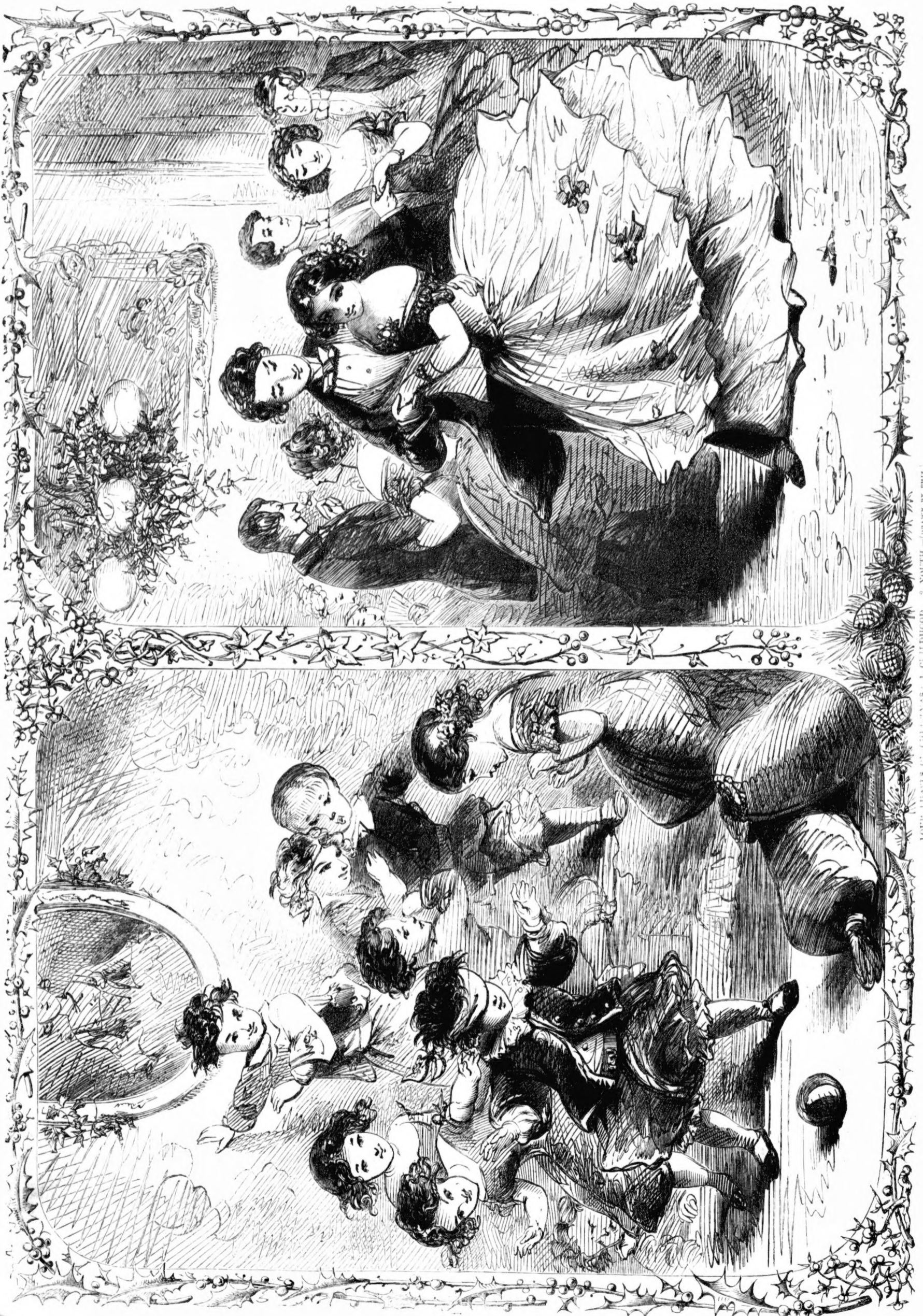
As I have told you, when I popped the question she began to cry, and then there was a scene. How it all came together afterwards I am sure I don't know. I remember going down on my knees to somebody, and being lectured for half an hour by Mrs. Gimp about those never-ending Puggs. Old Gimp clapped me on the back. My mother went on my shoulder, and my father signified his intention of taking me into partnership immediately; for previously I had been nothing but his clerk. I was to be married, and I was married, and married I am to this day, I am delighted to say; but I declare solemnly that I don't know whether Miss Laura ever distinctly said whether she would or would not have me. And the most curious thing is, that Mrs. Tidyshoes is in a similar state of uncertainty as to whether she ever pronounced a distinct negative or an affirmative. But she *meant* to have me all along, she says; and that is quite sufficient.

The two families dined together on Christmas-day, and I was married on the 28th of December—Boxing-day. I was very nervous. My clothes didn't seem to fit me; my mouth was hot and dry; my lips parched; and in the church, the parson, the clerk, and the communion-rails, all seemed to swim before me in a supernatural muddle. I had been feeling so frequently in my waistcoat-pocket to make sure that the wedding-ring was safe, that when the time came to produce it, I found that it had become entangled in the lining. And when at last I did get it out, it slipped from between my trembling fingers, fell, and rolled along the stone pavement of the church. I can hear the clear ring of the metal on the stone now. An old woman in the free seats laughed; and I felt very much as though I should have liked to strangle her; and when at last I had recovered the ring, I felt a strange temptation coming over me to seize the beadle's cocked hat—for where my own was I had not the slightest notion—and have a run for it. But it was my destiny to be married, and married I was. As for my little wife, she had been fainting away, with intervals of convulsive weeping, all the morning; and when, finally, everybody had signed their names in the register in the vestry, and Mrs. Gimp definitively delivered her daughter over to me, with the reminder that she too, by the mother's side at least, was a Pugg, my poor Laura looked so forlorn, so nervous, and so frightened, that I could scarcely persuade myself that marrying her was not the accomplishment of an act of villany on my part, and that I was not an atrocious scoundrel.

This uneasy sensation pursued me all through the day, and the festivities of the wedding breakfast. The fellow who proposed the bride's health presumed to express a hope that Mrs. Tidyshoes's married life would be one of unmingled felicity—as if I meant to ill-treat her. Old Gimp, who drank too much champagne at breakfast, told me as we were going away, that he would not have the slightest hesitation in shooting the man who could ill-use his daughter, and my own father shook hands with me rather sternly, and told me to mind what I was about. Whatever had I done? The women made the usual caterwauling at our departure (I am sure there is always a great deal more crying at marriages than at funerals). Mrs. Gimp hung about her daughter's neck quite frantically, and looked at me far more as though I had been a Burglar than a bridegroom. At last we got away. I forgot to give the servants any money, and I darsay they abused me heartily, and nobody threw an old shoe after us for luck. It was a very dreary wedding altogether, and as we left Finsbury Circus it began to rain.

It had been arranged long ago by my kind parents that we were to spend the honeymoon at a little freshwater watering-place which I will call Dumbledowadeary, and which lies on the banks of the Thames, just half-way between London and Gravesend. It was an odd place to go to in the depth of winter, and we were only to stop a week there, after all; but my mother had passed her honeymoon there as a girl, years and years before railways were thought of, my father and my father-in-law both sternly declared honeymoons to be nonsense, and asked why we couldn't begin our married life at once in Milk Street, but the women contrived to have it their own way; and Mrs. Gimp declared that for her daughter to be married without going out of town would be enough to make the deceased Pugg, her mamma, rise in her grave. She was always down upon you with her Puggs, and nonsense. I forgot to say that one of my Laura's bridesmaids was my aunt Jerima, and the other was Miss Macwhackit, who kept a great jail of a school in South Place, Finsbury. This last estimable lady, who was a trifle under six feet high, wore spectacles, and had a nose of the exact colour of well-boiled beetroot, accompanied us in the cab to the railway station at London Bridge. I nearly sneezed my head off with the confounded salts and essences in smelling-bottles, with which she kept pestered my wife, and when she took her leave she left me a packet of tracts.

It was by the two o'clock train that we left London Bridge, and in about three-quarters of an hour, we alighted at the pleasant little station of Dumbledowadeary. It was raining rather heavily then; and the train, which was an express one, was not to stop again before it reached Gravesend. My wife and I had not been very talkative on the journey. In fact, she had remained the greater part of the time huddled up in one corner of the carriage, muffled up in her shawls and cloaks, and with her veil down. There was only one other passenger in the carriage, and a most intelligent person he was. He wore very bushy black moustaches, a great gold chain, and was dressed in the first style of fashion. I think he was what the ladies call an "agreeable rattle," and he rattled away so agreeably on all sorts of topics, particularly as we were passing through the long Blackheath tunnel, that the time seemed nothing, and even my dear little wife condescended to smile from time to time, from beneath her veil. I was glad to see the darling child make some advances towards recovering her spirits, and was telling her so, on the railway platform, just after we had bidden our agreeable travelling companion good-bye, and the train had moved on, when it occurred to me that I might find a better place to tell her than the open air, while it was raining. There was one fly at the door; a very shaky fly with a most curious-looking horse that was blind of one eye, and appeared to have only three legs; at least I couldn't make out where the fourth one was. The driver was a little old man with a very bad temper, who inaugurated our acquaintance by vowing that he would be "biled in ile afore he'd stir a hinch under 'arf-a-crown." He lowered his tone and his price too when I told him that I was going to the "Yacht" (my mother had told me to go to the "Yacht," remembering the name of an inn, after all these years!) to which establishment it appeared he was attached in the



1. OUR CHAIRS G. CHILDS. 2. YOUTH. (DRAWN BY PHIZ.)



FOUR PHASES OF CHRISTMAS: 3. MANHOOD. 4. OLD AGE.—(DRAWN BY FRITZ.)

capacity of oyster. He drove us through an odd jumble of tumble-down cottages, brick-fields, and broken up fishing vessels lying rotting in the mud, which, I am afraid, gave my wife but a poor idea of Dumbledowndeary as a watering-place, and stopped at last before a long, low, white-washed building with a thatched roof, which was situated on the common hard, and directly round the river. There was a sign-post before the house, in whose iron sawing a painted representation of the "Yacht," which creaked very dismally. Some bargemen were quarrelling outside the door about a stone bottle, and some other persons—mariners by profession, I should imagine—were groaning out an uncomfortable chorus about the "salt, salt seas" in some other portion of the building. Altogether, the "Yacht" seemed about the very worst place a married couple could come to, to spend the honeymoon.

The person who was licensed to sell wines and spirits, and give entertainment to man and beast at the "Yacht," was Ann Griddell, and it was Mrs. Griddell herself, so the ill-tempered flyman told us, who was standing at the inn door with her arms akimbo, looking at the weather and the bargemen, as we drove up. She did not seem to think much of either, or indeed of us, and shook her head very superciliously as the flyman touched his hat, and told her that this "were hall from that rubbishy train."

I ordered apartments; saw the luggage taken in; bustled about, and tried to give myself as much importance as possible; but the wind, to use a nautical expression, was taken completely out of my sails by Mrs. Griddell, who surveyed all the operations in progress, always with her arms akimbo, shaking her head from time to time, and staring, first at me and then at my wife. I bore all this very patiently for some time; but when at last we were installed in a sitting-room with a bulging ceiling and a creaking floor—a room full of draughts, and with a chimney that smoked abominably, and I found Mrs. Griddell still standing with her arms akimbo, shaking her head and staring at us—I took the liberty of telling her that if she had no objection we would rather be alone.

"Alone! ha! Oh yes!" replied Mrs. Griddell, without removing her arms in the least from their akimbo position. "Alone! Certainly. I'm a goin'."

But she did not go, and she did not leave off shaking her head and staring at us. It was very unpleasant.

"What'll ye have for dinner?" she cried out suddenly, and with such a loud, harsh emphasis, that my wife started and trembled, and I thought she was going to cry again.

I glanced at Laura, to seek counsel about the dinner; but there was nothing to be got from her, except frightened looks, and an indistinct murmur. I plucked up courage, then, myself, and boldly suggested a bit of fish and a veal cutlet.

"No, you don't," said Mrs. Griddell.

"Don't what?" I asked.

"Don't 'ave any fish, 'cause there aint none; and as to a veal cutlet, well you oughter know, and well you oughter consider that Teddy Siap, the butcher, is a willin, and if a cutlet of his crosses my doorpost, I'm a Dutchman."

"A boiled fowl," I interposed.

"If you oven smells such a thing in this 'ouse," replied Mrs. Griddell, "I'll—"

Whatever she may have been going to say matters little; but my wife gave a little scream, and I ordered the woman, with as much dignity as I could assume, to leave the room, if she could not behave herself; but she did not budge one inch.

"You don't want no fish and veal cutlets, and sich rubbish," Mrs. Griddell resumed, with perfect equanimity. "You don't want no boiled fowls. No; nor musharones neither. I'll tell you what you want. You want a nice hot cup of tea for that poor dear blessed darlin', along with a roasted crumpit and a mottle of Dorset butter."

"A cup of tea is all very well," I said impatiently. "At any rate we shall want some dinner afterwards. But get us whatever you like; and don't annoy us, pray."

Mrs. Griddell shook her head more violently than ever; stared, if possible, harder than she had done before at me and my wife, and at length took her departure. I was very glad of it, for, to tell the truth, she rather frightened me, and I was undecided whether to pronounce her very drunk or a little mad.

This wasn't a very encouraging commencement to a honeymoon, and my wife seemed to be also of that opinion, for, as she sat by the fire reading—the only book at the "Yacht" was an odd volume of the "Rambler"—I noticed that she let fall a tear rather frequently on the page. Of course it was my duty to console her, and I thought the best way was to kiss her tears away. I put my arm round her waist, and drew her towards me; but she turned her face away; and I had to struggle rather harder than I liked for the kiss.

"My darling Laura," I said, in a tone of gentle remonstrance.

"Oh, don't, don't," my wife whimpered; "oh, go away, do!"

"Go away where?" I asked, rather crossly.

"Oh! anywhere. Oh! let me go away from this dreadful house. Oh! I'm so frightened. Let me go away; let me go to my mamma!"

"I think it's a pity you ever went away from her, ma'am," I retorted, sharply, for I felt the blood of the Tidyshees rising within me, "if this is the way you treat your husband."

"Oh! pardon me; do forgive me, pray," my little wife sobbed out. "I like you very much, but I'm so frightened; please go away, do!"

"Well," I answered, as good-humouredly as I could, "I'll go and take a walk, if you like. I'm going hard, to be sure; and I don't know exactly which way to go, but I'll go into the river. I wish my mother had sent us to a more cheerful place. Shall I go away, Laura, dear?"

I put my arm round her waist and tried to kiss her again; when, upon my word and honour, she not only struggled, but she gave a piercing scream, and broke away from me.

"Good heavens, Laura!" I cried out, "whatever is the matter with you?"

"Oh, go away; pray do," she repeated. "Oh! you're so rough. You're not like the Troubadours. Oh dear! oh dear! Why isn't he like the Troubadours?"

"Haug t e Troubadours!" I roared out, the Tidyshees blood getting the mastery of me. "Ain't you my wife, ma'am? What did you marry me for?"

"Mamma, mamma!" my interesting spouse began to scream. "Oh, mamma, mamma! come and take me away from this bad man."

"Will you listen to me, madam?" I exclaimed, and I am afraid too that I swore a little; "will you listen to me, if you're not out of your senses?"

My wife hid her face in her little hands and sobbed.

"Laura, dearest," I continued, soothingly; but she only moaned again, and muttered that eternal "Go away!"

I lost my temper again; and I am sorry to say that I was rude enough to tell my wife that she was a fool—I am afraid there was an adjective prefixed to the epithet—and to demolish a work-table with a blow of my fist.

What do you think my wife did? As true as my name is Tidyshees, she threw herself down on the carpet, and went into the most violent fit of hysterics I ever heard of or saw. When the blood of the Tidyshees is up, we don't much mind what we do; and I let my wife scream and yell as much as ever she liked, and set to work on my own account breaking the furniture. There was a very fine old punch-bowl in a recess in one corner, with a lot more china, and glass, and things, and I made a clean sweep of them off-hand. I think the oval mirror over the mantelpiece would have gone next, but the noise we raised brought up Mrs. Griddell, the ill-tempered fly-driver, and a maid-servant with a red head and a very dirty face, which was in shape exactly like a kidney potatoe.

"Upon my word, pretty doin's," Mrs. Griddell exclaimed; "you're a pretty feller (this was to me), with your veal cutlets, your brinnings, and your rinnings, and botherations. Poor blessed sufferin' baby (this was to my wife); take her under the harness, Fender (this was to the maid-servant with the face like a kidney potatoe)."

They between them managed to restore my wife to consciousness, and the servant with the red head being despatched down stairs, returned with hartshorn, and burnt feathers, and that sort of thing. I had quite cooled down by this time, and went over to where my wife was lying on the sofa to take her hand and make it up. But at the very sight of me

she gave such unmistakable signs of a returning fit of hysterics, that I thought for peace and quietness' sake it would be better to leave her alone for an hour or so. I put on my hat and made for the door; but I had reckoned without my hostess, Mrs. Griddell, who deliberately put her back against the door and shook her head like a Chinese mandarin.

"No you don't," said Mrs. Griddell. "Josiah's a constable, and I'll have you in the cage, my Jackey."

"Nonsense," I replied quite good naturedly. "My name isn't Jackey, to begin with, and the table and glass shall be paid for, of course. Put them down in the bill; and let me out, if you please."

"If you leave this 'ouse without the handcuffs on," replied this inexplicable landlady, "I'll swallow a live hedgehog. I'll teach yer to ill-treat a unprotected female, you monster, you."

Here my wife interposed feebly from the sofa, "that she did not think I was a monster, but that I was cruel, very cruel." And she sobbed as though her little heart would break.

"There, my good woman," I was beginning to Mrs. Griddell—

"Don't call me a good woman," interrupted the landlady fiercely. "I'll good woman you. I'll lamb you, I will, you stuck-up monkey."

"What on earth does all this mean?" I shrieked out in desperation.

"The china's broken, and I'll pay for it. Make out your infernal bill, and I'll pay it. I won't stop in your house. I'm sorry I ever came into it. Confound your house, and you too. Leave the room. Woman, do you hear, and bring me your bill."

But Mrs. Griddell was not to be moved. Not a finger moved of the hands attached to those arms which were still akimbo; and she shook her head with a diabolical increase of speed that nearly drove me mad.

"You're a nice man, you are," she remarked. "I suppose you'll tell me next that you're the 'usband of this dear sufferin' blessed baby."

"The husband of that lady? why, of course I am."

"You her 'usband! As much her 'usband as you're mine. Show me your 'stificate. Show me your 'stificate. Show me your marriage lines, your warmint. Show 'em, or you shall prove her your wife to the justices."

The demand was so ridiculous that I felt at first half inclined to grant it, and so put an end at once to this absurd quarrel. But the woman's impertinence was a little too much to be borne; and the Tidyshees are not accustomed to have liberties taken with them; so I told her haughtily that my word was quite sufficient, and again desired her to leave the room.

"Leave the room I can't, and leave the room I won't, afore I see that 'stificate."

"I tell you she's my wife. Laura, my dear, will you satisfy this good lady that I am your husband? Perhaps you would like to see her wedding-ring? Laura, show the third finger of your left hand, if you don't mind the trouble, my darling."

You see I was speaking quite calmly and sarcastically. The Tidyshees were always sarcastic when they liked. But, calm and sarcastic as I was, I never felt such an inclination in my life to throw any one out of the window as I did to pitch Mrs. Griddell out of the bow-window of the "Yacht" inn, Dumbledowndeary.

"I'll tell you what it is, young gent," Mrs. Griddell resumed, "I don't no more believe that you're married to that blessed creature as is a lyin' on that sofa—bless her little 'art, which is broke by your mealy-mouthed perditions, you conoonding willin. You've elipsed with her, you 'ave, you Gog and Magog dewourin' fiend you."

"Elipsed, what do you mean?"

"Elipsed. Well, what was I sayin'? Collapsed, I mean. No; it isn't that. Now I've got it. It's eloped. This is an elopement. You've run away with her, you have. This is an Old Bailey case. This is a transportation job. Josiah knowed it as soon as hever he druv you from the station. You've run away with her for the sake of her property. I know she's got property, and it's for that you've taken her away, you designing crocodile. Show your 'stificate, or up you goes before Squire Brumm, the justice. I'll have no such carryins on in my house. Show your 'stificate, I say!"

I was so annoyed, so incensed by this preposterous woman's persecution, that I thought it best to put an end to them once for all; so I put my hand in my pocket to pull out the marriage-certificate, which I had received in the vestry-room of the church that morning, and had very carefully placed in my purse.

Good gracious!

When I say good gracious, I mean it. If you had received the shock I received at that moment, you would have cried out good gracious too.

I had lost my purse—money, banknotes, marriage certificate, and all. Lost it? Robbed of it, I mean. I knew at once who had done it. It was that rascally Jew in the train who was such an agreeable rattle, and who talked so amusingly, who had robbed me. That was plain. So I thought the best thing I could do was to tell Mrs. Griddell at once.

"I've been robbed," I said. "Robbed of every penny. I must go to London at once."

"Go to London? Go to Botany Bay, you mean," screamed this horrible woman. "I thought it would come to this. You haven't got a penny, haven't you? and you've eloped with this poor dear darlin'. Oh, you wretch! Oh, you ruffian. Josiah, get your staff. Help! Help! Murder thieves! fire-i-i-re!"

She began to scream about twenty times louder than my wife, who, taking up the cue, began to scream too. I was desperate. The Tidyshees are desperate sometimes, and when they're desperate they're dreadful. I had been so worried and persecuted during the last half-hour that I was determined to make an end of it; and if I remained a bachelor, and never saw my wife again, to get out of this villainous "Yacht." So I folded my arms, and made a rush at the door, like a bull.

As I was rushing out I came into violent collision with, and was half knocked down by, somebody who was rushing in.

Who was it, do you think? The parish constable? Squire Brumm, the justice? No; heaven be thanked! it was my dear father; and beaming behind him was my dear, good old mother.

The worthy souls had not been able to rest after the departure of their darling. More than this, my mother had recollected that the "Yacht" was not the house after all that she had spent the honeymoon at; and I do think that she had made that an excuse to persuade my father to come down and see how we were getting on. They could not have arrived at a better time, I'm sure.

They satisfied Mrs. Griddell both as to my title to my wife's hand and as to her broken china. And, more than this, we all went back in the rickety fly to the station, having made up our minds to leave Dumbledowndeary alone, and spend the remainder of our honeymoon in Milk Street, Cheap-side, London.

But the best was yet to come. On the way back to town my dear darling wife positively begged me to forgive her, and told me that she loved me very much indeed, and it was only because she was such a foolish, inexperienced little girl, and because she was so frightened, that she had screamed when I attempted to kiss her. And I beg to say that she got over her fright—for good and all—before she was many hours older; and from that time to this, she has never shown the slightest symptom of being afraid of me. Indeed people do go so far as to say that I am afraid of her; though of course that isn't true.

So ended this most extraordinary Passage in my life—my married life I ought to have said—and if the story requires a moral, perhaps the best one I could give would be: never to be married on boxing-day, and never to spend your honeymoon at the "Yacht" Inn, Dumbledowndeary.

## THE FOUR PHASES OF CHRISTMAS.

### PHASE THE FIRST—CHILDHOOD.

THERE is a silvery ring of little voices; there is a gentle though lively tramping of little twinkling feet; there is a clapping of tiny hands, a rustle of light drapery. Let us peep through the cosy red curtains; let us glance with a gay interest into the brilliantly lighted room, and see the darling little children playing at blindman's buff. Surely that pert little miss, there, by the sofa pillows, will be caught; surely that merry little romp behind the blind-buff is in peril: no, they have both escaped;

the joyous band burst forth in a peal of ringing laughter, which dispels even the frown that has momentarily settled on the infantine brow of Master Georgey in the background, who, like Humpty Dumpty in the nursery rhyme, has had a bad fall, though he does not require all the King's horses or all the King's men to set him up again. Ah, happy children! what a merry Christmas is yours! We see it all. Cake, sugar-plums, mincepies, toys, Indian-bell bails, model balloons, gilt-edged picture-books, and big plum-cakes and well filled playboxes, when you return to school. Never mind Miss Tickletoy's birch, or Doctor Waranum's cane, oh, ye young neophytes! Better to be children, and breeched, and play blind-man's-buff, than grow up to be chairmen of Nor-Nor-Eastern banking companies, speculators in moonshine mining association, dealers in Duddesley scrip; better to be children, and over-eat yourselves with plum-pudding and mincepie, than grow up to be greedy aldermen, gobbling calipash and calipee at Guildhall dinners. So play away to your hearts' delight, dear little boys and girls; gather the Christmas rosebuds—for there are roses at Christmas—while ye may, for old Time is still a dying, even with little children.

### PHASE THE SECOND—YOUTH.

Twined round the gay chandelier, dangerous to female lips, is the green mistletoe; and beneath it shall you hear again the pattering of feet and the rustling of drapery. Yet another rainbow of laughing eyes and lips. There is laughing and dancing; but the laughers and the dancers are no longer children. They simper more, and laugh less—they blush more, and move their pretty limbs less, than do the children; for, an' please you, they are grown up, and entered upon the lusty inheritance of youth. Do you remember the French painter Lancret's charming series of pictures of the "Four Seasons of Life"—the modish pavilion in which the pastimes of youth are displayed; the young Corydon shooting at a popinjay; the dandy in his laced coat making his very best bow to the captivating young lady in the embroidered sack, who, her pretty red-heeled slippers foot poised on a chair, her sprightly little head half turned towards her admirer, is engaged in restoring to her knee a ligature which a certain Countess of Salisbury is stated by tradition to have once dropped at a ball, and was thereby the means of founding the noblest order of knighthood in the world. What Lancret did, with his powdered, patched, plastered Louis Quinze notion of prettiness, to please the Richelieu and Pompadours of his age, our old friend "Phiz" has done to afford delectation to modern eyes—as fond of beauty, but fonder still of propriety. A charming group it is indeed, dancing—we are so perspicaciously ignorant that we have not the slightest idea whether the step be the mazourka, the polka, or the *valse à deux temps*—beneath that mistletoe-laden chandelier.

Bright eyes flash, stalwart youths whisper soft nothings to their partners; the timid young man thinks the confident young man a presumptuous puppy; the short-sighted young man envies his neighbour's strong vision; and the neighbour, on his side, envies him the art of sticking a lorgnon in his eye-corner. As for the ladies, they are delicious. "Phiz's" women are always delicious. They only want wings to be angels; but we should be very sorry to see them provided with those plummy appendages, seeing that they would fly away and leave us to lament. Such a *belle* as the centre young lady dancing has never yet, we are convinced, been seen, save perhaps once in ten seasons or so, at Saratoga Springs. We can forgive her the exuberance of her skirts; we have not a word to say against her flounces; she may if she will wear crinoline, *sous-jupes bouffantes*, wire-work, steel rods, gutta percha tubing, anything she pleases. Who could be angry with such eyes, such a mouth, and such a bust?

### PHASE THE THIRD—MANHOOD.

Now, who may these good gentlemen be who are celebrating Christmas in a jovial fashion exceedingly comforting to behold—the wine-cup in hand, decanters and claret-jugs before them, and a pair of nutcrackers (artfully displayed by "Phiz") on the damask tablecloth, suggestive of almonds and raisins, figs and filberts, oranges and walnuts, in the remote perspective? Who may these gentlemen be? Not bank directors, surely; they look too honest. Not dukes and marquises; they look too merry. Not teetotallers; there is something stronger than water in those bottles, we will be sworn. Stay: it must be the middle-aged gentleman with the spectacles who has given the dinner; and it is that lusty Briton, who stands with uplifted wine-glass, who is proposing his health. There are friends round the table who have not met for years; there are others who may have been temporarily estranged—

"For whispering tongues will poison truth—"

and are now celebrating their reconciliation round this famous mahogany-tree. The host's health will be drunk with nine times nine, and all the honours. Brown will propose Smith, and Smith will propose his dear friend Robins. And the good wine will go round and round again "even as the sun," and at last when they have consumed all the —, almonds and raisins, they will go up stairs and join the ladies. Almonds and raisins make one's voice husky sometimes, and manhood even has its weaknesses.

### PHASE THE FOURTH—AGE.

A bitter word; a hard one to pronounce; a mournful one to pronounce among the laughing Christmas-keepers. No, we were wrong. Age is not mournful here; for east your eyes, we beseech you, on the picture our "Phiz" has drawn of Age—good-humoured, garrulous, benevolent, venerable Age, with smiling Youth, with its golden curls, peering over its shoulder, and watching granddaddy's game, as in senile triumph he declares that "hearts are trumps." Watch the spectacled old dame, too, who is the patriarch's opponent. She is not bitter, she is not hard, she is not mournful. Rare secrets this old dame has, we are certain, for pecking and preserving; much learned is she in "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," and always carries she in her capacious pocket, hardbake and other goodies for her grandchildren.

Childhood and Youth, Manhood and Age. How the bells keep ringing! Now the shrill treble's up—now the burly bass is undermost. Childhood and Youth, Manhood and Age, listen to the bells as they ring out their Lessons of Life, and die away at last in dulcet murmurs.

## THE BLEEDING LADY OF WOODFORD GRANGE.

BY JOHN V. BRIDGEMAN.

SOME years back, imitating many others in the same position in life as myself, I emigrated to Australia, shortly after the first news of the gold discoveries there had reached this country. Never was the proverb, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire," more fully and satisfactorily exemplified than in my case. My prospects had not been of the most cheering description here in England, but they were infinitely worse, as I found to my cost, in Australia. I first tried the gold-fields, but soon abandoned the experiment in disgust. My previous habits had not particularly suited me for wielding the pick-axe and the spade, and, after working away, in a manner that would have surprised a navvie, for two months, during which time I gained about ten pounds' worth of gold, and spent fifteen pounds for mere food, I endeavoured to procure an engagement as tutor in the family of some Antipodian grandee; but Greek and Latin were at a discount, and I was speedily reduced to very great straits. I next attempted to obtain a clerkship, but with no better success, and at last, in utter despair, accepted the situation of shepherd. This enabled me, at least, to support myself until I could get an answer from my friends at home, to whom I had written requesting funds to enable me to return.

The run to which I was appointed was situated some seventy miles from Melbourne. My hut stood in the bush, on the banks of a small stream. My nearest neighbours, two brothers of the name of Elliot, lived thirty miles off. The solitude and monotony of my life would have been perfectly unbearable but for the fact that I was fortunate enough to have as a chum Edward Joyce, a very agreeable fellow, who was engaged by the same proprietor, and shared my duties and my hut. Joyce, like myself, had been educated at Cambridge, and having gone through a preparatory course of stone-breaking, wagon-driving, and boot-cleaning, had ended by embracing, as I had done, a pastoral life.

We each got forty pounds a-year and rations, and were, considering all things, pretty comfortable. Our labours were rather heavy, but invigorating and healthful. When they were concluded of an evening, we

at least had the consolation of sitting together, talking of old times in the old country, smoking our pipes, and tracing out plans for the future.

We had lived thus for about nine months, when Christmas Day, 1853, approached. We determined to keep up the festivities of the season as well as we could, and to celebrate it becomingly by the concoction of a Christmas pudding. Our notions as to the manner in which that national delicacy was to be prepared were, it is true, rather vague. But this did not deter us; and, about ten days before Christmas, I set out for Melbourne to purchase the requisite condiments, not forgetting a reasonable amount of brandy and gin, as well as tobacco, tea, and other delicacies.

It was on the day before Christmas-day that I returned with all my purchases, among which was a meerschaum pipe I had bought as a present for Joyce. I was driving my wagon slowly along, at about nine o'clock a.m., and was within half-a-mile of our hut, when the horses suddenly started, and my old dog, Pluto, who was trotting along beside the vehicle, gave a deep growl, and slunk back. I was at a loss to account for this, when the horses stopped all at once, and Pluto, jumping into the wagon, nestled coweringly at my feet, his growl changing into a piteous whine. I whipped the horses on, but in vain; they stood obstinately still, their manes erected as though with terror. I leapt down, and went towards their heads, with the intention of leading the poor beasts, when, about a hundred yards in advance of me, I perceived the figure of a female. I rubbed my eyes, thinking I was mistaken. As I have before mentioned, our nearest neighbours were thirty miles off, and they, like ourselves, were men entrusted with the care of sheep. The dress too of the female was peculiar, consisting, as far as I could make out, of a gown of rich old-fashioned brocade extended on hoops, while her hair was dressed in the fashion of the early Georges. For a moment, I stood transfixed with astonishment, and, I may frankly add, terror, for which I could not account. A thousand strange notions flitted like lightning through my brain. I am not, however, naturally timid; besides, as I reasoned with myself, what had I to dread? The figure was that of a woman, and the sun shone bright and clear above me. I determined to go up to her. I advanced; directly I did so, the figure, also, which had hitherto been standing still, moved on. I hastened my pace—the figure did so, too, keeping the same distance, about a hundred yards, between us. On reaching the spot on which the figure had stood when I first beheld it, I saw a deep pool of blood, and, looking forward, perceived the track over which the figure had passed was likewise marked with drops of gore. Again I hesitated, and a cold shudder ran through me. But, drawing my revolver—why, I scarcely knew—I summoned up all my energies, and went on. We were now in sight of the hut, which the figure shortly afterwards entered. On reaching the door, I stopped for an instant, and then, grasping my revolver more firmly, and placing my finger on the trigger, I followed. The hut was empty. I felt, I must own, more frightened than I ever felt in my life; I was almost paralysed. I was certain I had not been deceived, for, though the mysterious figure had disappeared, the track of blood was still there, ending in another large pool just before the rude chair which Joyce always occupied, near the fire. I leant against the wall for support, and then, gradually sliding down, fell on the ground.

How long I remained there I cannot say. I was awakened to consciousness by the arrival of Joyce. He had found the wagon where I had left it, and driven it up to the hut.

"Why, Bob, old fellow!" he exclaimed, as he raised me; "what is the matter? are you ill?"

"Yes—no," I replied, looking around; "I shall be better soon. Give me a draught of brandy; you will find some in the wagon."

He soon returned with the keg, and I tossed off nearly half a mug-full of the neat spirit.

"What are you about?" he asked.

"It will do me no harm," I replied. "It will not affect me more than if it were pure water."

He looked at me without saying a word.

"Ned," I stammered, at the expiration of a few minutes, "you may think me a fool—mad; but—did you see any one as you came here?"

"No," he replied; "no—I did not! Why? Whom should I see? Have you been attacked? have any of those rascally convicts—escaped into the bush?"

"I am not speaking of convicts—of—look there!"

With these words, I pointed to the spot before his chair.

"Well!" he said.

"Well, look at—"

I was about to say "that pool of blood," but, casting my eyes towards the spot, I could behold nothing. I got up from the bench on which Joyce had placed me; I examined the ground with the greatest care, but, to my utter astonishment, not a drop of blood was visible.

"Ned," I answered, "I can scarcely believe it—but—but I must have been labouring under some fearful delusion. Yet I could have sworn to the accuracy of my impressions. Don't laugh at me, and I will tell you all."

I then narrated what I had seen, or fancied I had seen. Joyce did not laugh at me; on the contrary, his face grew ashy pale, and he listened with the greatest attention. When I had concluded, he said:—

"Bob, my old friend, our happy Christmas will come to nothing. We cannot pass it together. Dick Elliot rode over from his place this morning, and asked us to spend our Christmas in his hut. You must accept his invitation."

"Why?" I asked.

"Do not inquire," he replied.

"And you—do you go too?" I continued.

"No, I do not; I stop here. Do not seek to know my reasons; but leave me. Return the day after to-morrow. I do not know what may happen. I may be— At any rate, promise that if—"

"If what?" I exclaimed anxiously.

"If you should not see me again alive, you will forward certain letters I shall write to my friends in England. You will promise me that, will you not?"

"With all my heart," I rejoined. "But tell me what you mean. You surely cannot meditate—"

"Suicide?" he said mournfully. "No, no; but you must not question me further."

His manner was so strange that it awed me; but I resolutely refused to leave him.

"Whatever may happen," I said, "I will stop with you. There is something in all this which I cannot understand, and of which you seem to know more than I do. But come what may, I will not desert you."

He grasped my hand.

"You are a true friend," he muttered. "Of one thing take my word; nothing will harm you."

All the remainder of the day Joyce was employed in writing letters. Towards evening he finished. Taking a Bible and a Horace, which composed his whole library, he said:

"If, the day after to-morrow, I am no more, keep these in remembrance of your old friend."

"But why," I exclaimed, "should you suppose such a thing? You are well—you—"

"As I already said," he replied, "do not ask. All may be well. There is something else you must promise. Since you will stop with me, do not leave, do not take any steps until the day after to-morrow. At present I will lie down. Do not try to wake me. Good-bye, good-bye."

I was about to answer, but he made a sign, and I was silent. Wrapping himself up in the tarpaulin of our wagon, he threw himself on his pallet, and was soon asleep.

Oh, that weary, painful evening! How different from what I had anticipated! Two hours I sat smoking, almost unconsciously, overwhelmed with the gloom which oppressed me. The silence would have been absolutely insupportable but for the ticking of an old Dutch clock—almost our only article of luxury—which hung against the wall. From time to time I got up and went to where Joyce lay. He was still sleeping. At last, he gave a convulsive start, followed by a deep sigh. I continued watching him for a considerable period after this, until, at last, I again approached his couch. Could I be mistaken? No! I listened; once

more I listened. I could not hear him breathe. I listened still more attentively, but with the same result. I took his hand: it fell listlessly, when I let it go, on the pallet. Was he—could he be—dead? The thought was so terrible, that I preferred uncertainty, for a time, to certainty. At length I laid my hand on his heart. It had ceased to beat—it was still and silent as the grave. I raised him in my arms; I called to him; I tried to pour some brandy down his throat, but could not separate the firmly-clinched teeth. I still hoped, however, till doubt became no longer possible. His limbs continued to grow more and more rigid, and the icy chill of death seemed gradually to take the place of blood in his veins. I let the body fall: it was a corpse!

On! that night! What were my feelings as I sat there, thus mysteriously and awfully brought face to face with death! How I longed for the morning! I tried to read the Bible he had given me, but the fast-falling tears obscured my sight. I put down the sacred volume in despair. How horrible was the solitude around! At last it became so oppressive, that I felt, if I did not occupy myself in some way or other, I should go mad. I got up, and, approaching the inanimate form, laid it out as well as I could. I then once more resumed my seat and lighted a pipe, but I could not even smoke. I laid down the pipe, and sunk into a half-unconscious state.

It was thus I passed the night, and the whole of Christmas-day. At length, about ten o'clock in the evening, it struck me I heard a rustling noise. I turned my eyes in the direction of the bed. Could it be? I thought I saw the inanimate form stretched upon it move slightly. But such a thing was impossible. And yet, what was that? Again I heard the same rustling sound, as if from the tarpaulin, and again I thought I saw the body move. Merciful powers! It was no delusion! I distinctly beheld one arm thrown from beneath its covering. I gasped for breath, and muttered a short prayer. Speak I could not. My mouth was parched, and my tongue clove to my palate, for the form of him I supposed dead rose slowly, until it had attained a sitting posture. All this while I was motionless, as though petrified. Had I been able to move, I should have fled with the utmost speed. The head turned, the face flushed up, and the lips moved.

"Fenton!" said Joyce, "fear nothing. 'Tis over now—I am saved—saved for a short space at least."

Not to weary my readers, I will briefly state that, in the course of a few hours, Joyce was completely recovered. At my earnest solicitation, he gave me an explanation, as far as lay in his power, of what I had witnessed. The following is the substance of his narrative:—

During the reign of George the Second, the Joyces, who claimed to be descended, by the maternal side, from the Royal House of Stuart, were one of the first families in Derbyshire. Colonel Joyce, then the head of the family, and a determined, imperious man, had fallen desperately in love with Ruth Bandon, the only daughter of Sir Roger Bandon, a large landed proprietor residing near him. But Ruth rejected the Colonel's addresses. Her impetuous suitor so far forgot himself as to threaten her with the most fearful vengeance, should she refuse to become his wife. He even challenged, to a duel to the death, Ralph Woodford, a young gentleman of ancient descent, whom he supposed, and rightly supposed, to be his rival in the lady's affection. But the event only exasperated him still more, for Ralph, after wounding him severely, spared his life. The Colonel swore he would never forgive this, and he never did.

In due time, Ralph married his fair Ruth. Two years passed by, and no tidings were heard of the Colonel, who had, after his duel, left the country, and whom many thought dead. This was precisely his aim. The Woodfords grew careless, and neglected the precautions they had hitherto taken to protect them against any schemes their enemy might be plotting against them. Their sense of security was still more increased by a report that the Colonel had married abroad.

About ten o'clock on Christmas-day, 1740, Ruth Woodford was seated, with an infant in her arms, and her feet resting on the fire-dogs, in a large apartment in Woodford Grange, the residence of her husband, Ralph Woodford. It was a fine old pile, that same Grange, with its ivy-mantled walls, quaint projecting windows, and gabled roof. It had been built in the reign of Elizabeth, and had descended from father to son until it devolved upon its then possessor. On the night in question the ancient edifice resounded with gaiety and merriment, for Christmas was being kept up in its old style.

Feeling rather fatigued, Ruth had retired for a while from the festivities, and sought a little rest. Her heart, too, was filled with contentment and happiness. Her husband loved her, fondly and truly; and a son—the little creature she was holding on her knees—had blessed their union. She was buried in sweet recollections, thinking how kind and gracious Providence had been towards her, when she felt a hand laid upon her shoulder. She turned round quickly, and beheld Colonel Joyce.

"You here, Colonel?" she exclaimed, in the greatest surprise.

"Yes, madam, it is I. You are no doubt astonished at my presence. As you did not address me an invitation to share in your festivities, I have come unasked. I watched my opportunity, and entered by yonder window."

Ruth clutched her child convulsively to her, and moved towards the door. The Colonel stopped her.

"Nay, madam, you must not go thus. You must first receive my congratulations of the season."

Ruth attempted to scream, but Joyce put his hand upon her mouth.

"Raise but your voice," he continued, "and you die. Not perhaps that your screaming would matter much—for your husband and his guests are too busy with their wine in the hall, and the servants too drunk in the offices, for them to hear you. Listen! If man ever loved you, I did—madly, devotedly—"

"What does this language mean?" asked Ruth proudly, despite her fears.

"Hear me out. You slighted me, and I swore I would be revenged. I will be revenged. It is for this I have come."

The Colonel's eyes flashed fire, and his face bore a ferocious look of satisfied revenge as he drew his sword.

"You would not kill me," exclaimed the unhappy Ruth.

"No, I would not kill *you*," was the reply, "but your child—your brat, there!"

"My child! my poor, my innocent child!" muttered the agonised mother. "You surely cannot mean it—you are jesting."

"You never would believe me," replied the Colonel, brutally; "you always doubted what I said. See whether I speak truth."

With these words the inhuman wretch snatched the hapless infant from her arms, and plunged his sword into it. The blow was so rapid and unexpected, that Ruth had no time to ward it off.

"My child, my child!" she exclaimed with a piercing shriek, and then with a sudden bound flew after the murderer, who was making the best of his way to the window. Clutching hold of him, she clung to him, and arrested his further progress.

"Help, help!" she cried, but her voice was comparatively faint with surprise and horror.

"Unhand me!" said the Colonel, struggling to get free. "Unhand me, or you shall quickly rejoin your brat yonder," and, with these words, he flung the poor little creature from him. A desperate struggle ensued; despite all the Colonel's efforts, Ruth still clung to him; and her shrieks, growing louder and louder, would evidently end in raising the inmates of the Grange. Her companion thought he heard footsteps, and, feeling no time was to be lost, stabbed her in the side. As she sank down, he bent over her, and whispered in her ear,

"This is for me a happy Christmas! Would I could pass such a one every year. Only," he added with an awful imprecation, "I am sorry I cannot visit the gay revellers in the hall. I would, on my soul, that I and my son and my son's sons, to their latest posterity, could partake in your husband's festivities as years roll on."

"They shall!" replied Ruth solemnly, as she sank back and fell heavily on the floor.

Joyce was certain he now heard footsteps, and quickly made his escape through the window. He had scarcely done so before the door of the apartment was thrown open, and Ralph, followed by his guests and servants, rushed in, to find himself childless and a widower.

It was never proved that Colonel Joyce was the murderer, though

suspicion was strong against him. But strange reports were circulated. It was said that on every Christmas-eve, wherever he might be, he fell into a death-like trance, from which he did not awake until two mornings afterwards, and that, previously, a strange, unearthly being, from whose side the blood slowly dropped, always visited the place at which he was stopping. There was another strange fact, too. Ralph Woodford had died of sorrow soon after his wife, and the Grange descended to his brother. It was deserted for a period, but, at the expiration of about twenty years, Hugh Woodford returned to it, and once more, on Christmas-day, flung wide its doors, and invited his friends. But at supper in the great hall, when they were merry, an uninvited guest appeared. Those who had known Colonel Joyce declared it was he; but none had the courage to address the new comer, until Hugh Woodford himself accosted him. When he did so, the apparition, for such it seemed to be, vanished as mysteriously as it had entered.

Years and years have now elapsed since these events, and the Grange has fallen into decay, for Hugh Woodford left it for ever the next morning. But still, on the evening of every Christmas-day, the old place is lighted up again, and sounds of revelry issue from it. All the country people avoid it as a place accursed, and shudderingly whisper the name of the Bleeding Lady of Woodford Grange. Others, more bold, have ventured nearer, and even declared that, on looking through the windows of the great hall, they saw a number of gentlemen, attired in the costume of George the Second's reign, drinking and carousing round the table, while among them was the figure of some member, either living, or just dead, of the Joyce family.

"And do you believe this?" I inquired, when Joyce had concluded his narrative.

"Do you believe what you yourself have witnessed? Unhappily, there can be no doubt of the ban under which our family lies. It is a subject which I have never mentioned to anyone except you, but, after what has occurred, you will not attribute to stupid superstition what I am about to say. I know that I am doomed. I shall be the next of our family to die. I do not know how long I have still to live; but this I do know, that the day before every Christmas-day before my death I shall be summoned by the Bleeding Lady of Woodford Grange, as I was the day before yesterday; that my spirit will be present at the unearthly banquet, and also for once after my decease. Then some other member of the family will receive the summons."

A short time subsequently, having obtained the expected funds from my friends, I parted from Joyce, whom I never beheld again—that is to say, alive. Previously to bidding him adieu, I promised, faithfully, that I would go the next Christmas to Woodford Grange; and I kept my word. On the eve of my departure I received a letter from Australia, stating that Joyce had died in Melbourne, on the 18th of October. He was buried there, and yet, if I ever saw anyone, I saw him in the great hall of Woodford Grange on the night of the following Christmas-day. Many, no doubt, will laugh at this story: let them do so, but let them also, if they have the courage, convince themselves whether I have not told the truth of the Bleeding Lady of Woodford Grange.

## THE LORD OF MISRULE.

THERE was a certain wise physician who used to advise his patients that once in every three months they should partake plentifully of strong liquors, making every tap and bottle run so fast that the drink should have no difficulty in overtaking the drinker, but seize him at the gullet, and hold him by the neck till he be dead—tipsy. This Baccanalian leech held that a little inebriety was a goodly thing, inasmuch as it cleansed the body, chased away bad humours, restored tone to the stomach, prevented the blood from thickening, and worked many more marvels that are not usually dreamt of in a drunkard's philosophy. This doctor had a large practice, and as he did not supply the medicine he prescribed, his patients took the draughts very punctually. Whether this learned man had a son in business as a vintner, or whether he had a relation who purveyed soda water, is untold; we only record his peculiar theory.

The point we wish to raise is, whether a man may not by too great a severity of life become unwholesomely moral. Ought he not by an occasional indulgence to flavour his virtue? Will not too much starch destroy his nature, as it does shirts? We merely give the hint.

We are a solemn, big-whiskered race, addicted to clean linen and sponge baths. We call gaiety waste of time, and consider that man the true benefactor of his country who can jangle twopence where before he had only a penny to toss with. Loud laughter has become vulgar, and high spirits are termed indelicacy. Oh, for one great national romp, when all the stiff ruffs and square-cut coats might be tumbled and torn, when the smooth hair over the temple might be tossed out of place, and the faces grow unfashionably red with exercise. But it is no good wishing for it; the day has gone by.

How do we spend our Christmas-days in this enlightened age? Our first thought is about the presents we hope to receive. We clip the merriment of the season down to a twenty-four hours' holiday. We buy a shilling's worth of evergreens to decorate a twelve-roomed house. We limit the feast to a turkey and plum-pudding. We consider that the charity of the day has been accomplished if the crossing-sweeper receives sixpence. A poor relation whom we cut for an entire year is requested to come and break bread on this solemn day of universal brotherhood. If in the evening a little music and dancing are indulged in, then we talk of the delights of the festive season.

This isn't a Christmas-day. This is a sham, a put off, a make-believe. It reminds us of a stage ball, where a waltz is played for five minutes, and six seedy partners represent the crowd of fashionable guests.

To calm our indignation, to take out the hot cinders of disgust, we will call to mind the glorious, the right-hearted, the noble manner in which the jolly old boys of old celebrated this same feast of Christmas. Be so kind as to cast a glance at Monsieur Doré's illustration. That is something like a festival. It surpasses Julien's bal masqué, or a Vauxhall masquerade, as immeasurably as an elephant does a sucking-pig. Not that we should like to mingle with the sportive throng on the basement. No, thank you! The gentlemen turning head over heels would thrust their feet into our face, the knights on hobby horses would probe us with their lances. No, no; we should prefer being the cherished guest of the munificent owner of that magnificent hall, and to be seated in the gallery at the end of it—say, for instance, under the canopy, on the right-hand side of that lovely and modest maiden in the chair of state.

Christmas in the olden time—the good old times, the jolly old times! We should like to have lived a week or two in them, if the trick could by any possibility be performed of returning again to our present state and position. The worst of these good old times was, that it was only on feasts and festivals that they were good old times. On other days, they were so remarkably bad, that they disgust a person who, like us, has two votes for the county, who has hissed Marshal Haynau, and more than once dared to say out loud that the Prime Minister was a nobody. In olden times, they would have cut off our ears and whipped us; struck us with rods. Thunder! If we wanted to travel, they might order us to stop at home. They could force us to enter the army, without giving even a shilling and the first pull at a pot of porter. They could make us go to bed at nine o'clock, or play tricks with our adored ones. And we couldn't have uttered even a word in return. Perhaps, after all, we are better off as we are. We had better not sigh for the days that, thank Heaven! never can return.

Now to give some notion of who the Lord of Misrule was, what he did, and how he did it.

His Lordship seems to have been a very doubtful character, for many—especially divines—abuse him roundly, whilst others are equally vehement in his praise. He seems to have been no mean man for his short time of power. At Cambridge and Oxford, this Christmas prince was annually elected by the Fellows from among themselves, and his sovereignty lasted for twelve days. The societies of law also had their Lord of Misrule; and the Lord Mayor of London and the Sheriffs severally appointed their "Masters of Merry Disports." The Lords of Misrule did not even end here. They would appear to have been as numerous as those other Lords of Misrule who throng to the House of Peers, "for," says Stowe (that worthy and much-quoted historian, who lived—bless him!—expressly to oblige us authors), "there was in the King's house, wheresoever he lodged, a Lord of Misrule, and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of





honour or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal." When the worthy Stowe makes use of the word "lodged," we hope and trust that none of our readers will imagine that the King was in the habit of taking a first or second floor for a week or two, or engaging the parlours, with the use of the kitchen, for a few days.

What enormities these unruly Lords were guilty of is not explained by history, but their misdeeds seem to have been heavy and numerous; for, from their high position, they fell into great disrepute, and eventually were suppressed by an alarming proclamation issued by Henry the Eighth. The bishops had long since given them up; the laws of law and the colleges had declared that the sports were inconsistent with the discipline of the students. Reverend gentlemen had denounced these Lords and their associates in language which, unless it had been uttered by clerical lips, we should almost be tempted to call coarse. "They have their hobble-horses, dragons, and other antiques, together with their dirtie pipers, and thundering drummers; then marche these heathen companies towards the churchyard, their pipers pipyng, drummers thundering, their stumppes dauncyng, their belles jynghing, their handkerchiefs swyngyng about their heades like madmen, their hobble-horses and other monsters skymyslyng amongst the throng like iups incarnate." Another divine denounced these "Bacchanalian Christmases" on account of their "manner of solemnising being spent in revelling, epicurisme, wantonnesse, idleness, dancing, drinking, stage-plays, masques, and carnale pompe and jollity." The custom, however, was not entirely suppressed until Henry the Eighth issued his thunder. It was "ordeneed that if any persons did disguise themselves in apparel and cover their faces with visors, gathering a company together, naming themselves mummers, which used to come to the dwelling-places of men of honour and other substantial persons, whereupon murders, felonie, and other great hurts and inconveniences have alowtime grown, and hereafter be like to come, by the colour thereof, if the syde disorder should continue not reformed, &c.; that then they should be arrested by the king's liege people as vagabonds, and be committed to the gaole without bail or mainprise for the space of three months." Why the king should have been so lenient with such Turks as these Lords of Misrule had become, is singular, considering that his favourite mode of punishment was sitting noses or taking off hands.

The best account we have of one of these exhibitions is that given by Warton of the show that annually took place in the Temple. The elected prince would assume a variety of titles. He would call himself—The most magnificent and renowned William, by the favour of Fortune, Prince of Whitefriars, Lord of Blackfriars, High Regent of Bouverie Street, Duke of St. Dunstan, Marquis of Thames, Landgrave of Fetter Lane, Count Palatine of Pump Court, Chief Bailiff of Essex Street, High Ruler of Chancery Lane, Governor of the Stairs, sole Commander of all Titles, Tournaments, and Triumphs, Superintendent in all Solemnities whatever. The mock monarch was, during his twelve days' reign, attended by his lord keeper, lord treasurer, with eight white staves, a captain of his band of pensioners, and of his guard. He had two chaplains, who, when they preached before him in the Temple Church, were considered to behave disrespectfully, unless, on ascending the pulpit, they saluted his Lordship with three low bows. When the great man dined, either in the hall or in his privy chamber, it was under a cloth of estate. Some good-natured nobleman was obliging enough to lend him the pole-axes carried by his gentlemen pensioners, and the Lord Chief Justice for the time being was expected to send in the venison required for the guests. The most expensive item in the supplies—the wine—fell to the lot of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. As these roysterers always drink copiously, there must have been a few cart-loads of empty bottles to carry away when the twelve days' drinking was over. On Twelfth-day, at going to church, his Lordship of Misrule received many petitions, which he gave to his Master of Requests, and like other potentates thought no more of them. He also, mimicking the custom of kings, had a favourite, whom, with other gentlemen of high quality, he knighted on returning from church. Now comes the most serious portion of this jocose description. The poor fool who had been this twelve days' monarch had to pay the expenses of the entertainment, and they seldom amounted to less than two thousand pounds. As a salve for this heavy bleeding, the real King at Whitehall knighted the mock King from the Temple.

One George Ferrers, a sucking Lincoln's Inn barrister, had the honour of appearing in his celebrated part as the Lord of Misrule before King Edward VI., when that excellent and learned young monarch kept Christmas and open house—both excellent things—at Greenwich. It is reported that his Majesty was much delighted in the diversion, and ordered an excellent supper to be served to the merry tomfools.

The absurdities of the Lord of Misrule in the Inner Temple were in full swing, according to Dugdale, after supper. The wine, subscribed by the unfortunate Lord Mayor and the miserable Sheriffs, perhaps accounted for this sudden blazing up of wit and humour. "Supper ended, the constable marshaled presented himself, with drums a-bore him, mounted upon a scissel-borne by four men, and goeth three times round about the pathe, crying out aloud, 'A Lord! a Lord!' &c. Then he descendeth and goeth to dance, &c.; and after he calleth his court, every man by name, e.g., 'Sir Randle Rackabite, of Raskall Hall, in the county of Rake Hell,' &c., &c. This done, the Lord of Misrule addresseth himself to the banquet, which ended with some minstrelsy, mirth, and dancing, and every man departed to rest." This is very similar to our banquets of the present day. Toasts, comic songs, jumping about, and then under the table to rest. Dugdale puts it more elegantly, but he means the same thing. The wit and humour, judging from Dugdale's quotations, were not powerful. Our dead and gone were not very ready with their jokes. We lads of '57 are quicksilver to their lead.

In noble families it was usual to appoint the paid fool of the house to be the Lord of Misrule. Talking of noble houses and fools, a curious idea has entered our head. Three hundred years ago it was a distinguished custom of our aristocracy to keep at least one fool in the family. They hired him. To show how time changes all things, our great folk now strive all they can to get rid of the fools in their families. Yet, though they do not hire them, the number of fools has not decreased.

King Henry the Eighth was an extraordinary man. He had as many wives as a farmyard chancier (and their poor necks were not more safe); and he remembered so little about the affairs of state, that at one time we find him threatening all mummers and Lords of Misrule with three months' hard labour; and next we tumble upon a proclamation in which he dictates the method in which the festivities of this unruly Lordship are to be celebrated at Lincoln's Inn. It was ordered that this King of Cockneys, the elected lord and his officers, "should depose themselves in honest manner and good order, without any waste or destruction making in wine, brawn, chely" (what is chely? is it vinegar?) "or other vitails; as also that he and his marshal, butler, and constable, shall have their lawful and honest commandments by delivery of the officers of Christmas, and that the said King of Cockneys, no none of his officers, medly neither in the buttry nor in the stuard of Christmas, his office, upon pain of 40s. for every such medlinge." These allusions to the careful use of the wine, would suggest that the Lord Mayor had complained to the Throne of the shameful manner in which the wine—he was forced to supply—was wasted. Perhaps the civic king informed the anointed king that a little "prigging" went on. Perhaps he had proof that Malmsey at 50s. a dozen was tipped off in tumblerfuls, and the necks of the sherry bottles knocked off with sword-hits. It might be too, that Henry of England, when he afterwards quashed these revels among the gay young lawyers, had been reading about Father Edmonds, who "lifted up his countenance, as if a new spirit had been put into him to controul and fufle fault with this and that (as the coming into the hall of the hobble-horse in Christmas), affirming that he would no longer tolerate these and those so grosse abuses, but would have them reformed." Henry the Eighth was a fine hand at reforming. Had there been nothing else to reform, he would, sooner than remain idle, have reformed his tailors' bills, or, better still, himself.

In Monsieur Doré's illustration, we behold one of those mad merry-makings which delighted the hearts of generous nobles, and caused Christmas to slip by as rapidly as if time had pomatumed his forelock, and there was no more chance of seizing it than a pig's greased tail. The worthy owner of the Gothic hall is "a nobleman of fair estate," to use the ex-

pression of some old author who has refused to give his name. He is one of those who "had their heralds, who wore their coat of arms at Christmas, and at other solemn times, and craved largesse thrice, (you may see these heralds in the illustration—the brave youths blowing their master's trumpets so vigorously). They lived in the country like petty kings, (notice his minikin majesty in the gallery). They always eat in the Gothic halls (who could desire a finer hall than the one Monsieur Doré has presented you with?). There the mummings and loaf stealings, and other Christmas sports were performed.

Three cheers for such jolly Christmas-days. Then there were masqueradings, when the squire's wardrobe was ransacked for dresses of all kinds. The bottles were opened for the sake of the corks, to black the faces of the mummers, and make deputy moustaches, and every one, except the seigneur himself, must be transformed. There were sword dancers and hobble-horse dancers. These latter, mounted on their pasteboard steeds, sometimes carried bows and arrows, with which they made a snapping noise, keeping time to the music. The uncommonly merry dogs! With these hobble-horse riders danced six other men, carrying the heads of reindeer, and their bosoms blazoned with the arms of the noble family they served. They danced the "heys" and other country dances. "Now," cried the worthy Mr. Stevenson (on a Christmas-day), as loud as his pen could bawl, "now, cards and dice purge many a purse; now espous and hens, besides turkeys, geese, and ducks, with beef and mutton, all must die! for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little." And there was boar's head and mustard, and brawn of tusked swine as well; and also (we are particular about the eating), cranes, herons, plovers, woodcocks, snipe, venison, and many rare things we bachelors will never dine off. Good ale, too, and strong beer in their own jugs, at nothing the pot. Plums and spices, sugar and honey, perished in the pot and the oven, and yielded up their sweetness. The guests eat and danced to the sound of trumpets, sackbuts, cornets, shalmes, and other instrely; and innumerable torchlights of wax, and lamps of scented oil, prevented any mistakes either whilst turning their partners or attacking a dish.

Bravo Christmas! it is cheering to hear how well you have been celebrated. When will that happy, peaceful time arrive when it will be Christmas-day all the year round? Our only hope is in the steam engine, and sincerely do we pray that it may accomplish all things. Make haste! make haste, oh, delicious period!

#### CAUGHT IN THE SNOW.

Snow is formed by the watery particles in the atmosphere becoming congealed into white crystals, and so on. Scientifically speaking, its disadvantages are numerous. It destroys celery, causing that root to lose its crispness and turn brown. It rots shoe-leather. It is cold to the touch, and melts. It makes avalanches and snow-balls. It causes the best formed features to contract, produces a redness at the extremity of the nose, and imparts to the most brilliant eyes a watery effect.

In a philosophical sense, it has not many advantages. Among them we may enumerate that it improves some landscapes. It keeps us old people at home. It causes a silence in the noisiest streets. It comes but once a year. It covers portions of the Wellington statue at Hyde Park Corner, and so consoles the offended eye.

We are well aware that in some countries the ground is covered with snow for nine months out of the year. We deeply sympathise with the inhabitants, and hope they bear their misfortune with resignation. Why do they not emigrate, poor things? We have also been introduced to a highly-talented authoress, who wrote a poem, in the first line of which she professes to "love the dear snow," and even calls it "the pretty snow" and "the silvery snow." That any lady could use such affectionate terms towards frozen vapour, is scarcely to be credited. She must be a relative of the Highlander who declared that spiders tasted like green gooseberries. Both are depraved appetites.

Who could love snow? Little boys rampant for slides may rejoice in it, despite the police regulations. Other little boys who happen to possess a shovel and a birch broom, may see in it so many "tupenesses" for clearing the pavement before doors. Liverpool merchants on 'Change may squeeze out of the frozen mass, some twenty minutes' amusement at snow balling. But to sensible, decent, educated people is snow a benefit? Unhesitatingly we undertake to respond for the entire of genteel society—It is a nuisance.

In the first place, snow falls in an uncomfortable manner. The jagged flakes, large as flattened bullets, float into your eyes or on to your cheeks, and melting, wetten. If the feathery particles, supposing it to be London snow, enter the mouth, they have an unpleasant taste, being flavoured by the clouds of smoke through which they have tumbled. After walking for a short distance on a snowy road, the stuff collects under the foot and "balls" in the hollow next the heel, causing the pedestrian to imagine that by mistake he has on, instead of his boots, a couple of cocoa-nuts. Be assured of this, whenever there is snow on the ground we stop in-doors. If a creditor was to call every five minutes, we would not stir out. Directly the thaw is over, we and the grass make our appearance together.

The best thing snow has done for some time past, was to suggest to Monsieur Jules David his exquisite, his delicious, his delectable, his rapturous, his delicate, his—(O! for a peck of enlanguishing adjectives)—his superlative drawing of those two lovely young ladies, who are sweet angels, suffering all the evil effects of the flocculent tempest.\* It was after seeing this enchanting drawing, that our antipathy to snow became so fearfully violent. Just glance at these charming feet, forced by an inclement season to crunch the powdered earth. One poor lamb turns her sweet face towards the youth with the gun, as if a revivifying idea of "fire" had entered her innocent brain. By the time they reach their home, they will be covered with snow like savory caobages. Their hands will ache and be useless, and when they try to undo their cloaks, or untie their hats, their fingers will seem to bend and be soft as dough. Yet there are men—if we can call them men—residing in the neighbourhood, possessed of covered vehicles. Five minutes would have sufficed to harness the largest horse.

On the eventful day when these two charming girls were caught in the snow-storm, they had walked to a neighbouring village, carrying to a poor bed-ridden pensioner both relief and consolation against the coming Christmas. As they left, the old woman mumbled out a blessing, and proceeded to stow away the couple of bottles of port with which, together with some preserved ginger, these guardian angels had rejoiced her aged heart.

We knew these young ladies well, and loved them with a fierce argand flame, which had been by their side on this trying occasion, would have kept them as warm as newly-baked potatoes. They were both rich, and educated to such a degree that schoolmistresses were afraid to talk with them. On the death of a maternal uncle, they were each to inherit another fortune; and frequently were they heard to say that on their wedding-day they would hand over to their husband the entire of their property. Once they had a severe quarrel with their father, because he mentioned something about marriage settlements.

Amiable to a degree, compared with which doves seem fierce birds of prey—so beautiful, that a glance at them was a safe cure for a headache—rich to an extent which enabled them always to carry a little fortune in their purses—it is not surprising that they were universally admired and beloved, and that we joined in the general admiration, until two young officers, who dined with them at a county ball, won their hearts, and wedded them a few weeks afterwards.

#### THE NIGHT ATTACK.

BY EDMUND H. YATES.

TEN years ago, how many things were and were not which are not and are now! Lord John Russell was Premier and respected, the Princess Royal was a little child, Prince Albert had hair on his head, D'Orsay was the leader of *ton*, Gore House the head-quarters of literary and artistic fashion, Macready was our great tragedian, Longfellow and Thackeray were just beginning to be heard of, "Bentley's Miscellany" was a readable publication, knockers and bell-pulls were wrenched off in sport, and tipsy

\* Owing to an accident, we have been compelled to defer the publication of the illustration here referred to.

gents (the Mohawks of their day) shouted "Lul-li-ety" at late hours in the open streets, and thought it clever. The great facts of modern days—cheap railway excursions, penny newspapers, pegtop trousers, gutta serena, and Mr. Spurgeon—were then undeveloped. There was a winter, too, ten years ago; none of your modern muggy, hot, damp, clingy weather, with three days snow and three months mud and filth; none of your base imitations, where the sleet falls like the torn-up paper in a theatrical representation, and as quickly disappears; but a regular thoroughbred, true English winter—such a winter as blessed the earth when Mr. Pickwick and his friends spent their Christmas at Dingley Dell—such a winter as one sees portrayed in Messrs. Fore's "Reminiscences of Coaching Days," where the horses are up to their shoulders in snow, and where the guard is standing on the mail-coach roof blowing his horn for assistance, and looking blankly over the barren snow-waste where no help appears.

Bitter, bitter cold!—bitter cold in town, where cabmen and omnibus-drivers sit in a semi-frozen state upon the boxes of their vehicles, from time to time taking both whip and reins in one hand, and beating the other furiously against their benumbed knees; where Parcel delivery carts, trebly overloaded with baskets and hampers, rattle over the stones, are pulled up shortly at the doors of expecting recipients, and disgorge those presents in anticipation of which such hospitality and attention were shown to the country cousin in town for the season; where impromptu slides are formed in every gutter by the boys, and where skait-bearing males of all ages are seen from earliest dawn to deepest dusk (no very long time, by the way), hurrying Park-wards. Now are the Serpentine, the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, the Ornamental Water in Regent's Park, and the Dismal Swamp in St. James's Park, covered by thousands and tens of thousands, from the member of the Skating Club, with his silver badge suspended round his neck, who is doing figures of eight and spread-eagles, and dancing reels with the greatest ease, down to the poulterer's boy, who has just delivered his turkeys on the terrace, and on his way home for fresh supplies, goes three times down the longest slide he can find, encouraging his co-sliders to "keep the pot a bilin'"; and exhibiting his dexterity by the manner in which he balances himself on one foot, and gives the "cobbler's knock" with the other. The Humane Society's men are on the look-out, the Humane Society's doctor has just placed one over-rash youth in a warm bath, and the Humane Society's hot brandy-and-water has just gone down the throat of one, anything but over-rash, old man, who has allowed himself to get wet up to the knees on the chance of obtaining the beverage in question. Men new to the skating art are timorously making slow progress with the aid of chairs and sticks, "all-hot" men are shouting, "hockey" balls are flying through the air, and from the immense multitude rises one continual roar, which in any other place but London would be heard for miles.

It must be a louder roar than that, however, to penetrate to Braxton, the little Yorkshire village where my story is laid. Nothing ever did penetrate to Braxton: and scarcely anybody, except those belonging to the immediate neighbourhood, ever visited it. It was not a cheerful place. Situated on the edge of a dull, bleak moor, it was wind-wasted in winter and sun-scorched in summer. It had no *specialité*; the inhabitants led a purely agricultural life, and were remarkable only for their perverseness, and hatred of any attempt to ameliorate their condition. This time ten years ago matters there were in a very bad state, the long continuance of frost had thrown nearly all the labouring population out of employ, there were no resident gentry from whom they could obtain relief; indeed, Braxton Manor, the only large family mansion in the neighbourhood, had been untenanted for years, since the death of old Mrs. Churchill; and her son, who had just returned from the Continent and taken possession of his estate, had not been seen by any of the villagers, but was reported to have an "outlandish appearance" and "furrineerin' friends," and was cordially hated accordingly. Bread, however, must be had: the Braxton natives were not of the opinion of the French judge, who, when told that people must live, replied that he did not see the necessity; and so, as they could not obtain a living by fair means, they tried the opposite course—united themselves with some stone-quarry men, who were huddled a few miles off, and performed some dashing burglaries, which were the talk of the country, and the fame of which even penetrated into the London newspapers.

Christmas Eve fell black and darkly upon Braxton village. A few—only two or three—were gathered round the tap-room fire at the Churchill Arms: Jackson, the chandler's shop and post-office keeper; Potter, the baker and miller; Vokius, the landlord; and Blithers, the parish clerk and sexton. Young Mr. Charlwood, the new curate, was sitting in the only sitting room of his little cottage in a rickety arm-chair before a blazing fire, pondering over his altered fate since the last Christmas time; then, with all his college honours thick upon him, he was staying at his uncle's in town, and it was on this very anniversary, Christmas Eve, he recollected, that he first asked Laura to become his wife. Jack Harper, the parish doctor, was astride his dun-coloured mare, pushing his way across Braxton Common, with his teeth nearly blown down his throat by the north wind, muttering that he might be condemned if he stood it any longer; that he'd sooner go back and be a pill-grinder to a chemist than buried in this infernal place; and then he cast a half-reproachful, half-envious look towards Braxton Manor, from one of the windows of which a ray of light shot across the moorland.

The lamp which thus cheered the vale with hospitable ray stood on a heavy oak table in the library of Braxton Manor. The room was large and square, with oak bookcases lining the walls from floor to ceiling, a dark time-blurred portrait hung over the quaint high mantelpiece, and several ancient velvet-covered high-backed chairs were ranged around. Two of these, pulled close to the hearth, where a sparkling wood fire burnt between the iron "dogs," and whirled gleefully up the huge chimney, were occupied. On one sat a tall, broad-shouldered, well-built young man, with light eyes, chestnut hair, finely-cut features, and a large beard and moustache. He was dressed in a shooting coat, loose trousers of foreign cut, and easy slippers; his cravat was loose, his collar turned down, his legs were stretched out towards the fire; he had a German pipe between his lips, and a tumbler of smoking punch at his elbow. Altogether he formed a pleasant picture of comfort and ease. This was Frank Churchill, who had been home but three days, having spent the last two years of his life in travelling on the Continent, and the previous three at Oxford, so that he knew little or nothing about Braxton and its inhabitants. His companion was a much smaller man; his head, hands, and feet, all looked ridiculously out of proportion even to his slight body. The features of his face were delicate, and his general appearance was almost effeminate; but a glance at his arms and legs showed that they were round, powerful, and as hard as iron. He could punish a horse severely when astride him merely by the pressure of his thighs; he could flatten a quart pot, or straighten a horse shoe, by the merest effort of his fingers. This delicate-looking young man was Charles Beresford, an Englishman by birth, but holding a commission in the Austrian army; the best rider, swordsman, and pistol shot in the Emperor's service. His eyes were black and piercing, and he wore a thick jet-black moustache, from under which his cigar stuck stiffly out, clinched tightly between his teeth, and never being moved from its position.

The silence, which had endured for some time, was broken by Frank Churchill.

"Charley," said he, in a cheery voice, "this is dull work for you, I'm afraid, keeping Christmas alone with me in my old home; and indeed it does tell drearily enough when compared with our last year's festivity at the old Marshall's."

"Don't worry yourself about me, Frank," returned his companion. "I'm all right enough. A little quiet will do me good after that eternal whirl of parade, and opera, and ball. Besides, I'm glad to be back in my own country for a little time; these quaint heavy old rooms are much more to my taste than old Marshall Prisselwitz's rococo rubbish and *fide* splendours. Besides, with you for my companion, good drink, fine cigars, and Dickens's new Christmas book, I must be a brute indeed if I could not be happy. What happened while I was out to-day? Any of your neighbours call?"

"Neighbours, my dear fellow!" laughed Frank. "Why, Braxton village, which is three miles off, lies between this and any country gentleman's seat, in one direction; and Braxton Moss, which is four miles broad, in the other! Neighbours! no; no one called here. Oh, yes, by the way, rather a queer start—quite a Tony Lumpkinish adventure. A fellow came

the avenue, bearing on his back an enormous pack, six feet long, and the height of the house was an inn, and that he should be accommodated. The servant could not persuade him that he was wrong. Mrs. Bankinsop, my old housekeeper, was furious, and they made a row that I went out into the hall and spoke to the fellow myself, packed him; but when he found that he could not be taken in, he seemed despair, declared that his pack was so heavy that he could not carry it any further, and so valuable that he dare not trust it at the ale-house in the village; so I gave him permission to leave it here, and he's to come for it in the morning.

"What's in it?" asked Beresford.  
"He hinted at shawls and laces," replied Frank. "By Jove, sir, we shall have the revenue officers down on us. You may take your oath there nothing has paid duty amongst them!"

"You've hit the right nail on the head, Frank," said his friend; "it's a bad scheme, but a clever one, and the fellow deserves to have his goods taken care of for his pluck. Yah-a-ah!" continued he, stretching lazily, and then throwing away the butt-end of his cigar, "one glass of grog, one pipe, and I shall be off to bed. Hold up the lamp, Frank; there's no light in the hall, and I've left my tobacco in my great-coat pocket."

Frank raised the lamp above his head, and Beresford stepped out into the long hall. The rays of the lamp but dimly illumined the upper portion of the oak-paneled walls, and showed the outlines of the stage horns and suits of armour nailed against them; the floor and the lower portion of the walls were in utter darkness; and Charles Beresford, after groping his way with outstretched hand and faltering step, at last missed his footing, and fell headlong to the ground.

"Hold up, old man!" said Frank Churchill, laughing, and running out to him; "no bones broken, eh? I should have come out to you with the lamp, but—what the deuce is the matter?" He dropped his voice as he said these last words, and stared at Beresford, who had raised himself on his knees, whose face wore an extraordinary expression of surprise, and who, with one finger on his lips, pointed with the other hand to a large package which lay extended on the floor, and over which he had fallen. It was a heavy-looking bundle, about six feet long and two broad; its outer surface was composed of strips of thin, flexible, light wood, which we always associate with orange boxes and foreign produce generally, bound round and knotted together with long osiers.

"Is that it?" asked Beresford in a whisper.

"What?" said Frank. "Oh, the package! Yes, that's the trifle left by the smuggler. What the deuce are you 'hish'ing about? There's no one here to listen, and if there were, I'm not ashamed of what I'm saying!"

"Silence!" said Beresford, still in the same deep, low voice; "silence for your life! As in the dark I kicked my foot heavily against that bundle, I knocked out of it a sound which I have heard too often not to recognise. Come away softly, and laugh out as though nothing had happened. All right, old fellow!" he said, in a loud, cheery tone. "I've found the tobacco, but it was a nasty tumble, wasn't it?"

They reached the library door and stopped, Beresford keeping his eyes fixed on the package, whence he had never removed them. With his right hand he gripped his companion's arm; but Frank Churchill shook him off, and said softly, "Stop this foolery, Charley; I'm sick of it. Tell me at once what you think that infernal bundle contains—is it a corpse?"

"No, Frank, no corpse, but a man—a living man! As I fell over him he uttered an irrepressible groan. I heard it, and doubted my ears; but while at full length on the floor, I passed my hand gently up the bundle, and through the interstices of the strips of wood. What it contained was warm and palpitating. The thought struck me at once that it was some devilish plan for robbing the house, and I think so still!"

"If that's the case, we'll make short work of it," cried Frank, running to a desk, taking out a brace of pistols, and advancing rapidly into the hall. "Look here!" he called in a loud voice; "if there be any one concealed in that package, let him notify it by word or gesture, or, by the Lord! I fire upon them. Take warning at once—I never repeat a caution! One—two—three!"

As the last words left his lips the report of a pistol rung through the hall, followed by a deep groan: the contents of the bundle were convulsively uplifted, and a dark red stain showed itself between the interstices of the wood. With one bound, Charles Beresford was on his knees at the side of the package. Drawing a knife from his pocket, he rapidly cut away the osier fastenings, and split up the wooden case.

The covering torn away, there lay revealed the body of a tall, sturdy-built man, of about eight-and-twenty years of age, with his face turned towards the spot from whence the pistol had been fired, his eyes closed, and a black hole in his chest, from which the blood was slowly welling. He was dressed in corduroy mud-spotted trousers and a coarse, white shirt, wore no waistcoat or coat, had naked feet, and round his neck, knotted by a slight piece of whiplash, hung a horn dog's whistle, such as is used by gamekeepers. One of his hands, bent across his breast, just above the wound, grasped a large hedging-knife with open blade—the other hung listlessly by his side; in the band of his trousers was stuck an old rusty-looking horse-pistol and a crumpled bit of black cloth, with eye-holes roughly cut in it, which was evidently intended to serve as a mask.

Over this strange figure Beresford bent eagerly for an instant; then, removing the pistol and the mask, and taking the knife from out the helpless grasp, he tore off a strip of the shirt and with it staunch the wound. Looking round, he saw Frank Churchill leaning against the wall, his face deadly pale, and his big frame heaving up and down, as though influenced by uncontrollable emotion.

"Frank!" said Charley, "Frank! bear up, man. That shot, rash as it was, has saved our throats for the present, at all events. Come here, and lend me a hand!"

"Is he dead, Charley?" asked Frank Churchill, in a hollow voice.

"Dead! the devil a bit! I should not care about having such a vent-hole in my chest; but he's worth a good many dead ones yet. Rouse, man, rouse up, and come over here!"

"I never turned sick at the sight of blood before," said Frank, drawing himself up erect. "You've seen me on one or two occasions, when the person I stood opposite had a pistol in his hand, which this poor devil hadn't, and you never saw me blanch. You're sure he's still alive, Charley?"

"Oh, there, I'll not repeat my words!" answered Beresford, testily; "here's some one who'll help me better!" He turned as he spoke to a tall bearded man, his Austrian soldier-servant, who, awakened at the pistol report, came hurrying down to them. To him, in a few hurried German sentences, he rapidly explained the position of affairs. The robber's wound was bound up, he was removed into a far corner of the hall, and Beresford again advanced to Churchill.

"Our work has only just begun, I see, Frank," said he. "It's not likely that one man would come alone to rob a house of this size, where he knows there are at least five or six men who would fight for their lives. The whistle round his neck, too, plainly is meant for a signal. It's now near upon midnight; within an hour's time the other members of the gang will be on us; and now what's to be done?"

"Thank God," said Frank Churchill, reverently, "that we have no women with us. My poor mother was spared this night, and the only other one I ever cared for is far away!"

"Yes," replied his more matter-of-fact companion, "women are always a nuisance where work's to be done. However, all the housemaids and people can be locked up in the back rooms at the top of the house. I've sent Fritz to rouse the men, and now we'll concoct the plan of defence."

Silently and rapidly they went to work. The house, a large square block of red-brick work, had but few windows to the rear or to the sides, its main light being obtained from the front; moreover, the garden at the back was surrounded by a very high and very thick brick wall, and opened immediately upon a bit of swampy ground, beyond which rose the broad level waste of Braxton Moss, an enormous common, the half of which in winter time was impassable, owing to the boggy, swampy nature of the ground. From the front, then, the danger was to be apprehended, and in that quarter was it necessary to concentrate their means of defence. The men, five in all, under the generalship of Fritz, the Austrian servant, had now mustered in the hall, and were sent at once to gather all the mattresses and bedding, and pile them up against the windows of the first floor, where there were no shutters. Three enormous tables, a large oaken

press, and all the heavy chairs, were piled up, and formed a strong barricade at the bottom of the flight of stairs. Immediately behind this was posted Beresford's Austrian servant, with three loaded muskets, and strict injunctions, that should the door be beaten down, he was to shoot the first man who crossed the threshold through the head, and do his best with the remaining two shots. A store of powder and ball was given him, and he was left on guard. There were five windows in a row on the first floor; the two immediately on either side the porch, Beresford and Churchill reserved for themselves; at the other three they placed the old butler, who had lived in the family for thirty years, and who was of little use on such an emergency, Frank's valet, who had arrived from London the day before, a plucky fellow, but unaccustomed to fire-arms, and a lad of about sixteen, who worked in the stables. To the top of the house they sent as skirmishers the groom, knowing even among Yorkshiremen, and the gardener—both first-rate shots.

Hitherto the night had been pitch dark, but as they stood looking out from the loopholes they had made between the mattresses, the moon burst through a bank of clouds with which she had been long struggling, and shed a dim and misty twilight over the old oaks forming the avenue to the house. Leaning on his gun, absorbed in thought, Frank Churchill was looking idly on the scene when his arm was suddenly grasped by Beresford, who, pointing with his finger, whispered, "There!" Frank looked in the direction indicated, and saw a tall dark figure, afterwards closely followed by five others, creeping up behind the stems of trees, and nearly crouch down in the shadow of the foremost one.

"There they are, safe enough," said Beresford; "they've waited long enough for the whistle, and as it has not been given, here they come, signal or not."

As he spoke, the men emerged from the shadow of the trees, and advanced into the moonlight immediately in front of the porch. Their leader, a man of six feet high and broad in proportion, was immediately recognised by the servants as a quarryman from the neighbourhood. He was dressed in rough white woollen trousers, turned half way up the legs, a pair of enormously thick ankle-boots, and over his shoulders he wore a coarse sack, with holes cut in it through which his brawny naked arms were passed. He carried a broad-headed heavy metal hammer with a long thick handle in one hand, and a bar of iron in the other, and he apparently imagined that his height and well-known appearance rendered it useless for him to attempt to disguise himself, as his face was uncovered, and not smeared with black grease, a precaution which all his accomplices had adopted.

As they advanced towards the house, Churchill bent towards Beresford to ask him what should be done, when the sound of a gun rang through the air; the stable-boy in his nervousness had fired. It was evident that no one was hit, for the robbers stopped at once, and the big quarryman looking up, cried, "Hallo, iads, art i wake? Then, we'll come to business. Squire Churchill, we want t' undred pound!"

"You d—d scoundrel!" roared Frank, in intense indignation at this address; "I'd not give you a farthing if I had the Bank of England here."

"Squire Churchill!" said the man again, "we're clamming, we're loike famished wolves; we must and we will have what we want!"

"You shall get it quickly enough, if you don't move out of this," said Beresford, speaking for the first time, his notions of discipline being utterly subverted by the quarryman's language and demeanour; "be off, or I'll shoot you through the head!"

"Thie wilt, wilt thee, turner?" roared the man, catching sight of Beresford's black-bearded face; "now, stroke me bloud, it, when I've smashed t' door in, I don't pull thy coward heart out t' throat!"

As he spoke, he advanced towards the door, and whirled the hammer round his head. Beresford pulled the trigger—the cap was damp, and he missed fire! "Ha, ha!" laughed the robber; but the laugh had scarcely died from his lips, when the crack of a gun rang out, and his arm fell powerless by his side.

"That was t' wild Sam, the gardener," said the stable lad; "oi know t' ring of his gun well; mony a time he's lent it to oi to frighten t' birds."

"Bravo, Sam!" shouted Churchill; "I'll not forget that shot."

Meanwhile, the quarryman had dropped the hammer from his right hand, but recovered it with his left, and with a howl of rage flung himself against the door. As he was protected by the porch, the besieged could not make him their mark; nor did they do much execution among his followers, who dodged nimbly behind the various sheltering eaves and nooks of the wall. The door, however, was evidently yielding, and the scene of action would speedily change; so Frank and Beresford withdrew their men to the bottom of the staircase, where, behind his barricade, stood patient Fritz, stern and immovable as a statue. At length, with a thundering crash, the door broke from its hinges, and fell headlong into the hall. It was the last smashing blow from the quarryman that finished it, and the force of it sent him down upon his work. Gipsy Jack was the first man across that threshold—Gipsy Jack, the cleverest wiper of hares, the neatest skittle sharp, the best singer of "Tis my delight on a shiny night," in the chimney corner of the ale-house kitchen. Never will Gipsy Jack wire hare, or hurl skittle ball, or troll a caten again! As his foot touched the floor, Fritz's finger touched his trigger, and Gipsy Jack fell dead, a bullet through his brain. Over his body came the ruse, wavering for an instant at the volley which greeted them, and then, bleeding, torn and smoke-blackened, dashing at the barricade. The pickaxes and the bars of iron whirled in the air, and hurled down the heavy chairs which formed the first obstacle; then the robbers sprang upon the table, and were met by the servants, who clubbed their guns and fought desperately, as men fighting for their lives.

Frank Churchill and Charles Beresford stood in the front rank—the former hot, impetuous, savage; the latter cool and collected. Towards these two dashed the gigantic quarryman, his face glowing with rage, his right arm hanging powerless by his side, his left brandishing his heavy sledge-hammer. Down it came with one fearful crash right on Frank's shoulder, felling him to the ground. The next instant, Beresford, with a shrill cry, more like a wounded tiger than a man, sprang right at the giant's face, and clasped his throat within his sinewy hands. The quarryman staggered and reeled; his left hand was free, and he beat it furiously on his enemy's upturned face, but Beresford, bull-dog like, held on, regardless of the blows which rained upon him. Suddenly, a new idea struck the quarryman; encircling Beresford's body with his arms, he drew him close to him; then, bending down, he made his teeth meet in the young man's cheek. The agony was insupportable; Beresford's gripe relaxed; his enemy hurled him to the ground, and was just preparing to drop his whole weight on his chest, when the clattering of horse-hoofs was heard at the door; and the next instant the quarryman dropped as though dead from the effects of a peculiarly scientific blow delivered to him behind the ear by Jack Harper, the village surgeon.

"A blow, Mr. Churchill, that I've never known to fail," remarked Mr. Jack, when all was over, "taught me in the days of my innocent youth by Professor Owen Swift—not one of our 'Middlesex' Professors, but a man who knows something of anatomy notwithstanding. It was lucky that as I was riding home I saw these gentlemen enter your avenue; and guessing from their Ethiopian countenances that they meant mischief, I hunted up Vokins, his ostler, and the horse patrol, turned the old dun's head this way, gave her the spur, and arrived just in time to prevent your hairy friend being eternally spilticated."

Each succeeding Christmas now sees a merry party assembled round the fire at Braxton Manor. Frank Churchill, with a child on each knee, sits gazing in contented happiness at his wife, who is in deep conversation with Mrs. Harper, on some point of domestic economy. A third child is teasing Uncle Charley, as Charles Beresford is called, pulling his long grizzled moustache, or playing with the *broqueles* of his watch chain. While the eldest, a curly-pated variety of some seven years old, is careering round the room, mounted on the broad back of Dr. Harper, who, on all fours, is snorting, rearing, kicking, and endeavouring successfully to imitate equine habits.

And at night, when the ladies have retired, and our three old friends are lingering over their last cigar and parting glass of punch, they often allude to the incidents I have related, and are never tired of talking of the details of the NIGHT ATTACK.

BY J. HOLLINGSHEAD. JOOSE.

I THINK I may lay it down as a rule that when a man lives with his mother for forty years—very comfortably, perhaps, but still in perfect subjection to a lady of superior strength of will and knowledge of the world—all his wants and wishes gratified so long as he keeps within the maternal ken, and desires nothing that the maternal judgment thinks unreasonable or improper, he is not likely to be an individual of any very great force of character, or one whose natural and acquired powers are calculated to conduct him unaided through any difficulty or sudden emergency.

Such an individual was Mr. Joseph Bowpot, the hero of my story. His father had died when he was about fifteen, leaving a tolerably good fortune, and a very good representative in the person of his son. Mr. Bowpot, sent, was a husband who was entirely governed by his wife; Mr. Joseph Bowpot was a son who was entirely governed by his mother. The subject was changed, but the ruler was the same.

Mr. Joseph Bowpot had all the appearance of a spoiled child of forty; he was short, stout, dreamy in look, feeble in speech, unintellectual in expression, with a small development of brain, and a large development of cheeks. His dress was something between the schoolboy and the ungaily Quaker; it was chosen by his mother, both the pattern and style.

However, notwithstanding the peculiar appearance of Mr. Joseph Bowpot, and his perfect faith in, and reliance upon his mother, he had a human heart beating in his bosom—a heart that was as susceptible to the tender passion as any other heart—perhaps more susceptible than many. Mr. Joseph Bowpot was in love and engaged. The young lady (who I need not say was approved of by his mother, otherwise he would not have dared to think of her for a single moment), was a family connection, a second cousin, or something of the kind, who resided at Little Midthampton, Salt-hamptonshire; and both Joseph and his mother were invited down to spend the Christmas holidays at that very charming place, and with very charming company.

They were to go down by rail on the morning of Christmas Eve, and very busy preparations in the Bowpot mansion were being made for their departure. These preparations were left entirely to Mrs. Bowpot: Joseph was left undisturbed to his reflections.

Mr. Joseph Bowpot was very glad that they had been invited; as it gave him a chance of spending a month with his Amelia—a month of happiness, but not, he thought, of undisturbed happiness; for he was conscious of his many social deficiencies. He would in all probability be asked to ride and shoot, and he had never fired a gun, or touched a horse in his life. Most assuredly he would be asked to sing, and he knew no songs; asked to dance, and he had not danced for twenty-five years, since he was at school; but what he feared worse than all, was the certainty, as his uncle was not alive, of being asked to carve, and take the head of the table. Of course, he never carved at home, and of all the defects in his education, this was the greatest.

Mr. Joseph Bowpot, though not a gentleman of brilliant ability, was not totally deficient in common-sense, and since his engagement to his cousin, a few weak germs of self-reliance had developed themselves. He had positively acted once or twice without consulting his mother; and he now, after much reflection, acted so again, by purchasing unknown to her a "Comic Warbler," a "Ball-room Guide," and Miss Acton's Cookery-book, containing the whole art of carving. The "Comic Warbler" embraced the most assortment of songs—some with bits of spoken composition stuck in between the verses—some with very bad spelling and transposed V's and W's, which were considered to be extremely funny, and others with choruses of inordinate length, in which "tooral looral" was rather prominent. Joseph, after much deliberation, fixed upon the "Cork Leg," thinking it, no doubt, a novelty, and fancying that it suited his voice; and for many days the upper garret of the Bowpot mansion was made musical with its familiar chorus. This was the lightest task of the three; for mastering the mysteries of the "Ball-room Guide"—in which the different figures of the quadrilles were set forth almost as mysteriously as the stitches in a crochet-book, reminded him very forcibly of those days of Euclid that he thought had gone, never to return again. As to the art of carving in Miss Acton's book, that was, indeed, a collection of inscrutable problems. Those were maddening diagrams of the hare, the rabbit, the duck, the pigeon, the fowl, the leg of mutton, the sirloin of beef, and the roast goose, all mapped out with lines and figures, like the plan of an estate belonging to a freehold land society, and with directions underneath as to where the fork was to be placed, and as to the course it was proper for the dissecting knife to take.

Mr. Joseph Bowpot devoted himself assiduously to his studies, but his progress was not very rapid; and by the time the morning of their departure—the morning of Christmas Eve—came round, he had very imperfectly committed to memory the words and tune of the "Cork Leg," the figures of "Payne's First Set," and some few diagrams in the art of carving—section, poultry; hopelessly mixing together the fowl, the duck, and the roast goose.

The time arrived to start; everything was in readiness under Mrs. Bowpot's guidance; the cab was at the door; the presents were put inside; the shawls and rugs were placed upon the seats; the bags and boxes were piled upon the roof; and Mrs. Bowpot and Joseph took their places, the latter attired in a rough travelling-suit, with wrappers and comforters, looking not unlike a member of Captain Parry's expedition to the North Pole. In about half an hour they arrived at the railway station, when Mrs. Bowpot, of course, fought out the battle of fares with the cabman, took the tickets for Little Midthampton, saw the luggage labelled and placed in the van amidst all the din and bustle of a terminus the day before Christmas-day, and, finally, selected the carriage in which they were to travel. The bell rang, they took their places, the last basket of fish was tossed in, the doors were slammed to and locked, and with a grind, a screech, and a whistle, they were fairly on the road for Little Midthampton.

On they went smoothly enough, stopping at very few stations; and, after the first twenty miles, Mrs. Bowpot, who, like her son, was of a full habit of body, and who was fatigued with the exertion of preparing for their departure, and from having risen at an early hour, fell fast asleep in the comfortable compartment of their first-class carriage. Joseph's mind was too much occupied in revolving the comic song, the quadrille, and the carving, for him to think of sleep.

Joseph was always very regular with his meals—in fact he was rather addicted to the pleasures of the table—and therefore, when the train arrived at the Swindleham station, about one o'clock in the day, and the guard announced that "ten minutes were allowed for refreshment," Joseph felt very much inclined to see what refreshment was to be had. Mrs. Bowpot still slept, and Joseph did not wake her, but stepping quietly over her rug-protected feet, he passed on to the platform, and through two sets of large swinging doors into the refreshment-room. Old as Mr. Joseph Bowpot was, this was his first railway journey of any length, and he was rather bewildered by the large room with its Turkey carpets, its mirrors and couches, its clatter of coffee-cups, and its semi-circular counter, round which were a crowd of eager devourers waited upon by a bevy of young ladies. After some little time he caught a waiter's eye; the waiter said, "Soup?" and Joseph said, "Yes;" and he found himself sitting at a round-table, with a basin of thick brown solid liquor, and the train standing before him outside the window. The soup being hot, it took Joseph some time to finish it; and when he had done, and had called the waiter to pay him, he noticed that the room was very quiet, the devourers had gone, and the young ladies had disappeared; nevertheless, the train was in the same position. He passed on to the platform, and there noticed a great stillness, very unlike what he expected to find on the eve of the starting of an important train. He looked into the carriages one after another to discover his mother, and to his consternation found them all empty. A porter, fancying that something was wrong, at this moment came up to him. "What train be ye lookin' fur, sur?" he inquired.

"Little Midthampton," returned Joseph, rather nervously.

"No train till to-morrow mornin' at eight, sur."

"Well, but," exclaimed poor Joseph, in a state of nervous alarm, "I've just left it—there's my luggage, and my mother, and—"

"Ah," rejoined the intelligent porter, "thee's cum wrang side, this be's Zummerzet; that there's Salt-hamptonshire."

honour or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal. When the worthy Stowe makes use of the word "lodged," we hope and trust that none of our readers will imagine that the King was in the habit of taking a first or second floor for a week or two, or engaging the parlours, with the use of the kitchen, for a few days.

What enormities these unruly Lords were guilty of is not explained by history, but their misdeeds seem to have been heavy and numerous; for, from their high position, they fell into great discredit, and eventually were suppressed by an alarming proclamation issued by Henry the Eighth. The bishops had long since given them up; the law of law and the colleges had declared that the sports were inconsistent with the discipline of the students. Reverend gentlemen had denounced these Lords and their associates in language which, unless it had been uttered by clerical lips, we should almost be tempted to call coarse. "They have their hobbie-horses, dragons, and other antiques, together with their dirty pipes, and thundering drummers; they make these heathen companies towards the churchyard, their pipes piping, drummers thundering, their stumps dancing, their bells jangling, their handkerchiefs swaying about their heads like madmen, their hobbie-horses and other monsters skymingling amongst the throng like imps incarnate." Another divine denounced these "Barbarian Christians" on account of their "manner of solemnising being spent in reveling, epicurism, wantonness, idleness, dancing, drinking, stage plays, masques, and carnal pompe and jollity." The custom, however, was not entirely suppressed until Henry the Eighth issued his thunder. It was "ordained that if any persons did disguise themselves in apparel and cover their faces with visors, gathering a company together, naming themselves mummers, which used to come to the dancing-places of men of honour and other substantial persons, whereupon murders, felonies, and other great hurts and inconveniences have a time and a while been to come, by the colour thereof, if the said disorder should continue not reformed, &c.; that then they should be arrested by the king's liege people as vagabonds, and be committed to the gaol without bail or mainprise for the space of three months." Why the king should have been so lenient with such Turks as these Lords of Misrule had become, is singular, considering that his favourite mode of punishment was shifting noses or taking off hands.

The best account we have of one of these exhibitions is that given by Warton of the show that annually took place in the Temple. The elected prince would assume a variety of titles. He would call himself—The most magnificent and renowned William, by the favour of Fortune, Prince of Whitefriars, Lord of Blackfriars, High Regent of Benvenie Street, Duke of St. Dunstan, Marquis of Thames, Landgrave of Fetter Lane, Count Palatine of Pump Court, Chief Bailiff of Essex Street, High Ruler of Chancery Lane, Governor of the Stairs, sole Commander of all Titles, Tournaments, and Triumphs, Superintendent in all Solemnities whatever. The mock monarch was, during his twelve days' reign, attended by his lord keeper, lord treasurer, with eight white staves, a captain of his band of pensioners, and of his guard. He had two chaplains, who, when they preached before him in the Temple Church, were considered to behave disrespectfully, unless, on ascending the pulpit, they saluted his Lordship with three low bows. When the great man dined, either in the hall or in his privy chamber, it was under a cloth of estate. Some good-natured nobleman was obliging enough to lend him the pole-axes carried by his gentlemen pensioners, and the Lord Chief Justice for the time being was expected to send in the venison required for the guests. The most expensive item in the supplies—the wine—fell to the lot of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. As these roysterers always drank copiously, there must have been a few cart-loads of empty bottles to carry away when the twelve days' drinking was over. On Twelfth-day, at going to church, the Lordship of Misrule received many petitions, which he gave to his Master of Requests, and like other potentates thought no more of them. He also, mimicking the custom of kings, had a favourite, whom, with other gentlemen of high quality, he knighted on returning from church. Now comes the most serious portion of this jocular description. The poor fool who had been this twelve days' monarch had to pay the expenses of the entertainment, and they seldom amounted to less than two thousand pounds. As a solace for this heavy bleeding, the real King at Whitehall knighted the mock King from the Temple.

One George Ferrers, a sucking Lincoln's Inn barrister, had the honour of appearing in his celebrated part as the Lord of Misrule before King Edward VI., when that excellent and learned young monarch kept Christmas and open house—both excellent things—at Greenwich. It is reported that his Majesty was much delighted in the diversion, and ordered an excellent supper to be served to the merry tomfools.

The absurdities of the Lord of Misrule in the Inner Temple were in full swing, according to Dugdale, after supper. The wine, subscribed by the unfortunate Lord Mayor and the miserable Sheriffs, perhaps accounted for this sudden blazing up of wit and humour. "Supper ended, the constable marshalled presented himself, with drums a-bore him, mounted upon a self-fold borne by four men, and went three times round about the path, crying out aloud, 'A Lord! a Lord! &c.' Then he descended and went to dance, &c.; and after he callesth his court, every man by name, e.g., 'Sir Randle Rascall of Rascall Hall, in the county of Rake Irel,' &c., &c. This done, the Lord of Misrule addresseth himself to the banquet, which ended with some minstrelsy, mirth, and dancing, and every man departed to rest." This is very similar to our banquets of the present day. Toasts, comic songs, jumping about, and then under the table to rest. Dugdale puts it more elegantly, but he means the same thing. The wit and humour, judging from Dugdale's quotations, were not powerful. Our dead and gone were not very ready with their jokes. We lads of '57 are quicksilver to their lead.

In noble families it was usual to appoint the paid fool of the house to be the Lord of Misrule. Talking of noble houses and fools, a curious idea has entered our head. Three hundred years ago it was a distinguished custom of our aristocracy to keep at least one fool in the family. They hired him. To show how time changes all things, our great folk now strive all they can to get rid of the fools in their families. Yet, though they do not hire them, the number of fools has not decreased.

King Henry the Eighth was an extraordinary man. He had as many wives as a farmyard chancier (and their poor necks were not more safe); and he remembered so little about the affairs of state, that at one time we find him threatening all mummers and Lords of Misrule with three months' hard labour; and next we tumble upon a proclamation in which he dictates the method in which the festivities of this unruly Lordship are to be celebrated at Lincoln's Inn. It was ordered that this King of Cockneys, the elected lord and his officers, "should deport themselves in honest manner and good order, without any waste or destruction making in wine, brawn, chely" (what is chely? is it vinegar?) "or other vitals; as also that he and his marshal, butler, and constable, shall have their lawful and honest commandments by delivery of the officers of Christmas, and that the said King of Cockneys, no none of his officers, medyl neither in the butlery nor in the stuard of Christmas, his office, upon pain of 40s. for every such medlinge." These allusions to the careful use of the wine, would suggest that the Lord Mayor had complained to the Throne of the shameful manner in which the wine—he was forced to supply—was wasted. Perhaps the civic king informed the anointed king that a little "prigging" went on. Perhaps he had proof that Malmsey at 50s. a dozen was tipped off in tumblerfuls, and the necks of the sherry bottles knocked off with sword-hilts. It might be too, that Henry of England, when he afterwards quashed these revels among the gay young lawyers, had been reading about Father Edmonds, who "lifted up his countenance, as if a new spirit had been put into him to controul and finde fault with this and that (as the coming into the hall of the hobbie-horse in Christmas), affirming that he would no longer tolerate these and those so grosse abuses, but would have them reformed." Henry the Eighth was a fine hand at reforming. Had there been nothing else to reform, he would, sooner than remain idle, have reformed his tailors' bills, or, better still, himself.

In Monsieur Doré's illustration, we behold one of those mad merry-makings which delighted the hearts of generous nobles, and caused Christmas to slip by as rapidly as if time had pomatumed his forelock, and there was no more chance of seizing it than a pig's greased tail. The worthy owner of the Gothic hall is "a nobleman of fair estate," to use the ex-

pression of some old author who has refused to give his name. He is one of those who "and their herds, who wore their coat of arms at 't'at time, and at other season times, entered largesse there, you may see these herds in the illustration—the brave youths blowing their master's trumpets so vigorously. They lived in the country like petty kings, (notice his minikin majesty in the gallery). They always eat in the Gothic halls (who could desire a finer hall than the one Monsieur Doré has presented you with?). There the mummings and loaf stealings, and other Christmas sports were performed.

Three cheers for such jolly Christmas-days. Then there were masquerades, when the square's wardrobe was ransacked for dresses of all kinds. The houses were opened for the sake of the corks, to black the faces of the mummers, and make deputy moustaches, and every one, except the seigneur himself, must be transformed. There were sword dancers and hobbie-horse dancers. These latter, mounted on their pasteboard steeds, sometimes carried bows and arrows, with which they made a snapping noise, keeping time to the music. The uncommonly merry dogs! With these hobbie-horse riders danced six other men, carrying the heads of reindeer, and their bosoms blazoned with the arms of the noble family they served. They danced the 'heys' and other country dances. "Now," cried the worthy Mr. Stevenson (on a Christmas-day), as loud as his pen could howl, "now, cards and dice parge many a purse; now carsons and hens, besides turkeys, geese, and ducks, with beef and mutton, all must die! for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a hilt." And there was bawdy's head and mustard, and brawn of tusked swine as well; and also (we are particular about the eating), cranes, herons, plovers, woodcocks, snipe, venison, and many rare things we bachelors will never dine off. Good ale, too, and strong beer in their own jugs, at nothing the pot. Plums and spices, sugar and honey, perished in the pot and the oven, and yielded up their sweetness. The guests eat and danced to the sound of trumpets, sackbuts, cornets, shalmes, and other 'instruments; and innumerable torchlights of wax, and lamps of scented oil, prevented any mistakes either whilst turning their partners or attacking a dish.

Bravo Christmas! it is cheering to hear how well you have been celebrated. When will that happy, peaceful time arrive when it will be Christmas-day all the year round? Our only hope is in the steam engine, and sincerely do we pray that it may accomplish all things. Make haste! make haste, oh, delicious period!

#### CAUGHT IN THE SNOW.

Snow is formed by the watery particles in the atmosphere becoming congealed into white crystals, and so on. Scientifically speaking, its disadvantages are numerous. It destroys celery, causing that root to lose its crispness and turn brown. It rots shoe-leather. It is cold to the touch, and melts. It makes avalanches and snow-balls. It causes the best formed features to contract, produces a redness at the extremity of the nose, and imparts to the most brilliant eyes a watery effect.

In a philosophical sense, it has not many advantages. Among them we may enumerate that it improves some landscapes. It keeps us all people at home. It causes silence in the noisiest streets. It comes but once a year. It covers portions of the Wellington statue at Hyde Park Corner, and so consoles the offended eye.

We are well aware that in some countries the ground is covered with snow for nine months out of the year. We deeply sympathise with the inhabitants, and hope they bear their misfortune with resignation. Why do they not emigrate, poor things? We have also been introduced to a highly-talented authoress, who wrote a poem, in the first line of which she professes to "love the dear snow," and even calls it "the pretty snow" and "the silvery snow." That any lady could use such affectionate terms towards frozen vapour, is scarcely to be credited. She must be relative of the Highlander who declared that spiders tasted like green gooseberries. Both are depraved a-pettes.

Who could love snow? Little boys rampant for slides may rejoice in it, despite the police regulations. Other little boys who happen to possess a shovel and a sieve broom, may see in it so many "tupenesses" for clearing the pavement before doors. Liverpool merchants on 'Change may squeeze out of the frozen mass, some twenty minutes' amusement at snow baling. But to sensible, decent, educated people is snow a benefit? Unhesitatingly we undertake to respond for the entire of genteel society—it is a nuisance.

In the first place, snow falls in an uncomfortable manner. The jagged flakes, large as flattened bullets, float into your eyes or on to your cheeks, and melting, wetten. If the feathery particles, supposing it to be London snow, enter the mouth, they have an unpleasant taste, being flavoured by the clouds of smoke through which they have tumbled. After walking for a short distance on a snowy road, the stuff collects under the foot and "balls" in the hollow next the heel, causing the pedestrian to imagine that by mistake he has on, instead of his boots, a couple of cocoa-nuts. Be assured of this, whenever there is snow on the ground we stop in-doors. If a creditor was to call every five minutes, we would not stir out. Directly the thaw is over, we and the grass make our appearance together.

The best thing snow has done for some time past, was to suggest to Monsieur Jules David his exquisite, his delicious, his delectable, his rapturous, his delicate, his—(O! for a peck of eulogising adjectives)—his superlative drawing of those two lovely young ladies, who are sweet angels, suffering all the evil effects of the flocculent tempest.\* It was after seeing this enchanting drawing, that our antipathy to snow became so fearfully violent. Just glance at these charming feet, forced by an inclement season to crunch the powdered earth. One poor lamb turns her sweet face towards the youth with the gun, as if a revivifying idea of "fire" had entered her innocent brain. By the time they reach their home, they will be covered with snow like savory caenages. Their hands will ache and be useless, and when they try to undo their cloaks, or untie their hats, their fingers will seem to bend and be soft as dough. Yet there are men—if we can call them men—residing in the neighbourhood, possessed of covered vehicles. Five minutes would have sufficed to harness the largest horse.

On the eventful day when these two charming girls were caught in the snow-storm, they had walked to a neighbouring village, carrying to a poor bed-ridden pensioner both relief and consolation against the coming Christmas. As they left, the old woman mumbled out a blessing, and proceeded to stow away the couple of bottles of port with which, together with some preserved ginger, these guardian angels had rejiced her aged heart.

We knew these young ladies well, and loved them with a fierce argand flame, which, had we been by their side on this trying occasion, would have kept them as warm as newly-baked potatoes. They were both rich, and educated to such a degree that schoolmistresses were afraid to talk with them. On the death of a maternal uncle, they were each to inherit another fortune; and frequently were they heard to say that on their wedding-day they would hand over to their husband the entire of their property. Once they had a severe quarrel with their father, because he mentioned something about marriage settlements.

Aniable to a degree, compared with which doves seem fierce birds of prey—so beautiful, that a glance at them was a safe cure for a headache—rich to an extent which enabled them always to carry a little fortune in their purses—it is not surprising that they were universally admired and beloved, and that we joined in the general admiration, until two young officers, who danced with them at a county ball, won their hearts, and wedded them a few weeks afterwards.

#### THE NIGHT ATTACK.

BY EDMUND H. YATES.

TEN years ago, how many things were and were not which are not and are now! Lord John Russell was Premier and respected, the Princess Royal was a little child, Prince Albert had hair on his head, D'Orsay was the leader of *ton*, Gore House the headquarters of literary and artistic fashion, Macready was our great tragedian, Longfellow and Thackeray were just beginning to be heard of, "Bentley's Miscellany" was a readable publication, knockers and bell-pulls were wrenched off in sport, and tipsy

\* Owing to an accident, we have been compelled to defer the publication of the illustration here referred to.

gents (the Mohawks of their day) shouted "Luh-hety" at late hours in the open streets, and thought it clever. The great fads of modern days—cheap railway excursions, penny newspapers, pegtop trousers, gutta serena, and Mr. Spurgeon—were then undeveloped. There was a winter, too, ten years ago; none of your modern muggy, hot, damp, dingy weather, with three days snow and three months mud and filth; none of your base imitations, where the sleet falls like the turn-up paper in a theatrical representation, and as quickly disappears; but a regular thoroughbred, true English winter—such a winter as blessed the earth when Mr. Pickwick and his friends spent their Christmas at Dingley Dell—such a winter as one sees portrayed in Messrs. Foxes' "Reminiscences of Coaching Days," where the horses are up to their shoulders in snow, and where the guard is standing on the mail-coach roof blowing his horn for assistance, and looking blankly over the barren snow-waste where no help appears.

Bitter, bitter cold;—bitter cold in town, where cabmen and omnibus-drivers sit in a semi-frozen state upon the boxes of their vehicles, from time to time taking both whip and reins in one hand, and beating the other furiously against their benumbed knees; where Parcel delivery carts, trebly overloaded with buckets and hampers, rattle over the stones, are pulled up shortly at the doors of expecting recipients, and discharge their presents in anticipation of which such hospitality and attention were shown to the country cousin in town for the season; where impromptu slides are formed in every gutter by the boys, and where skait-bearing males of all ages are seen from earliest dawn to deepest dusk (no very long time, by the way), hurrying Park-wards. Now are the Serpentine, the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, the Ornamental Water in Regent's Park, and the Damsel Swamp in St. James's Park, covered by thousands and tens of thousands, from the member of the Skating Club, with his silver badge suspended round his neck, who is doing figures of eight and spread-eagles, and dancing reels with the greatest ease, down to the poultryer's boy, who has just delivered his turkeys on the terrace, and on his way home for fresh supplies, goes three times down the longest slide he can find, encouraging his co-sliders to "keep the pot a bitin'," and exhibiting his dexterity by the manner in which he balances himself on one foot, and gives the "cobblers' knock" with the other. The Humane Society's men are on the look-out, the Humane Society's doctor has just placed one over-rash youth in a warm bath, and the Humane Society's hot brandy-and-water has just gone down the throat of one, anything but over-rash, old man, who has allowed himself to get wet up to the knees on the chance of obtaining the beverage in question. Men new to the skating art are timorously making slow progress with the aid of chairs and sticks, "all-hot" men are shouting, "hockey" balls are flying through the air, and from the immense multitude rises one continual roar, which in any other place but London would be heard for miles.

It must be a louder roar than that, however, to penetrate to Braxton, the little Yorkshire village where my story is laid. Nothing ever did penetrate to Braxton: and scarcely anybody, except those belonging to the immediate neighbourhood, ever visited it. It was not a cheerful place. Situated on the edge of a dull, bleak moor, it was wind-wasted in winter and sun-scorched in summer. It had no *specialité*; the inhabitants led a purely agricultural life, and were remarkable only for their perverseness, and hatred of any attempt to ameliorate their condition. This time ten years ago matters there were in a very bad state, the long continuance of frost had thrown nearly all the labouring population out of employ, there were no resident gentry from whom they could obtain relief; indeed, Braxton Manor, the only large family mansion in the neighbourhood, had been untenanted for years, since the death of old Mrs. Churchill; and her son, who had just returned from the Continent and taken possession of his estate, had not been seen by any of the villagers, but was reported to have an "outlandish appearance" and "furrineerin' friends," and was cordially hated accordingly. Bread, however, must be had: the Braxton natives were not of the opinion of the French judge, who, when told that people must live, replied that he did not see the necessity; and so, as they could not obtain a living by fair means, they tried the opposite course—united themselves with some stone-quarry men, who were lusted a few miles off, and performed some dashing burglaries, which were the talk of the country, and the fame of which even penetrated into the London newspapers.

Christmas Eve fell black and darkly upon Braxton village. A few—only two or three—were gathered round the tap-room fire at the Churchill Arms: Jackson, the chandler's shop and post-office keeper; Potter, the baker and miller; Vokins, the landlord; and Blithers, the parish clerk and sexton. Young Mr. Churchill, the new curate, was sitting in the only sitting room of his little cottage in a rickety arm-chair before a blazing fire, pondering over his altered fate since the last Christmas time; then, with all his college honours thick upon him, he was staying at his uncle's in town, and it was on this very anniversary, Christmas Eve, he recollected, that he first asked Lyra to become his wife. Jack Harper, the parish doctor, was astride his dun-coloured mare, pushing his way across Braxton Common, with his teeth nearly blown down his throat by the north wind, muttering that he might be condemned if he stood it any longer; that he'd sooner go back and be a pill-grinder to a chemist than buried in this infernal place; and then he cast a half-reproachful, half-envious look towards Braxton Manor, from one of the windows of which a ray of light shot across the moorland.

The lamp which thus cheered the vale with hospitable ray stood on a heavy oak table in the library of Braxton Manor. The room was large and square, with oak bookcases lining the walls from floor to ceiling, a dark time-blurred portrait hung over the quaint high mantelpiece, and several ancient velvet-covered high-backed chairs were ranged around. Two of these, pulled close to the hearth, where a sparkling wood fire burnt between the iron "dogs," and whirled gleefully up the huge chimney, were occupied. On one sat a tall, broad-shouldered, well-built young man, with light eyes, chestnut hair, finely-cut features, and a large beard and moustache. He was dressed in a shooting coat, loose trousers of foreign cut, and easy slippers; his cravat was loose, his collar turned down, his legs were stretched out towards the fire; he had a German pipe between his lips, and a tumbler of smoking punch at his elbow. Altogether he formed a pleasant picture of comfort and ease. This was Frank Churchill, who had been home but three days, having spent the last two years of his life in travelling on the Continent, and the previous three at Oxford, so that he knew little or nothing about Braxton and its inhabitants. His companion was a much smaller man; his head, hands, and feet, all looked ridiculously out of proportion even to his slight body. The features of his face were delicate, and his general appearance was almost effeminate; but a glance at his arms and legs showed that they were round, powerful, and as hard as iron. He could punish a horse severely when astride him merely by the pressure of his thighs; he could flatten a quart pot, or straighten a horse shoe, by the merest effort of his fingers. This delicate-looking young man was Charles Beresford, an Englishman by birth, but holding a commission in the Austrian army; the best rider, swordsman, and pistol shot in the Emperor's service. His eyes were black and piercing, and he wore a thick jet-black moustache, from under which his cigar stuck stiffly out, clinched tightly between his teeth, and never being moved from its position.

The silence, which had endured for some time, was broken by Frank Churchill.

"Charley," said he, in a cheery voice, "this is dull work for you, I'm afraid, keeping Christmas alone with me in my old home; and indeed it does tell drearily enough when compared with our last year's festivity at the old Marshall's."

"Don't worry yourself about me, Frank," returned his companion. "I'm all right enough. A little quiet will do me good after that eternal whirl of parade, and opera, and ball. Besides, I'm glad to be back in my own country for a little time; these quaint heavy old rooms are much more to my taste than old Marshall Prisselwitz's rococo rubbish and *fâche* splendours. Besides, with you for my companion, good drink, fine cigars, and Dickens's new Christmas book, I must be a brute indeed if I could not be happy. What happened while I was out to-day? Any of your neighbours call?"

"Neighbours, my dear fellow!" laughed Frank. "Why, Braxton village, which is three miles off, lies between this and any country gentleman's seat, in one direction; and Braxton Moss, which is four miles broad, in the other! Neighbours! no; no one called here. Oh, yes, by the way, rather a queer start—quite a Tony Lumpkinish adventure. A fellow came

the avenue, bearing on his back an enormous pack, six feet long, and insisted that the house was an inn, and that he should be accommodated. The servants could not persuade him that he was wrong. Mrs. Bankinsop, my old housekeeper, was furious, and they made a row that I went out into the hall and spoke to the fellow myself. I asked him; but when he found that he could not be taken in, he seemed despair, declared that his pack was so heavy that he could not carry it any further, and so valuable that he dare not trust it at the ale-house in the village; so I gave him permission to leave it here, and let's to come for it in the morning.

"What's in it?" asked Beresford.  
"He hinted at shawls and boxes," replied Frank. "By Jove, sir, we shall have the revenue officers down on us. You may take your oath there's nothing that has paid duty amongst them!"

"You've hit the right nail on the head, Frank," said his friend; "it's a bad scheme, but a clever one, and the fellow deserves to have his goods taken care of for his pluck. Yah-a-h!" continued he, stretching lazily, and then throwing away the butt-end of his cigar, "one glass of grog, one pipe, and I shall be off to bed. Hold up the lamp, Frank; there's no light in the hall, and I've left my tobacco in my great-coat pocket."

Frank raised the lamp above his head, and Beresford stepped out into the old hall. The rays of the lamp but illuminated the upper portion of the oak-paneled walls, and showed the outlines of the stage horns and suits of armour nailed against them; the floor and the lower portion of the walls were in utter darkness; and Charles Beresford, after groping his way with outstretched hand and faltering step, at last missed his footing, and fell headlong to the ground.

"Hold up, old man!" said Frank Churchill, laughing, and running out to him; "no bones broken, eh? I should have come out to you with the lamp, but—what the deuce is the matter?" He dropped his voice as he said these last words, and stared at Beresford, who had raised himself on his knees, whose face wore an extraordinary expression of surprise, and who, with one finger on his lips, pointed with the other hand to a large package which lay extended on the floor, and over which he had fallen. It was a heavy-looking bundle, about six feet long and two broad; its outer surface was composed of strips of that thin, flexible, light wood, which we always associate with orange boxes and foreign produce generally, bound round and knotted together with long osiers.

"Is that it?" asked Beresford in a whisper.

"What?" said Frank. "Oh, the package! Yes, that's the trifle left by the smuggler. What the deuce are you 'hish'-ing about? There's no one here to listen, and if there were, I'm not ashamed of what I'm saying!"

"Silence!" said Beresford, still in the same deep, low voice; "silence for your life! As in the dark I kicked my foot heavily against that bundle, I knocked out of it a sound which I have heard too often not to recognise. Come away softly, and laugh out as though nothing had happened. All right, old fellow!" he said, in a loud, cheery tone. "I've found the tobacco, but it was a nasty tumble, wasn't it?"

They reached the library door and stopped, Beresford keeping his eyes fixed on the package, whence he had never removed them. With his right hand he gripped his companion's arm; but Frank Churchill shook him off, and said softly, "Stop this foolery, Charley; I'm sick of it. Tell me at once what you think that infernal bundle contains—is it a corpse?"

"No, Frank, no corpse, but a man—a living man! As I fell over him he uttered an irrepressible groan. I heard it, and doubted my ears; but while at full length on the floor, I passed my hand gently up the bundle, and through the interstices of the strips of wood. What it contained was warm and palpitating. The thought struck me at once that it was some devilish plan for robbing the house, and I think so still!"

"If that's the case, we'll make short work of it," cried Frank, running to a desk, taking out a brace of pistols, and advancing rapidly into the hall. "Look here!" he called in a loud voice; "if there be any one concealed in that package, let him notify it by word or gesture, or, by the Lord! I fire upon them. Take warning at once—I never repeat a caution! One—two—three!" As the last words left his lips the report of a pistol rung through the hall, followed by a deep groan; the contents of the bundle were convulsively uplifted, and a dark red stain showed itself between the interstices of the wood. With one bound, Charles Beresford was on his knees at the side of the package. Drawing a knife from his pocket, he rapidly cut away the osier fastenings, and split up the wooden case. The covering torn away, there lay revealed the body of a tall, sturdy-built man, of about eight-and-twenty years of age, with his face turned towards the spot from whence the pistol had been fired, his eyes closed, and a black hole in his chest, from which the blood was slowly welling. He was dressed in corduroy mud-spotted trousers and a coarse, white shirt, wore no waistcoat or coat, had naked feet, and round his neck, knotted by a slight piece of whipcord, hung a horn dog's whistle, such as is used by gamekeepers. One of his hands, bent across his breast, just above the wound, grasped a large hedging-knife with open blade—the other hung listlessly by his side; in the band of his trousers was stuck an old rusty-looking horse-pistol and a crumpled bit of black cloth, with eye-holes roughly cut in it, which was evidently intended to serve as a mask.

Over this strange figure Beresford bent eagerly for an instant; then, removing the pistol and the mask, and taking the knife from out the helpless grasp, he tore off a strip of the shirt and with it staunch the wound. Looking round, he saw Frank Churchill leaning against the wall, his face deadly pale, and his big frame heaving up and down, as though influenced by uncontrollable emotion.

"Frank!" said Charley, "Frank! bear up, man. That shot, rash as it was, has saved our throats for the present, at all events. Come here, and lend me a hand!"

"Is he dead, Charley?" asked Frank Churchill, in a hollow voice.

"Dead! the devil a bit! I should not care about having such a vent-hole in my chest; but he's worth a good many dead ones yet. Rouse, man, rouse up, and come over here!"

"I never turned sick at the sight of blood before," said Frank, drawing himself up erect. "You've seen me on one or two occasions, when the person I stood opposite had a pistol in his hand, which this poor devil ha'n't, and you never saw me blanch. You're sure he's still alive, Charley?"

"Oh, there, I'll not repeat my words!" answered Beresford, testily; "here's some one who'll help me better." He turned as he spoke to a tall bearded man, his Austrian soldier-servant, who, awakened at the pistol report, came hurrying down to them. To him, in a few hurried German sentences, he rapidly explained the position of affairs. The robber's wound was bound up, he was removed into a far corner of the hall, and Beresford again advanced to Churchill.

"Our work has only just begun, I see, Frank," said he. "It's not likely that one man would come alone to rob a house of this size, where he knows there are at least five or six men who would fight for their lives. The whistle round his neck, too, plainly is meant for a signal. It's now near upon midnight; within an hour's time the other members of the gang will be on us; and now what's to be done?"

"Thank God," said Frank Churchill, reverently, "that we have no women with us. My poor mother was spared this night, and the only other one I ever cared for is far away!"

"Yes," replied his more matter-of-fact companion, "women are always a nuisance where work's to be done. However, all the housemaids and people can be locked up in the back rooms at the top of the house. I've sent Fritz to rouse the men, and now we'll concoct the plan of defence."

Silently and rapidly they went to work. The house, a large square block of red-brick work, had but few windows to the rear or to the sides, its main light being obtained from the front; moreover, the garden at the back was surrounded by a very high and very thick brick wall, and opened immediately upon a bit of swampy ground, beyond which rose the broad level waste of Braxton Moss, an enormous common, the half of which in winter time was impassable, owing to the boggy, swampy nature of the ground. From the front, then, the danger was to be apprehended, and in that quarter was it necessary to concentrate their means of defence. The men, five in all, under the generalship of Fritz, the Austrian servant, had now mustered in the hall, and were sent at once to gather all the mattresses and bedding, and pile them up against the windows of the first floor, where there were no shutters. Three enormous tables, a large oaken

press, and all the heavy chairs, were piled up, and formed a strong barricade at the bottom of the flight of stairs. Immediately behind this was posted Beresford's Austrian servant, with three loaded muskets, and strict injunctions, that should the door be beaten down, he was to shoot the first man who crossed the threshold through the head, and do his best with the remaining two shots. A store of powder and ball was given him, and he was left on guard. There were five windows in a row on the first floor: the two immediately on either side the porch, Beresford and Churchill reserved for themselves; at the other three they placed the old butler, who had lived in the family for thirty years, and who was of little use on such an emergency, Frank's valet, who had arrived from London the day before, a plucky fellow, but unaccustomed to firearms, and a set of about sixteen, who worked in the stables. To the top of the house they sent as skirmishers the groom, knowing even among Yorkshiresmen, and the gardener—both first-rate shots.

Hitherto the night had been pitch dark, but as they stood looking out from the loopholes they had made between the mattresses, the moon burst through a bank of clouds with which she had been long struggling, and shed a dim and misty twilight over the old oaks forming the avenue to the house. Learning on his gun, absorbed in thought, Frank Churchill was looking idly on the scene when his arm was suddenly grasped by Beresford, who, pointing with his finger, whispered, "There!" Frank looked in the direction indicated, and saw a tall dark figure, afterward closely followed by five others, creeping up behind the stems of trees, and finally crouch down in the shadow of the foremost one.

"There they are, safe enough," said Beresford; "they've waited long enough for the whistle, and as it has not been given, here they come, signal or not."

As he spoke, the men emerged from the shadow of the tree, and advanced into the moonlight immediately in front of the porch. Their leader, a man of six feet high and broad in proportion, was immediately recognised by the servants as a quarryman from the neighbourhood. He was dressed in rough at its roughest trousers, turned half way up the legs, a pair of enormously thick ankle-boots, and over his shoulders he wore a coarse sack with holes cut in it through which his brawny naked arms were passed. He carried a broad-headed heavy metal hammer with a long thick handle in one hand, and a bar of iron in the other, and he apparently imagined that his height and well-known appearance rendered it useless for him to attempt to disguise himself, as his face was uncovered, and not smudged with black grease, a precaution which all his accomplices had adopted.

As they advanced towards the house, Churchill bent towards Beresford to ask him what should be done, when the sound of a gun rang through the air; the stable-boy in his nervousness had fired. It was evident that no one was hit, for the robbers stopped at once, and the big quarryman looking up, cried, "Hallo, lads, art 't' wake? Then, we'll come to business. Squire Churchill, we want 't' undred pound!"

"You d—d scoundrel!" roared Frank, in intense indignation at this address; "I'd not give you a farthing if I had the Bank of England here."

"Squire Churchill!" said the man again, "we're clemming, we're loike famished wolvers; we must and we will have what we want!"

"You shall get it quickly enough, if you don't move out of this," said Beresford, speaking for the first time, his notions of discipline being utterly subverted by the quarryman's language and demeanour; "be off, or I'll shoot you through the head!"

"Thee wilt, wilt thee, furriner!" roared the man, catching sight of Beresford's black-bearded face; "now, stroke me blood, if, when I've smashed 't' door in, I don't pull thy coward heart out 't' throat!"

As he spoke, he advanced towards the door, and whirled the hammer round his head. Beresford pulled the trigger—the cap was damp, and he missed fire! "Ha, ha!" laughed the robber; but the laugh had scarcely died from his lips, when the crack of a gun rang out, and his arm fell powerless by his side.

"That was 't' aide Sam, the gardener," said the stable lad; "of 't' ring of his gun well; many a time he's lent it to 't' to frighten 't' birds."

"Bravo, Sam!" shouted Churchill; "I'll not forget that shot!"

Meanwhile, the quarryman had dropped the hammer from his right hand, but recovered it with his left, and with a howl of rage flung himself against the door. As he was protected by the porch, the besieged could not make him their mark; nor did they do much execution among his followers, who dodged nimbly behind the various sheltering eaves and nooks of the wall. The door, however, was evidently yielding, and the scene of action would speedily change; so Frank and Beresford withdrew their men to the bottom of the staircase, where, behind his barricade, stood patient Fritz, stern and immovable as a statue. At length, with a thundering crash, the door broke from its hinges, and fell headlong into the hall. It was the last smashing blow from the quarryman that finished it, and the force of it sent him down upon his work. Gipsy Jack was the first man across that threshold—Gipsy Jack, the cleverest wiper of hares, the nearest skittle sharp, the best singer of "Tis my delight on a shiny night," in the chimney corner of the ale-house kitchen. Never will Gipsy Jack wire here, or hurl skittle ball, or troll a catch again! As his foot touched the floor, Fritz's finger touched his trigger, and Gipsy Jack fell dead, a ballet through his brain. Over his body came the rush, wavering for an instant at the volley which greeted them, and then, bleeding, torn and smoke-blackened, dashing at the barricade. The pickaxes and the bars of iron whirled in the air, and hurled down the heavy chairs which formed the first obstacle; then the robbers sprang upon the table, and were met by the servants, who cabbea their guns and fought desperately, as men fighting for their lives.

Frank Churchill and Charles Beresford stood in the front rank—the former hot, impetuous, savage; the latter cool and collected. Towards these two dashed the gigantic quarryman, his face glowing with rage, his right arm hanging powerless by his side, his left brandishing his heavy sledge-hammer. Down it came with one fearful crash right on Frank's shoulder, felling him to the ground. The next instant, Beresford, with a shrill cry, more like a wounded tiger than a man, sprang right at the giant's face, and clasped his throat within his sinewy hands. The quarryman staggered and reeled; his left hand was free, and he beat it furiously on his enemy's upturned face, but Beresford, bull-dog like, held on, regardless of the blows which rained upon him. Suddenly, a new idea struck the quarryman; encircling Beresford's body with his arms, he drew him close to him; then, bending down, he made his teeth meet in the young man's cheek. The agony was insupportable; Beresford's gripe relaxed; his enemy hurled him to the ground, and was just preparing to drop his whole weight on his chest, when the clattering of horse-hoofs was heard at the door; and the next instant the quarryman dropped as though dead from the effects of a peculiarly scientific blow delivered to him behind the ear by Jack Harper, the village surgeon.

"A blow, Mr. Churchill, that I've never known to fail," remarked Mr. Jack, when all was over, "taught me in the days of my innocent youth by Professor Owen Swift—not one of our 'Middlesex' Professors, but a man who knows something of anatomy notwithstanding. It was lucky that as I was riding home I saw these gentlemen enter your avenue; and guessing from their Ethiopian countenances that they meant mischief, I hunted up Volkins, his ostler, and the horse patrol, turned the old dun's head this way, gave her the spurs, and arrived just in time to prevent your hairy friend being eternally spilticated."

Each succeeding Christmas now sees a merry party assembled round the fire at Braxton Manor. Frank Churchill, with a child on each knee, sits gazing in contented happiness at his wife, who is in deep conversation with Mrs. Harper, on some point of domestic economy. A third child is teasing Uncle Charley, as Charles Beresford is called, pulling his long grizzled moustache, or playing with the *belongies* of his watch chain. While the eldest, a curly-pated variety of some seven years old, is careering round the room, mounted on the broad back of Dr. Harper, who, on all fours, is snorting, rearing, kicking, and endeavouring successfully to imitate equine habits.

And at night, when the ladies have retired, and our three old friends are lingering over their last cigar and parting glass of punch, they often allude to the incidents I have related, and are never tired of talking of the details of the NIGHT ATTACK.

# A STORY ABOUT ROAST GOOSE.

BY J. HOLLINGSHEAD.

I THINK I may lay it down as a rule that when a man lives with his mother for forty years—very comfortably, perhaps, but still in perfect subjection to a lady of superior strength of will and knowledge of the world—all trouble of thinking and shifting for himself being taken off his shoulders, all his wants and wishes gratified so long as he keeps within the maternal ken, and desires nothing that the maternal judgment thinks unreasonable or improper, he is not likely to be an individual of any very great force of character, or one whose natural and acquired powers are calculated to assist him unaided through any difficulty or sudden emergency.

Such an individual was Mr. Joseph Bowpot, the hero of my story. His father had died when he was about fifteen, leaving a tolerably good fortune, and a very good representative in the person of his son. Mr. Bowpot, sen., was a husband who was entirely governed by his wife; Mr. Joseph Bowpot was a son who was entirely governed by his mother. The subject was changed, but the ruler was the same.

Mr. Joseph Bowpot had all the appearance of a spoiled child of forty; he was short, stout, dreamy in look, feeble in speech, unintellectual in expression, with a small development of brain, and a large development of cheeks. His dress was something between the schoolboy and the ungainly Quaker; it was chosen by his mother, both the pattern and style.

However, notwithstanding the peculiar appearance of Mr. Joseph Bowpot, and his perfect faith in, and reliance upon his mother, he had a human heart beating in his bosom—a heart that was as susceptible to the tender passion as any other heart—perhaps more susceptible than many. Mr. Joseph Bowpot was in love and engaged. The young lady (who I need not say was approved of by his mother, otherwise he would not have dared to think of her for a single moment), was a family connection, a second cousin, or something of the kind, who resided at Little Midthampton, Salt-hampshire; and both Joseph and his mother were invited down to spend the Christmas holidays at that very charming place, and with very charming company.

They were to go down by rail on the morning of Christmas Eve, and very busy preparations in the Bowpot mansion were being made for their departure. These preparations were left entirely to Mrs. Bowpot: Joseph was left undisturbed to his reflections.

Mr. Joseph Bowpot was very glad that they had been invited; as it gave him a chance of spending a month with his Amelia—a month of happiness, but not, he thought, of undisturbed happiness; for he was conscious of his many social deficiencies. He would in all probability be asked to ride and shoot, and he had never fired a gun, or touched a horse in his life. Most assuredly he would be asked to sing, and he knew no songs; asked to dance, and he had not danced for twenty-five years, since he was at school; but what he feared worse than all, was the certainty, as his uncle was not alive, of being asked to carve, and take the head of the table. Of course, he never carved at home, and of all the defects in his education, this was the greatest.

Mr. Joseph Bowpot, though not a gentleman of brilliant ability, was not totally deficient in common-sense, and since his engagement to his cousin, a few weak germs of self reliance had developed themselves. He had positively acted once or twice without consulting his mother; and he now, after much reflection, acted so again, by purchasing unknown to her a "Comic Warbler," a "Ball-room Guide," and Miss Acton's Cookery-book, containing the whole art of carving. The "Comic Warbler" embraced the usual assortment of songs—some with bits of spoken composition stuck in between the verses—some with very bad spelling and transposed V's and W's, which were considered to be extremely funny, and others with choruses of inordinate length, in which "tooral looral" was rather prominent. Joseph, after much deliberation, fixed upon the "Cork Leg," thinking it, no doubt, a novelty, and fancying that it suited his voice; and for many days the upper garret of the Bowpot mansion was made musical with its familiar chorus. This was the lightest task of the three; for mastering the mysteries of the "Ball-room Guide"—in which the different figures of the quadrilles were set forth almost as mysteriously as the stitches in a crochet-book, reminded him very forcibly of those days of Euclid that he thought had gone, never to return again. As to the art of carving in Miss Acton's book, that was, indeed, a collection of insurmountable problems. Those were maddening diagrams of the hare, the rabbit, the duck, the pigeon, the fowl, the leg of mutton, the sirloin of beef, and the roast goose, all mapped out with lines and figures, like the plan of an estate belonging to a freehold land society, and with directions underneath as to where the fork was to be placed, and as to the course it was proper for the dissecting knife to take.

Mr. Joseph Bowpot devoted himself assiduously to his studies, but his progress was not very rapid; and by the time the morning of their departure—the morning of Christmas Eve—came round, he had very imperfectly committed to memory the words and tune of the "Cork Leg," the figures of "Payne's First Set," and some few diagrams in the art of carving—section, poultry; hopelessly mixing together the fowl, the duck, and the roast goose.

The time arrived to start; everything was in readiness under Mrs. Bowpot's guidance; the cab was at the door; the presents were put inside; the shawls and rugs were placed upon the seats; the bags and boxes were piled upon the roof; and Mrs. Bowpot and Joseph took their places, the latter attired in a rough travelling-suit, with wrappers and comforters, looking not unlike a member of Captain Parry's expedition to the North Pole. In about half an hour they arrived at the railway station, when Mrs. Bowpot, of course, fought out the battle of fares with the cabman, took the tickets for Little Midthampton, saw the luggage labelled and placed in the van amidst all the din and bustle of a terminus the day before Christmas-day, and, finally, selected the carriage in which they were to travel. The bell rang, they took their places, the last basket of fish was tossed in, the doors were slammed to and locked, and with a grind, a screech, and a whistle, they were fairly on the road for Little Midthampton.

On they went smoothly enough, stopping at very few stations; and, after the first twenty miles, Mrs. Bowpot, who, like her son, was of a full habit of body, and who was fatigued with the exertion of preparing for their departure, and from having risen at an early hour, fell fast asleep in the comfortable compartment of their first-class carriage. Joseph's mind was too much occupied in revolving the comic song, the quadrille, and the carving, for him to think of sleep.

Joseph was always very regular with his meals—in fact he was rather addicted to the pleasures of the table—and therefore, when the train arrived at the Swindleham station, about one o'clock in the day, and the guard announced that "ten minutes were allowed for refreshment," Joseph felt very much inclined to see what refreshment was to be had. Mrs. Bowpot still slept, and Joseph did not wake her, but stepping quietly over her rug-protected feet, he passed on to the platform, and through two sets of large swinging doors into the refreshment-room. Old as Mr. Joseph Bowpot was, this was his first railway journey of any length, and he was rather bewildered by the large room with its Turkey carpets, its mirrors and couches, its clatter of coffee-cups, and its semi-circular counter, round which were a crowd of eager devourers waited upon by a bevy of young ladies. After some little time he caught a waiter's eye; the waiter said, "Soup?" and Joseph said, "Yes;" and he found himself sitting at a round-table, with a basin of thick brown solid liquor, and the train standing before him outside the window. The soup being hot, it took Joseph some time to finish it; and when he had done, and had called the waiter to pay him, he noticed that the room was very quiet, the devourers had gone, and the young ladies had disappeared; nevertheless, the train was in the same position. He passed on to the platform, and there noticed a great stillness, very unlike what he expected to find on the eve of the starting of an important train. He looked into the carriages one after another to discover his mother, and to his consternation found them all empty. A porter, fancying that something was wrong, at this moment came up to him. "What train be ye lookin' fur, sur?" he inquired.

"Little Midthampton," returned Joseph, rather nervously.

"No train till to-morrow mornin' at eight, sur."

"Well, but," exclaimed poor Joseph, in a state of nervous alarm, "I've just left it—there's my luggage, and my mother, and—"

"Ah," rejoined the intelligent porter, "thoe' cum wrang side, this be's Zummeret; that there's Salt-hampshiresher."

## MR. BOWPOT'S ROAST GOOSE ADVENTURE.—(DRAWN BY M'CONNELL.)



MR. BOWPOT STUDIES THE "COMIC WARBLER."



MR. BOWPOT AT THE RAILWAY REFRESHMENT ROOM.



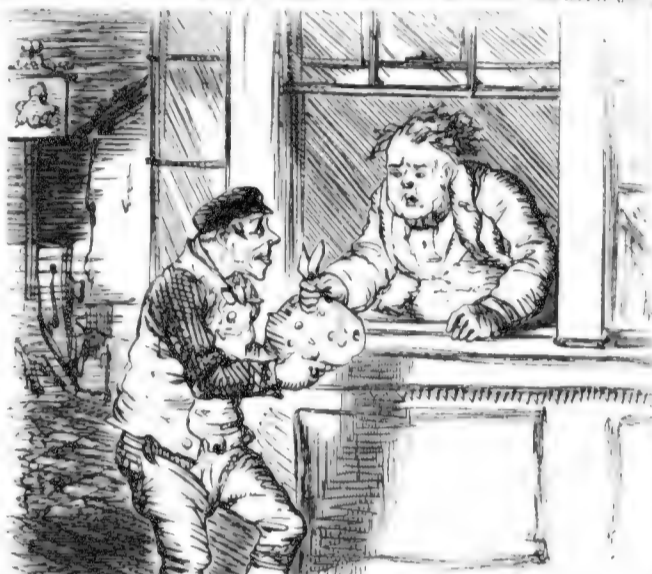
MR. BOWPOT AND THE SIVERT WAITER OF THE ROYAL H.



MR. BOWPOT'S FIRST ESSAY IN CARVING.



MR. BOWPOT'S SIGNAL FAILURE.



MR. SMOUCHER COMES IN FOR A GOOD THING.



MR. BOWPOT'S EXIT FROM THE ROYAL HOTEL.



SMOUCHER RETURNS, AND IS SURPRISED AT HIS RECEPTION.



MR. BOWPOT RETURNS, AND IS SURPRISED AT HIS.



MRS. BOWPOT ARRIVES



TO WITNESS THE ARREST OF HIS SON.



BOWPOT AND AMELIA.

It was too true. The unfortunate Bowpot had passed through the restaurant-room to the wrong side, and had fixed his unsophisticated gaze on a train on another line of rails, that was destined for a part of the country far removed from that to which he wanted to go. His unconscious sleeping mother was separated from her son—like Evangeline from her lover—for the first time during a long and arduous career of forty years, to wake in an agony of astonishment and terror in the middle of a canal or a deep cutting.

Mr. Joseph Bowpot—nervous, sensitive, and 'inexperienced'—thrown entirely upon his own resources, was of course in a very helpless state, and ready to be governed by any advice that was offered him. Little Swindleham being a small place, it was too true that there would be no other train thither that day; and on the intelligent porter suggesting that Joseph should take a seat in the railway 'bus, and go down to the hotel at Swindleham, he at once consented, and in a few minutes found himself tramping along the country lanes towards the town, in a very light, curious vehicle, licensed to carry eight inside, but built only to carry four.

Swindleham is a place that has sprung into importance within the last few years. It was one of the earliest towns to throw off the anti-progressive spirit of the stage-coach, and to assume an aspect of progress and modernity. It built a new market-hall, a concert-room, and two chapels; and the principal inn in the town, which stood in the market-place, turned a large rambling coach-yard into the assembly and billiard-rooms, and, with a new front, abolished the old-fashioned title of "inn," and dubbed itself the "Royal George Hotel."

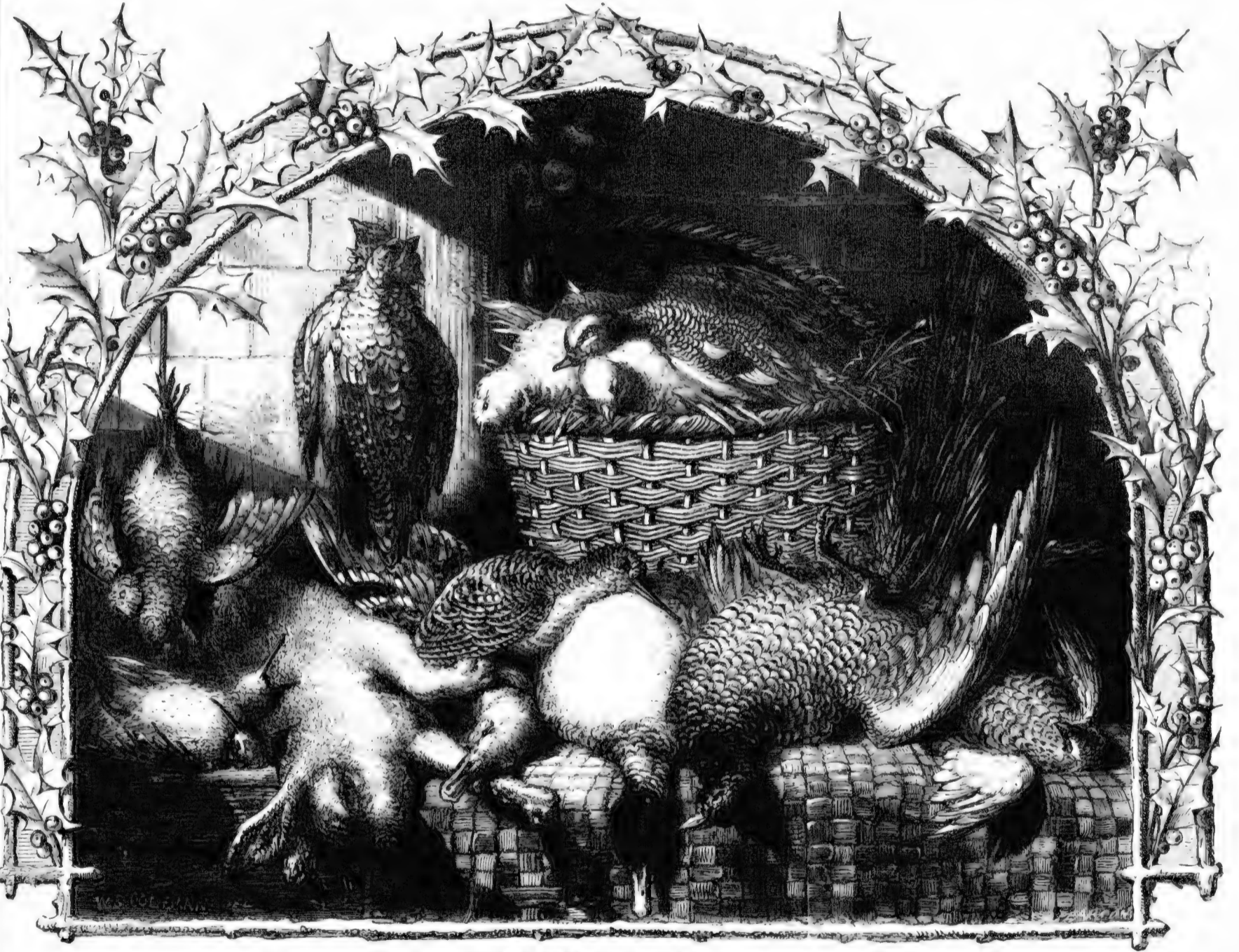
It was to this magnificent structure that Mr. Joseph Bowpot was tramped up the High Street, in a very uncomfortable frame of mind, commended of reproach for his adventurous stupidity in losing his train—

regret that Amelia, by living in the country, had been the innocent cause of all this trouble—doubt as to the propriety of his present course of action—and very great fear as to how he should conduct himself at the hotel until the morning. In the midst of his reflections, the bounding 'bus pulled up sharply at the door-step of the "Royal George Hotel;" and to add to Joseph's discomfiture, he heard the ringing of many bells, when there immediately appeared to welcome the distinguished arrival a very stiff, clean, gentlemanly waiter, the incarnate representation of the new order of things at the "hotel"—a chambermaid and a "boots." Joseph got out far from briskly, and his nervousness was somewhat increased when the "boots" asked him if his luggage was to go up at once to a room. If he had had the boldness then to state his real position, he would have avoided much trouble and suspicion; but he allowed the opportunity to slip, and was bowed into the coffee-room with impressive silence. He sent out a shilling to pay the 'busman, and he had scarcely got his outer comforter off, when it was indignantly returned by that deeply-wronged personage as being bad, or, as he termed it, a "duffer." Joseph looked hard at it, and so did the stiff waiter, and, what is more, the stiff waiter looked hard at Joseph. Joseph threw it down upon the table, and although it made a sound like a lump of putty, he thought it could not be bad; but the "boots," who was waiting at the door to take another coin in exchange, put it between his teeth and bit it into two pieces, which settled the point as to its value. Another coin was tendered with like success, for this time there was a faint inscription round the rim, advising you to "Buy Nankin's fine, full-flavoured Congou," which, in the eyes of the 'busman, jaundiced as they were by suspicion, was a decided depreciation of its value as a piece of circulating specie. The third attempt to settle the claim was more successful, and the first difficulty was got over.

When Joseph surveyed his appearance in the coffee-room mirrors—the first chance he had ever had in his life-time of getting a fair view of himself—whatever his faith in the general forces and ability of his mother might have been, I think his belief was a little shaken in her taste about masculine dress. The material of his body garments was coarse and unsightly—being one uniform colour, neither red, brown, nor yellow, but a mixture of the three; this was called a "travelling suit," and, with a long overcoat that reached to his heels, was cut in a style that was considered the correct thing when his late respected father was a youth about town. The stiff, gentlemanly waiter seemed paralysed as he gazed upon him; but he made no remarks, and attended with dignity and silence to the duties of his office. Mr. Joseph Bowpot, it is unnecessary to say, soon felt in awe of that calm, cool, stiff, silent waiter.

"Have you any orders, sir, for dinner?" the stiff waiter blandly inquired. Joseph, as I have said before, was always ready for dinner; it was his great meal; he watched for it, and he reserved himself for it; his love of eating would make him even adventurous for a time, as we saw at the railway station; and when he heard from the stiff waiter that a splendid roast goose was preparing, he threw off, for a moment, his nervousness and timidity, and boldly ordered it in.

When the mandate had gone forth, the vision of his ignorance of carving arose before him, and he rushed to the pocket of his overcoat for the friendly volume of Acton, which he had providently placed there along with the "Ball-room Guide" and the "Comic Warbler." Instead of sitting before the fire, poring over the "Times" of the day before, and the county paper, he turned to the familiar page (No. 48—article, Roast Goose, in the "Art of Carving"), and read up again for the forthcoming struggle.



CHRISTMAS GAME.—(DRAWN BY W. A. COLEMAN.)

"While he was ruminating over the instructions, 'Take your fork firmly in your left hand, and plant it securely in the figure 4, &c.,' looking at the diagram, and turning it about to ascertain at what part of the real bird the 'figure 4' was likely to be, muttering all the while complaints of the artistic character, and want of clearness in the drawings, the stiff waiter had silently laid the cloth on a table between the two bow windows commanding a view of the market place, and he now formally announced that dinner was ready.

Mr. Joseph Bowpot took his seat very slowly at the table, while the stiff waiter removed the cover from the smoking goose. Joseph made a great display in sharpening his knife, turning up the cuffs of his coat, afterwards his wristbands, then sharpening his knife again, trying it with his thumb, evidently waiting for the stiff waiter to leave the room.

It was half-past three o'clock, and being a wistful afternoon, it was getting dusk.

"Would you like the gas lighted, sir?" inquired the stiff waiter.

"Not at all—not at all," returned Joseph, hurriedly. "I—I don't think you need wait."

The stiff waiter took the hint, but he regarded Joseph with a peculiar expression—made up of curiosity, contempt, and suspicion.

Joseph looked carefully round the room, and finding that he was really alone, he drew the "Art of Carving" from his pocket, and opening it at

page 48, he set it up before him against the cruet-stand, reading it across the goose like a piece of music.

"Now," said Joseph, "Take your fork firmly in your left hand; S, grasping his fork tightly. 'Plant it securely in the figure 4.' That's about the figure 4, I think, (feeling for the spot with his fingers). Very well, now to 'plant the fork securely,' (trying to stick the fork in). Eh! What? Why there's a confounded bone! Try a little on one side,

(shifts the fork). No: bone there also. Why, hang it, it's all bone! Stay, perhaps I've got the wrong side. Confound these artists, I wish they'd draw better. It's no more like a goose than I am! Suppose we turn over gently; wo! (Turns the goose over gingerly.) There goes the gravy all over the table and my trousers! (Sops it up with his pocket-handkerchief, looking round once or twice anxiously at the door.) Now then, once more; let's see; where were we? Oh, on No. 4."

At this moment the stiff waiter appeared at the door. "I beg your pardon, sir," he asked; "did you ring?"

"No, thankee, no," said Joseph confusedly; "I am getting on nicely."

The stiff waiter retired.

"I wish that person would not be so officious," exclaimed Joseph, rather pettishly; "he's quite put me out. Dear, dear," he continued piteously, "how cold the bird's getting. 'Plant your fork firmly in 4.' (Sticks the fork in.) That's all right. What's next? 'Draw your knife across from the point marked 6, through the figures 8 and 10, until you arrive at 12.' Halloo! That's precious complicated! (Reads slowly, following the directions by corresponding actions with the knife.) 'Draw your knife across'—So—this confounded knife won't cut—'through the figures 8 and 10, until you arrive at 12. That's about here. (Stops the motion of his knife.)

'You then by a dexterous twist of the wrist separate the two legs from the body.' (Pausing.) How dexterous twist? (Perplexed.) Somehow like this, I suppose? Good gracious!" He braced himself up for a great effort, but, unfortunately, instead of being successful, he twisted the goose off the table on to the floor between his feet. For some reason, the stiff waiter again made his appearance.

"Ring, sir?" he inquired, more laconically than usual.

Joseph in his trepidation seized the dish cover, and clapped it on the empty dish, holding it down with his hand, while he turned round to the

pertinacious, stiff waiter, and with something of indignation in his tone, replied:—

"I did not ring; I tell you, I did not ring."

"Hem!" was the answer of the stiff waiter, as he again retired.

Joseph gradually recovered himself, took off the cover, and lifting the goose up tenderly with both hands from the floor, he placed it again upon the dish, and took a couple of glasses of sherry to fortify himself for a final effort.

"Oh, that extremely officious person," he muttered to himself; "he has thrown me into a profuse perspiration. Dear me, the bird's as cold as a stone."

He took a couple more glasses of wine.

"I've not," he continued, "tasted substantial food for eight hours, and I feel the pangs of hunger. Why should I hesitate? No one observes me. I will."

He looked round, and finding himself unobserved, he tore off a leg with his hand, and hacked several small pieces off the surface, eating ravenously all the time. Cold as the bird was, he ate, or rather devoured, a fair quantity; and by the time his appetite was satisfied, the temporary courage inspired by his half-pint of sherry was exhausted along with the wine, and he relapsed into his original state of nervous excitement. Suddenly his eyes became fixed upon the dish.

"Good gracious!" he almost shrieked; "what a horrid spectacle! The goose don't look as if it had been carved; it looks as if it had been worried by a bull terrier!"

After reflecting for some moments, he continued:—

"It must never leave the room in that state. I'd rather burn it first. That wouldn't do either, because of the smell; I should have an engine here in five minutes. Good! a thought strikes me. I'll give it away to

some one in the street, and perform an act of charity at this festive season. It's a pity to waste it; it shows the remains of a fine bird, even now."

Acting upon his resolve, Joseph went to the window and looked out. It was now quite dark; the market-place was quiet, but a common-looking man, half tramp, half stable-lounger, who appeared as if he had not timed for some days, was walking up and down.

Joseph made several ineffectual attempts to catch his eye by nodding, beckoning, and crying "Hist! hist!"

"Now he sees me," he said. "I must break the offer to him gradually, or he may be alarmed, and raise the neighbourhood;" saying which poor old Joseph sank despondingly into a chair by the window.

The individual—whom, for want of knowing his real name, I will call Smoucher—arrived at the window with wonderful alacrity, and looking through into the half-darkened room, touched his cap.

"Beg yer pardon, sir," he said; "did you call me?"

"I did," replied Joseph, almost impressively.

"Did yer honour want yer samples taken round the town?"

"My what?"

"Yer samples," returned Smoucher, who evidently took Joseph for a commercial traveller bent upon business after dinner.

"No," replied Joseph, without understanding clearly what he meant, "that was not my object in calling you; I wished to inquire whether you had dined."

"Dined, sir!" returned Smoucher in an incredulous tone; "Now, nonsense; yer poking fun at me. I never dines."

"Never dine!" exclaimed Joseph in amazement; "can't you carve?"

"Can't I carve? Rather!—if I only gets suffin to carve; but mindin' gent's 'orses, and rumm'n' arrands, don't bring in anything werry strikin' for dinner worth speakin' on."

"Hum!" thought poor Joseph, "he can carve! Half-starved tramp as he is, yet is he superior to me with all my creature comforts. But, good gracious, that officious waiter may come into the room. I must bring this business to a close." Addressing himself to Smoucher, he said:—"Would you like a portion of roast goose?" adding faintly: "I've hardly touched it."

"A what, sir?" asked Smoucher, in astonishment.

"A roast goose."

"I sh—ld, indeed, sir," replied Smoucher overcome, "and thankee kindly; I'm werry much obligated, I'm sure; an' if there's anything—"

"No thanks," interposed Joseph, decisively; "got anything to put it in?"

"Well, sir," said Smoucher, with some hesitation—"if you wouldn't mind my hankercher."

"No," Joseph took the hankercher tenderly between his finger and thumb, as it was very old, and rather dirty. His excitement increased as he thought he heard the footsteps of the officious waiter in the passage; he hurried to the table, and hastily turned the contents of the dish—namely, the goose and a large gravy-spoon—into the hankercher; glancing nervously all the while at the door, and scarcely knowing what he was about, in the dusk and in his excessive trepidation.

Smoucher's feelings, during this brief interval, had evidently undergone a revolution. He leant coolly on the window-sill, looking into the room, and remarked, almost loud enough for Joseph to hear him: "The gent must be cranky!"

Joseph returned to the window, and gave him the bundle, saying:—"There—now go away—there's a good man!" but Smoucher, who had made up his mind that something was wrong, began to grow impatient.

"Beg yer pardon, sir," he said, "but couldn't you throw in a tater or two?"

Joseph fetched several potatoes from the table, which he hastily thrust into Smoucher's hankercher.

"There," said Joseph nervously; "now be off!"

"Beg yer pardon again, yer honour," continued the troublesome Smoucher, "but eatin' a dry work, and I should like to drink yer honour's 'eith at this 'ere festive season."

"There's festive—now go away," replied Joseph, his nervousness increasing, as he pushed Smoucher from the window.

"I shall never forget yer honour."

"No more!" shouted Joseph in a frenzy; and Smoucher disappeared; while Joseph sank exhausted against the window-sill, like a sea-sick passenger over the bulwarks of a vessel.

The stiff waiter had entered the room, and lighted the gas, before Joseph was aware of his hateful presence. When Joseph turned and saw him there, he sank in a chair near the window, regarding him wildly, and still holding the sill with one hand.

"Take away, sir?" asked the stiff waiter.

"Y-e-s," replied Joseph in a faint and agitated voice; "take away."

"Aint you well, sir?" inquired the stiff waiter, with unwonted tenderness.

"I feel a little qualmy—a slight attack of indigestion—that's all."

This was addressed to the stiff waiter, in answer to his inquiry; but the words fell upon a listless ear.

That individual was standing transfixed with astonishment before the empty dish that had contained the goose. Joseph divined what was passing in his mind. He had hardly calculated the effect that the discovery of the disappearance of the goose would have; and his qualminess increased. The stiff waiter was a man of few words, and he said nothing; but his look was awful—his stiffness seemed to increase; and an attentive listener might have heard him say quietly, as he went out of the door carrying the empty dish, "Well—if that aint a case of hapoplexy, this hotel's not the Royal George."

A more serious phase in Mr. Joseph Bowpot's dilemma now developed itself. The fact had dawned upon him that he had given away the silver gravy spoon with the goose. Slight symptoms of insanity began to show themselves; he danced a little, and said something about stealing a gravy spoon being seven years; and that when his Amelia and his mother saw him again he would be a ticket-of-leave convict. When the stiff waiter entered the room again, Joseph had calmed down somewhat, and was making a considerable display of combing his scanty hair before the mirror over the mantel-shelf.

The stiff waiter took a rapid survey of the apartment; under the tables, and in the fireplace, and the result was to confirm his previous astonishment. He sought for no explanation, but, as he was going out with the rest of the dishes, he said to Joseph, in his usual subdued manner:—

"Take cheese, sir?"

"Yes," replied Joseph, with affected calmness; "I think I will."

The stiff waiter unbent for once, and turned as he left the room to say:—"A whole cheese, sir?"

The sarcasm fell unheeded upon the ears of Joseph, who was too much occupied with a sudden project that he had conceived of getting out of the window, and scouring the town until he found the man he had given the goose and the spoon to. He felt the necessity of getting the spoon back at any cost. He did not feel courage enough to go out of the door, and therefore as soon as the stiff waiter's back was turned, he quickly slipped on his great coat, and with some little difficulty squeezed himself through the open window into the street, sacrificing one of his braces in the struggle.

When the stiff waiter returned with the whole cheese, and found the apartment empty—he was not surprised; his suspicions were merely confirmed. The strange appearance—the stranger behaviour—the bad shilling—the absence of luggage—all were conclusive proofs in his mind of a deliberate attempt, by an eccentric and accomplished swindler, to do the Royal George Hotel. The notion he had once cherished that Mr. Joseph Bowpot was merely an excessively greedy visitor, who devoured all before him, regardless of appearances or apoplectic fits, now gave way to a strong belief that he was a swindler, at least, if not something worse; perhaps a burglar! This latter supposition was immediately confirmed by the entrance of the mistress of the hotel—a stout, red-faced woman, of the Mrs. Bowpot school—as all women are who are left widows to manage hotels. The mistress of the Royal George was a prompt woman of business, and without looking round the room, or without any preamble, she at once said to the stiff waiter:—

"Emmanuel, where's the silver gravy spoon?"

"Mim?" said the stiff waiter, becoming at last very limp, and looking nervously at the open window.

"The gray spoon?" reiterated the decisive landlady in a louder key.

"Didn't I bring it out, Mim, with the dish?" asked the man very limp.

"Yes," was the prompt answer, like the blow of a hammer.

"Where?" cried the limp waiter, looking hurriedly round the room, "he's taken it?"

"Who's taken it?"

"The gen'—who was here just now; a regular burglar, Mim; he eat the whole goose, and now he's bolted with the plate."

"A whole goose?" asked the landlady, in utter astonishment.

"Bones and all, Mim; and he's gone out o' that window."

The conversation was here interrupted by the opening of the coffee-room door, slowly and gently, and the appearance of Smoucher entering timidly with his cap in one hand, and a bundle in the other. Smoucher was not very well known in the town; for he had not been long down from London. The landlady, however, recognised him as an idle, dirty fellow, lounging about the Swindleham streets, and the excited imagination of the limp waiter pictured him as another of the desperate gang in league with the suspected Joseph. The landlady also began, as she thought, to see a concerted scheme to rob the place, and this induced her to be cautious, and even polite, in addressing Smoucher, in the hope of discovering what the plot really was; while the limp waiter was marveling much why he was not immediately sent down to the Swindleham lock-up.

"What is it, my man?" said the landlady, in an assumed cheerful tone, with courage on her lips, but fear in her heart.

"Beg yer pardon, mum," replied Smoucher, slowly advancing: "no offence, I hope; but I've a short stout party in wait down here?"

"No, he's not, at present," returned the landlady, very charmingly, now fully convinced that an accomplice stood before her, who was not ripe yet for unmasking.

"Oh," said Smoucher, reflectively.

"Anything I can do for you?" kindly inquired the landlady.

"No, thankee, mum," returned Smoucher, making a movement to leave the room, "I want to see the party myself on very particler business, and I'd better bid adieu."

This would not have suited the views of the affable landlady, and she therefore begged that Smoucher would take a seat, while she sent a messenger to fetch the gentleman. As the fire looked very comfortable, Smoucher accepted the offer, although so much politeness made him suspicious. The limp waiter, under the directions of his mistress, handed him a chair, on which he seated himself, depositing his bundle carefully between his legs. The limp waiter made a motion to relieve him of this burden, which Smoucher decidedly resisted.

"Thankee," said he, rather doggedly; "yer werry kind and attentive. It'll do werry well where it is."

The waiter and the landlady having retired from the room to concert operations, leaving the door well guarded by nearly all the servants in the house, Smoucher's object in returning to the hotel was then developed in a little soliloquy which he muttered to himself as he sat before the fire:—

"I wonder whether that rum gent knew he wro'd up a great silver spoon along o' that goose? It don't strike me he did. Howsomever, there can't be any harm in bringing it back. If I kep' it, I might get into trouble, an' the gent may stan' half a sov, if he gets it back on the quiet. I wonder what he giv' me that goose for?"

These reflections were interrupted by a noise outside the coffee-room door, which now stood a little ajar, and the quick eye of Smoucher detected the servants on the watch.

"Now what can you mean?" thought Smoucher. "That looks to me werry like a plant. That party's surely never been a doin' anything wrong, and a drizzin' o' me into the mess. Oh, impossible! An' yet, what did he han' over that goose for? Bein' so precious lib'ral don't look werry serene! There's that blessed spoon, too. What a case it will be if he comes in an' blabs out about that with all that kit in the passage! This comes o' sein' honest."

At this moment the distracted Bowpot, who had ran all round the market-place, and up the High Street, without, of course, finding Smoucher, appeared at the window very much out of breath. He could scarcely trust his eyes when he saw Smoucher sitting by the fire, and he exclaimed, in a very audible tone—

"That form!" This caused Smoucher to look round, which drew from Bowpot another exclamation—

"That face!" saying which he struggled through the window. "I'm blow'd if he aint gettin' in at the window!" exclaimed the astonished Smoucher. "Oh, he must be cranky! He'll bust out about that spoon the very first thing, an' I shall get lagged for petty larceny! I'll putend not to know 'im." Bowpot had by this time, at the sacrifice of a waistcoat-band, got safely through the window, and he now advanced joyously towards Smoucher, exclaiming breathlessly—

"Why, how long have you been here? I've been looking for you everywhere."

Smoucher, carrying out his determination, replied dubiously, "I don't think I ever see you afore, sir?"

Bowpot, on hearing this, started back, crying aloud, "That face. I can't be mistaken; it must be!" (Smoucher was getting very uneasy, as he saw the coffee-room door open wider and wider). Bowpot continued—

"Where's the gravy spoon?"

Smoucher made several mysterious pantomimic signs, saying, in a subdued tone—

"Don't be a blessed fool!"

"I a blessed fool," shouted Bowpot, indignantly. "Don't make faces at me, you ungrateful fellow. Is that the return for the goose I gave you?"

"I say again, Where's the gravy spoon?"

"It's all up," said Smoucher resignedly.

Bowpot's eye had caught sight of Smoucher's bundle, and he rushed towards it, Smoucher vainly interposing, exclaiming—

"Ha! what do I see? I know that hankerchief—I know that pattern!" He seized the bundle, and squeezing said joyfully—"It's here! I feel it! Yes; the gravy spoon!"

He plucked the spoon out in triumph, throwing the bundle again on the floor, and executing a feebie dance.

"There," said Smoucher, sullenly, "now you've done it."

This remark applied to a rush of servants that he saw coming through the door. The boots and the limp waiter made it their business to seize Mr. Joseph Bowpot; Smoucher was taken care of by an ostler and a stout stable-boy; while the mistress of the hotel, and a number of housemaids and chambermaids, made up the background of the picture.

"Unhand me directly, sir," said Joseph to the limp waiter.

"What game d'ye call this?" coolly asked Smoucher.

A scene of tremendous excitement now took place. A boy was despatched down the town for the single constable and the handcuffs. For Bowpot, after the first struggle, became paralysed. One of the housemaids took up Smoucher's bundle, and the remains of the mangled goose fell out.

"The goose!" exclaimed the limp waiter.

"Lor!" chorused the women.

"How shamefully it's been treated," said the landlady, picking it up.

"The accursed bird!" faintly muttered Joseph.

"Oh! aint he swearin'!" announced the boots to the company generally.

"There goes my supper," thought Smoucher.

The active ostler, boots, boys, and limp waiter, began the precautionary task of bandaging the prisoners before the arrival of the town handcuffs.

"You're quite mistaken, you are indeed," said Joseph, appealing; "I may be weak, but I am not guilty."

"I never see the gent afore to-day in my life," said Smoucher, "when he—"

What Smoucher was about to state was interrupted by a noise outside the coffee-room door, and a powerful female voice was heard exclaiming in indignant tones:—"Not a waiter; not a boots to take my luggage! Am I in a respectable hotel, or am I in a low pot-house?"

In that strong voice Bowpot heard the familiar tones of his mother; and although he felt somewhat ashamed of his position, he was relieved

now of all fear of having to pass his Christmas Eve in the Lock-up at Swindleham. Mrs. Bowpot entered the room with a dignified air, and was unmistakable. She knew her son was there, for the constable's station and the policeman had told her so; but she was hardly prepared to find him with his nose buried under a tablecloth. "What's comin' o' you, boy who has been sent for the constable's return?" asked Mrs. Bowpot, exclaiming:—"Oh, please, the constable's had up with them, but he's set his little end up with the handcuffs."

Mrs. Bowpot found this, and she advanced to the shrieking, in a remorsefully-relieved Joseph, speaking now so much to him as to the constable's room.

"Handcuffs! Joseph! What means all this? Are you mad, or what?"

The landlady, impressed by Mrs. Bowpot, had ordered the landlady to be removed, and the unfortunate Joseph was now at liberty. He was an explanation necessary, and he attempted one:—

"Respected parent, it is with feelings of the deepest lamentation that I appear before you in my present degraded position; but your love and concern cause my education's been neglected."

"To the point at once, sir," replied the respected parent sternly.

"I couldn't help it," continued Joseph wailingly. "I played a trick on my father—I gave my wrist a dextrous twist—I—"

"Planted his fork firmly in your throat," shouted his mother, "injured anyone? He hasn't committed murder?"

Mrs. Bowpot's anxiety being relieved upon this point, and Joseph being evidently incapable, in his present depressed state, of giving anything like an explanation, Smoucher was left to clear up the mystery and his character at the same time, which he did as follows:—

"I was a-standin' in the market as 'till for any job as might turn up when I see that gent a-beekin' o' me at the window. Course I w'd say, when he sees to me, 'Would you like a portion o' roast goose?' Then he says exact words, and I w'd fool enough, o' course, to say, no. Then he wro'ps up the goose in my hankercher, an' along w'd it he wro'ps up the werry spoon as all this blessed row's about. Course when I finds that out I sees, that gent never meant to gie me that spoon; so I brings it back, an' sees the gent, and was about to make it all right, when they 'as us nailed for bulg'ary."

This lucid statement of Smoucher's satisfied all parties. The servants, along with Smoucher, retired to the kitchen to laugh over the story and a good bowl of spiced ale. Joseph and his mother passed their Christmas Eve in the little bar-parlour. There Joseph learned that his mother, as soon as she woke in the train, and found him missing, had, with a usual decision of character, got out at the first station where the train stopped; and finding upon inquiry of the guard, that he must have been behind at Swindleham, she took the next train back to that station, and after a few further inquiries, had traced him to the Royal George Hotel.

The next morning early they started for Little Midhampton, where they safely arrived about lunch time; receiving a welcome all the heartier for their unexpected delay. Joseph had seen the jolly of being too reserved and timid; and warming up round the fire in the company of his Amelia, he told the story with great glee—although the laugh was often at his own expense—of how narrowly he had escaped spending Christmas Eve in the case at Swindleham; and the difficulties he had contended with in his attempt to carve roast goose.

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Few objects, in our opinion, are more acceptable as gifts at Christmas time than books. The most substantially packed hamper will, in a few days after its arrival, present but a dreary wreck of basket-work and rusty straw—a sad chance from the first casket of pheasants and turkeys, chickens and Yorkshire pies, fat capons and flogging sausages. The tapers on Christmas trees must burn down to the socket, and the glittering little baubles that hang to the branches must be observed; all the toys at the German fair must in time be broken. The fairest doll that ever swayed in waltz, and squeaked "Papa!" "Mama!" to the delight of a juvenile audience, will some day be robbed of its auburn curls, lose its glass eyes, and sink at last into a mere flaccid bag of rags or bran, with a bald, sightless head, fingers half wanting, and those that remain turned the wrong way, crooked legs, and one blue kid shoe. But a Christmas gift book is a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever. The Christmas book has a binding, and a richness of illustration, a luxury of type, a comeliness of paper, a gorgeous sheen of gold-leaf and bright colours, peculiar to itself. Books as handsomely bound and illustrated are published at other seasons of the year; but none seem to have that exuberance of sparkling spruceness that the Christmas book possesses. It comes but once a year, and seems determined to make itself as well-favoured as possible, and to put on its gayest attire for its annual visit. A Christmas book is like a pretty woman who is pretty all the year round, but never looks so captivately charming as on the anniversary of her wedding-day.

We know the custom of giving away handsome books at Christmas to be of considerable antiquity; and we have no doubt that our medieval ancestors made presents to each other at the "festive season" of missives, and books of "hours," and transcripts of *Amadis of Gaul*, and stores of lays in the *langue d'Oc*, and the *langue d'Oïl*, illuminated on the finest vellum, and with the most bounteous expenditure of gold and rich hues. The Christmas books of thirty years since were of a graver and dourer, though still shapely appearance. To adults we gave away "Bulfinch's Natural History," or Scott's "Lays," or Hayley's "Triumphs of Temper," or Keats's "Endymion," solidly bound in handsome morocco, and richly *doré* and *tranche*. To the juveniles we presented those marvellous literary sandwiches of scarlet and gold, which Mr. Newberry of St. Paul's Churchyard, that slouchy friend to the rising generation, was wont to print; or else such precursors of our modern comicities in verse as "Mr. Piddister and Botsey, his Sister," or the "Grasshopper's Feast." Then came the era of the simpering, umbling, snickering, exquisite annuals, with their elaborate steel-engraved landscapes, and their soft-attippled portraits of languishing beauties with lustrous eyes—the interminable ribes of keep-sakes, Forget-me-nots, Seraphims, Albums, Souvenirs and Flowers of Ox-bow. Then the great art of wood-engraving received that marvellous impetus from the establishment of illustrated periodicals which has made it a triumphant conqueror over almost every phase of chalcography. Then step after step in improvement, made with lightning rapidity, gave us wood engravings in varied tint and colour—engravings in outline and lac-skin—wood-engravings that could translate a luxurious sketch by Turner into artistic vernacular, by a few bold touches; and others that recalled the stern fidelity and austere detail of Albert Dürer.

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First in order before us comes a volume of goodly dimensions and pro-

(Continued on page 426.)

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## Foreign Intelligence.

## FRANCE.

The Minister of the Interior has presented a report to the Emperor, in which he says that in spite of all the prudence of persons engaged in commerce in France, and all the solicitude of the government, several branches of industry have, in consequence of the present commercial and monetary crisis, been compelled either to stop manufacture or to diminish the hours of work. As, at the approach of winter, many workmen and their families may be exposed to suffering, the Minister proposes to his Majesty to grant an extraordinary credit of one million for the purpose of affording relief under these circumstances, by enabling the communities to give employment in works of public utility, and to establish cheap food kitchens. The Minister also proposes that the sufferers by the last inundations in the Ardèche shall participate in the relief to be thus granted. The credit was accordingly voted. At Lyons there is some talk of establishing a warehouse for the deposit of silk, on which advances are to be made under the authority of the Chamber of Commerce.

Generals Changarnier and Bédouin are likely to get leave to enter France on unconditional terms.

General Edgar Ney is named Prince de la Moskowa.

Queen Christina and the Duke of Riazani have left Paris for Rome, where they intend to pass the winter.

## BELGIUM.

The elections are completed, and the number of Liberal Deputies, which was forty-four in the last Chamber, is now increased to sixty-nine. The Liberal majority is thirty. In all the important towns—Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, Liège, Bruges, Mons, Louvain, Charleroi, Verviers, and Nivelles—the Catholic party has been unable to elect a single candidate. MM. Danois and Meirier, both ex-Ministers, were defeated, the one at Tournai and the other at Nivelles. Mr. Delahaye, the late President of the Chamber, was re-elected at Ghent. Two influential members of the Catholic party, MM. Oxy and Deschamps, have been thrown out at Antwerp and Charleroi. M. Roger, the Prime Minister, has been elected both at Brussels and Antwerp. On Tuesday the Legislative Chambers resumed their labours.

## SPAIN.

The young Prince of the Asturias has been baptised; his first name is Alfonso. The others are as follows:—Francisco de Asis, Juan, Mariano de la Concepción, Fernando, Iñigo, Jaime, Pelayo. On occasion of this ceremony, an amnesty was accorded for all political offences, and to persons condemned for slight offences. Twenty-two colonels were promoted, and a number of the oldest lieutenants were made captains. Numerous decorations were distributed.

A deputation from the province of the Asturias had presented the Queen with a silver box containing 60,000 reales in gold for the Prince of the Asturias. The Queen intimated that she would probably visit the province in order to present her son before the holy image of Our Lady of Covadonga.

From Madrid we get the confident assurance that the Mexicans will accept the mediation of France and England, and that thus war will be avoided.

Runners were current that the Ministers wished to effect changes in the military household of the King, but they are stated to be unfounded by the semi-official "Hojas." There were other reports to the effect that M. Nocedal, or Count de San Luis, was about to be charged with the formation of a new Cabinet.

## PRUSSIA.

The single piece of intelligence of any importance from Prussia is, that the bodily health of the King is improving much, but that his mental powers are not restored in any equal degree.

## RUSSIA.

The *Czas* of Cracow, in an article on the quarrel existing between the Western Powers and China, expresses the opinion that Russia will endeavour to derive advantages from it by putting herself forward as mediatress; and that even if she employs hostilities against China she will do so isolatedly, in order to be able to treat apart and obtain the greatest advantage possible for herself. The *Czas* states that before the conflict between China and England had arisen, Russia had offered the Chinese Emperor a body of troops to assist in quelling the rebellion. It adds that General Korsakoff, commander of the Russian troops on the Chinese frontier, and General Mouraviev, Governor of Eastern Siberia, have been summoned to St. Petersburg to concert on the line of action to be followed; and that a frigate and six screw corvettes have been sent to reinforce the Russian squadron of the Pacific Ocean.

The Russian Embassy at Constantinople has published a notice in reference to the navigation of the Black Sea. This document recognises the position of the treaty of Paris, that all ports in the Black Sea are open to the merchantmen of all nations; but the ports and waters of the Black Sea are subject to quarantine, customs, and police regulations, and in the present state of the Caucasus measures of surveillance are doubly necessary. Quarantine and customs establishments exist at Anapa, Sokeum Kio, and Redoubt Kio. These three points therefore alone are for the present open to foreign vessels. If, hereafter, circumstances shall permit the establishment of custom and quarantine authorities at other points of the coast, where foreign vessels can be admitted, due notice will be given of the fact. In the meantime the approach to the ports, bays, and harbours, with the exception of the three above mentioned, is interdicted to foreign vessels.

## ITALY.

The Sardinian Legislature was opened on the 14th by a speech from the King. The Royal Speech expressed a hope that the Chambers would co-operate with the Government. "It was a Government," said the King, "which, like the old one, was devoted to liberal and progressive principles. He regretted to say that the interruption of diplomatic relations with Austria had not been mended, but it was a rupture which, fortunately, did not affect the commercial intercourse between the two countries. With respect to finance, the King believed that an equilibrium would be possible with great economy. However, a loan would be needed, if for no other purpose than promoting such important public works as the projected improvements at the port of Spezia and the piercing of Mount Cenis." The Legislature received the speech with enthusiasm.

On the occasion of the fête annually celebrated in Genoa on December 11, to commemorate the expulsion of the Austrians, there was a good deal of excitement, and groups were formed in the streets, but they were easily dispersed, and by the evening the city had resumed its usual appearance.

Mr. Acton-Consul Barbar has again visited the English engineers at Salerno, and found them tolerably cheerful. The correspondent of a daily journal tells us that "they still complained of the treatment which they had received, and begged, so it is said, Mr. Barbar to visit them in which they were first located. It is a portion of the prison, a wretched room, with scarcely space enough for them to walk up and down at the bottom of their beds. The room had no door—nothing but a curtain, through which the wind rushed from a long corridor. A room close by it

was occupied by the guard, who were singing, and shouting, and smoking all night, a truly destroying ail sleep. There certainly was no comfort in such a room."

Dr. Conner, Roman Catholic Bishop of Halifax, a Mr. Blake, and a Mr. and Mrs. Harper, were stopped by bandits, on the way from Civita Vecchia to Rome, and robbed of money, jewels, &c., of the value of £200.

## TURKEY AND THE EAST.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE quitted Constantinople en route for England on Sunday.

The Porte has come to a vigorous resolution, and has dissolved bodily the two refractory *Davans* of Moldavia and Wallachia. It is a *coup d'état* in its way. Following up this step, we are told, the Sultan has pushed on a *coup d'état* of 8,000 men on Widin and Rustchouk, with a strong reserve at the foot of the Balkans, at Shumla, where they keep winter quarters.

Dissensions continued to exist between the Servian Government and the Porte, which seems determined to maintain its rights of suzerainty over the country.

## AMERICA.

THE President has completed his message. It is unusually lengthy, we hear, and discusses in an elaborate manner the currency, foreign relations, Utah affairs, and the Kansas difficulties.

Governor Walker, of Kansas, has had an interview with the President on Kansas affairs, about which there seems to be a difference of opinion between the President and the Governor, this difference being likely to cause a rupture in the Democratic party.

New York journals inform us that Great Britain and France remonstrate with America against the filibustering exploits of General Walker, and the feeble opposition given to them by the United States Government.

Between Costa Rica and Nicaragua there is every prospect of war.

News from Northern Mexico states that the Federal Government had ordered a body of troops to the border, owing to the unsettled political and social state of the country.

## CHINA.

We have the following intelligence from China under date October 30th:—"A great change has come over the spirit of our affairs. The army destined for operations in China having been diverted, and proceeded to India, the plan of operations has been changed. The body having proceeded to India, the head is now about to follow; and General Ashburnham will leave about the middle of the month of November for Calcutta in the steamer *Lancefield* taking his staff with him. The Commissariat staff will leave next month, leaving the whole of the arrangements for the war in the hands of the naval authorities. English and French ships of war continue to arrive, augmenting the allied fleets. The steam transport *Imperator*, with 500 Royal Marines, has arrived, and the *Imperator*, with a similar number, is near at hand, so that with the exception of the marines on board the *Adelaide*, and what are expected from Calcutta, it may be said that nearly the whole force is here. To-morrow, or the following day, the naval force will move towards Canton, and the 15th proximo is the day fixed upon for the attack on Canton, which place, when carried—about which no great difficulty is anticipated—will be retained by us until the Emperor expresses a wish to open negotiations."

It is announced that the Chinese Government has demanded of the Russian Government the immediate evacuation of the Chinese territory, of which that Power has taken possession on the banks of the river Amoor.

## CANADA.

From Canada we learn that the new administration is composed of Messrs. John A. Macdonald, Premier and Attorney-General of Upper Canada; William Cayley, Inspector-General; Robert Spence, Postmaster-General; G. E. Cartier, Attorney-General of Lower Canada; J. C. Morrison, Receiver-General; P. M. V. N. Koughner, President Executive Council; P. J. J. Loranger, Provincial Secretary; N. F. Bileau, President Legislative Council; Charles Alley, Commissioner of Public Works; and L. V. Scotte, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

## THE MONETARY CRISIS IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

The financial crisis at Hamburg is described as terrible. The Bank of Vienna has lent a sum of 8,000,000 silver florins (20,000,000 francs) for the relief of the commercial houses at Hamburg, but it was feared that even this, added to all previous efforts, would barely suffice to check the panic. The consternation is so great that the savings banks are crowded with persons anxious to draw out even the smallest deposits. The authorities were obliged to have recourse to the military to keep order. A hundred and forty failures are recorded.

A proposition has been made to the Swedish Chambers to contract a loan of 10,000,000 dollars to support commerce. Norway has contracted a loan of 2,000,000 dollars for the same purpose. Various failures are announced in both countries.

A despatch received from Copenhagen informs us that the Danish Council of State has authorized the Minister, Herr Krieger, to bring in a bill for a loan of £300,000 sterling, at 8 per cent., secured on the finances of the whole kingdom.

The crisis was beginning to be felt at St. Petersburg.

THE REBUILDING OF PARIS.—Since 1852, and up to the present date, 2,971 structures have been wholly or partially pulled down in Paris—namely, 2,524 up to the end of 1856, and 447 during the present year; of these 1,768 were demolished by the Municipality for the improvements of the city, and 1,203 by the landlords of their own free will. The number of new buildings finished and inhabited was 5,238 from 1852 to 1856, and 1,345 in 1857, giving a total of 6,583; of these 3,718 were entirely new constructions, and 2,865 structures partially rebuilt or passed. The floating population, which was estimated at 60,000 in 1852, is set down at 150,000 to-day, to accommodate which there are 2,412 ready-furnished houses or hotels, and 6,608 houses partially appropriated to this purpose. Consequently, there are 5,400 persons who let furnished lodgings or rooms now, against 5,380 in 1852. From these figures it is estimated that an equivalent to 4,000 houses are devoted to the accommodation of travellers to Paris.

FRANCE AND THE SUZ CANAL.—The Council-General of the Department of the Seine has passed a resolution in favour of the Suez Canal, recommending this enterprise to the solicitude of Government. The department of the Seine being in reality the capital of France, has caused great weight to be attached to the favourable result of its deliberations; and it seems that the promoters have every reason to be satisfied with the progress of their endeavours, which have hitherto been crowned with most signal success, seeing that this forms the seventieth favourable resolution passed in France.

AN OLD HERO.—There is now living on the Boulevard de la Chapelle Saint Denis an old soldier, named Hermand, who was born on the 30th of November, 1750, and has therefore entered his 107th year. He has received no fewer than forty-two wounds, and has undergone the operation of trepanning. Two years ago he was able to read without glasses, had the use of his hearing, and took long walks alone. He retains his memory in an extraordinary degree, and relates, without mistaking a name or a date, all the different scenes through which he has passed. His fine face served as a model to Ary Scheffer for one of his pictures, and he is also represented in several other pictures by the first French masters. The Emperor has added 120 francs to the small pension which he receives, and has conferred on him marks of his beneficence.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE WORK-PEOPLE OF ST. PETERSBURG.—The chief of the police in St. Petersburg has just issued an order to the effect that masters of workmen and apprentices shall take care that they be decently and comfortably clad—instead of, as heretofore, going about the streets, in the depth of winter, bareheaded and with no other garments than a sort of long blouse, always dirty and often in rags, and which was scarcely any protection against the terrible climate.

PRESERVING HEALTH IN INDIA.—A collection of rules for preserving health in tropical—and, indeed, in all climates—has been drawn up for the use of the East India Company's Service, by Dr. James Harrison, and issued to the troops by Sir Colin Campbell. The chief points insisted on are the necessity of keeping the head lightly covered from the rays of the sun and the fall of the dew, and the advantages of ventilation, dry clothes and bedding, and of frequent bathing. A good deal is said as to the necessity of a diet, and the use of vegetables and fruit in dependence on the preservation of health—moderate exercise and a moderate amount of repose, and not dream drinking, are the proper remedies for the debility induced by a warm climate. These simple rules are applied to the peculiar circumstances in which the troops in India are placed.

## IRELAND.

THE MAYO ELECTION.—Mr. Ouseley Higgins declines again contesting the representation of Mayo. "If," he says, "the battle could be fought on a level, I should not doubt of the result; but as it is not, I decline to contest it. I have no objection to the election being decided on the merits of the candidates, and the same impartiality of the electors, would again be secured. I have no objection to the election being decided on the merits of the candidates, and the same impartiality of the electors, would again be secured. I have no objection to the election being decided on the merits of the candidates, and the same impartiality of the electors, would again be secured."

THE ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION.—Mr. Denis Egan, who was shot and beaten by an armed party on the 10th instant, near Dingle, in the County of Kerry, has identified one of his assailants—a man named Peter Ryan, who has been committed for trial. Ryan was hired for the purpose, he admits, as a mercenary, but refuses to disclose the names of those who helped, or who employed him to attempt the murder.

THE MARQUIS OF THOMOND'S ESTATES.—The sale of the vast estates of the late Marquis of Thomond has been completed, and the gross amount of each day stood thus:—First day, £56,510; second day, £67,000; third day, £100,831; to which is to be added the sum produced by the lots sold by private contract, £131,101.

## SCOTLAND.

THE GLASGOW BANK.—The City of Glasgow Bank has obtained the assistance necessary to enable it to re-open, and will therefore not have to apply to the Bank of England. The Directors of the Western Bank have formally notified that they cannot resume business.

## THE PROVINCES.

THE WILL FORGOTTEN CASE AT PRESTON.—The inquest on the body of Mr. Turner was held on Friday afternoon. The prescriptions given by Mr. Muck were produced, and pronounced suitable to the deceased's complaint by three medical men. There were no appearances of poison in the body at the post-mortem examination. Dr. Taylor's analysis stated that only a few small portions of mercury were discovered, which might have been medically prescribed. The jury immediately returned a verdict of "Death from natural causes."

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—In the large towns of Essex, and many other places, it has been determined by all the tradesmen to "shut up shop" from the evening of Thursday, the 24th (Christmas-eve), to the morning of Monday, the 28th of December, so as to give their workpeople a clear holiday of three days.

TRADE IN THE PROVINCES.—At Nottingham, though the lace trade continues in an extremely depressed condition, a general feeling exists that the worst is over. But many of the factories are still working short time, and distress continues amongst the operatives.—The strike of the colliers in the Aberdare mining district seems to be drawing to a close. Some 500 or 600 men have already returned to work at the reduced wages, and the masters issued a manifesto announcing that if the rest did not immediately come in they must make a still further reduction. Mr. Bruce, M.P., went down last week and addressed some 2,000 of the colliers in the market-place, pointing out to them the actual necessity of the reduction. Mr. Bruce has exerted himself with great effect in reconciling masters and men.—The depression which has been experienced in the staple trade of South Staffordshire affords little indication of abatement. The results of the meetings of creditors have to most cases exhibited a heavier loss to the creditors than first anticipations had suggested. Upwards of thirty blast furnaces have been blown out, whilst from the closing, complete or partial, of ironworks, the production of manufactured iron is diminished in a still greater proportion.—While the monetary pressure is diminishing in London, it is increasing in and around Manchester. The failures in the north of Europe, and the discredit and confusion which reign in Hamburg, occasion great gloom among the German merchants; and both they and all other classes of buyers complain more than before of the lack-up of their funds. Spinners and manufacturers are therefore accumulating stocks, although their production is so greatly reduced. The buying for India seems to be pretty nearly over; and, with the disappearance of this, the only bit of work that was going on, stagnation is becoming general.

THE MURDER AT BOLTON.—It appears that the sentence of death upon Aaron Mellor, besom maker, who was found guilty at the Liverpool Assizes of the murder of his wife at Bolton, will not be carried into execution. Mr. Jusice Wightman, who tried him, has discovered a mistake in the jury panel, which may perhaps be held to have invalidated the trial. Amongst the jurors summoned were two, one named Thorne and the other Thornley; when the names of the jury were called over, Mr. Thornley entered the box, but the clerk of the court understood that it was Mr. Thorne, and the name was entered in the panel; therefore the prisoner had not the challenge of Mr. Thornley. There was a similar case in the year 1708. His Lordship suggested that judgment should be respited until the Judges should have met in chambers and considered the subject. The Learned Counsel assented to this, and a case will be prepared for their decision. If the objection holds good, a new trial at the next assizes will probably take place.

COLLISION IN A RAILROAD TUNNEL.—The 12 45 Liverpool third-class train left New Street Station, Birmingham, at the usual time on Thursday week. Five or six minutes afterwards the driver of an engine which had just been detached from an incoming train, wishing to proceed to an engine-shed for a supply of coals, asked the signal man at the station end of the tunnel whether he might proceed. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he drove his engine and tender up the tunnel at the usual speed. Within sixty or seventy yards of the other end he suddenly came in collision with the Liverpool train on the same line of rails. The concussion was a very severe one, and the limbs of several persons were broken, to say nothing of bruises.

ESCAPE FROM JAIL INTO THE GRAVE.—John Pattinson, a tinsmith, of Carlisle, was arrested for debt. At first he made no resistance, but when they neared the point where the river Calder runs into the Eden, he started off from the bailiffs, plunged into the Calder, gained the opposite bank, and ran. One of the bailiffs crossed by the bridge, and followed close on the track of the fugitive. After a zigzag chase over fields and banks, Pattinson made for the Eden at a point where the stream is deep and rapid, and after an ineffectual attempt to breast the current, he returned to the water's edge. The bailiff now came up to him and asked him to surrender. He refused, and walked down the river with his head above the surface, the bailiff following him along the margin. Seeing escape by this method impossible, Pattinson became desperate. He struck out into the middle of the river, and turning upon his back, endeavoured to cross the stream in an oblique direction. But he was evidently exhausted by his previous efforts, and the water proved too strong for him. Hope seems then to have left him, and he gave himself up to the course of the current. After floating a considerable distance, his power to sustain himself became gradually weaker, and he raised loud cries for assistance. The bailiff had followed him, but could render no help. The cries of the drowning man at last changed into pitiable shrieks, the bailiff catching with trembling the poor fellow's death struggles. At length, completely exhausted, the unfortunate man suddenly turned over, and sank.

EXTENSIVE BURGLARY.—The premises of a Mr. Ryner, a jeweller of Swansea, was broken into on Friday week. The thieves carried off between sixty and seventy gold watches, from 120 to 130 silver watches, a large number of gold rings, a quantity of costly jewellery, and all the cash in the shop. The value of the property stolen is estimated at nearly £1,000.

HORRIBLE CAUITY.—A young unmarried woman, named Anne Woods, supposed to be of weak intellect, was charged at Leeds, last week, with attempting to destroy her child, only a few weeks old. It appeared that she had not only dosed it with laudanum till it had fallen into a stupor, but had burnt its arms, from the hand to the elbow, in the most horrible manner, with a red-hot poker. She was remanded for a few days, in order to ascertain whether or not she is insane.

DISASTROUS ACCIDENT NEAR HOWDEN.—The chimney of the Ouse Chemical Works, at Howden Dyke, fell with a tremendous crash, falling upon the vat chamber, in which ten or twelve men were working. Seven persons were taken out dead, and two or three others were seriously injured. The works are in ruins.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. William Deedes has recovered his seat for East Kent without opposition.—Mr. Muner Gibson has been returned for Ashton.—Whitehaven (the seat of the late Mr. Hildyard) is placed with an address calling on the electors to present a requisition to their distinguished townsman, Mr. William Nicholson, ex-premier of Victoria, and first promoter of the ballot in the Australian colonies.—Mr. Dent has been returned for Scarborough.—The candidates for the county of Buckinghamshire, in succession to the Hon. C. C. Cavendish, are Mr. W. G. Cavendish, his son, in the liberal interest, and Captain C. J. B. Hamlyn, who formerly represented Aylesbury, as a Conservative.—Paisley has returned Mr. Grant Ewing.—Mr. G. S. Duff has resigned the representation of the Elgin burghs, on account of ill-health; Mr. Grant Duff, of Eden, a gentleman professing liberal principles, has come forward.

DR. CULLEN AND THE PATRIOTIC FUND.—The Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund have declined to enter into any controversy with Dr. Cullen; whose "observations" they have carefully considered. In a letter from their Secretary to Dr. Cullen, they state that they have administered the fund with strict impartiality to persons of different religious persuasions; and refer him for evidence of the error of his charges to a report now in preparation for presentation to the Queen.

## THE INDIAN REVOLT.

LUCKNOW AND CAWNPORE.

The latest accounts of Lucknow and Cawnpore relieve us of all that anxiety which we began to feel for our countrymen, and their women and children, in the former city.

Our readers are aware that Colonel Greathed's column, after the battle of Agra, pushed on with all haste towards Cawnpore, where they expected to arrive on the 27th of October. On the 18th, Brigadier Grant, of the 9th Lancers, joined and took command in room of Colonel Greathed. Taking then up where we left them at Mynpoorie, on the 19th, we now pursue an account of the march. Having for a day on the 20th, they reached Bawar on the 21st, and recovered the treasure, about £33,000, left there when the mutiny broke out in May. The fort, with all the buildings it contained, was blown up. After a long march of twenty-four miles, they reached Goorsahaingunge on the 22nd. On the 23rd they arrived at Kanouj, where a portion of the Delhi fugitives, on their way to Futteypur, had established themselves. On discovering the approach of our troops, a body of 300 of them, with five guns, endeavoured to escape in the direction of Oude. Two hundred of the 9th Lancers, with a body of native cavalry, the 15th Irregulars, were immediately detached in pursuit, when heavy firing being heard, Grant followed with a second squadron and a couple of guns. The enemy had attempted to form on crossing the Kalsee Nuddee (Black River), and fired at our cavalry. On our guns opening they decamped, our troops crossing the stream and following them. They were now shut up betwixt the Ganges and the lesser stream, where about 200 of them were cut up—the remainder escaped into the fields. The five guns were captured, two of them being our own. A few both of the cavalry and sepoy were drowned in endeavouring to swim the Ganges. Lieutenant Watson and two native troopers were slightly wounded. The force once more pushed on, and reached Cawnpore on the morning of the 26th of October, or twenty-four hours sooner than was expected. They had occupied a month on the way from Delhi, traversing nearly 300 miles, their whole March being one great triumph.

Grant's (or Greathed's) column consisted of two companies of Sappers and Miners, three troops of Horse Artillery and two 18-pounder guns, 600 of her Majesty's 9th Lancers, her Majesty's 5th and 75th Foot, two regiments of Sikh cavalry, and the like number of infantry. They were in high health and spirits, had been in every action, nearly thirty in number, since the commencement of the siege of Delhi. On the day after the arrival, the 93rd Highlanders and two hundred of the Naval Brigade joined them. The most tremendous reports were prevalent, in reference to the last two, throughout the country. The sailors were said to be four feet high and four feet across the shoulders, and to carry a field piece under each arm with as much ease as a porter would carry a bundle. The men in petticoats are believed to have been especially sent out by her Majesty, so attired, to be avenged for the slaughter of our women and children. The strength of the garrison at this time was about 1,500, Grant's force about 3,500, and the reinforcements joining before the 30th would bring the grand total up to about 7,000. On the 31st of October Brigadier Grant's column, now five thousand strong, crossed the Ganges, and reached Alumbagh without opposition on the 3rd of November. They took with them 2,500 camels and 500 carts, with supplies for Lucknow.

On the same day Sir Colin Campbell arrived at Cawnpore. Here he remained till the 9th, when he started for Alumbagh, where Grant's column was understood to be awaiting his arrival. The men in Alumbagh had suffered many privations, but provisions had been successfully forwarded to them by the despatch, on the 21st of October, of a convoy escorted by 500 men under Major Burnston. The loss on the part of the escort is described as severe, but its object was effected.

Meanwhile, from Lucknow, the point on which all our interest centres, we had hardly a line of intelligence since the 26th of September, when the Residency was relieved. On the 25th, and more especially on the 26th of September, the fighting seems to have been most severe—nearly a fourth of our force having been disabled. Some time after this, and after nearly a third of the town had become ours, the troops under Outram and Havelock's aim to have become separated. It now turned out that with a body so large, so helpless, and so exhausted as the occupants of the Residency is, and a force so reduced, it would be vain to attempt to retire from Lucknow. There appears to have been very severe fighting, with a heavy list of casualties. On the 18th of October a tremendous explosion was heard at Alumbagh, supposed to have been occasioned by the blowing up of the principal magazine of the enemy. Provisions now began to fail, and an attempt is supposed to have been contemplated to return to Alumbagh. On the 19th severe fighting is said to have occurred in the streets, in an endeavour to reunite the divided troops, or probably to secure some position of the enemy's, occasioning special annoyance—for our information is little better than the echo of a rumour. Mann Singh, the great Oude landholder, who promised to join us with 15,000 men, is said to have become incensed against us about the time of Outram's arrival by a malicious falsehood, intimating that his zemina had been violated. On discovering that he had been made the victim of a deception, he is said to have expressed his regret for what he had done, and to have proposed to join us; but these things are to be received as rumours only, still wanting confirmation. It was understood the garrison expected to be able to hold out till the 10th of November. At this date they would be relieved, and able to resume the offensive at least 7,000 strong. And according to a letter which we print in another place, the garrison were, after all, in tolerably good condition—certainly full of "puck" and spirits.

### DESPATCH FROM GENERAL HAVELOCK.

General Havelock, in a telegraphic despatch from Lucknow, dated September 30, describes the relief of the English garrison in that city. He says:—

"I crossed the Gye on the 22nd of September, the bridge at Bunnec not having been broken. On the 23rd I found myself in the presence of the enemy, who had taken a strong position, his left posted in the enclosure of the Alumbagh, and his centre and right on low heights.

"The head of my column at first suffered from the fire of his guns, as it was compelled to pass along the trunk road, between narrowness; but as soon as my regiment could be deployed along his front, and his right enveloped by my left, victory decided for us, and we captured five guns. Sir J. Outram, with his accustomed gallantry, pressed our advance close down to the canal; but as the enemy fired with his artillery and with guns from the city, it was not possible to maintain this or a less advanced position for a time, but to become necessary to throw our right in the Alumbagh, and restore our left, and even we were incessantly cannonaded throughout the twenty-four hours, and the cavalry, 1,500 strong, swept round through lofty cultivation, and the sudden interruption upon our baggage mased in our rear (sic in orig.).

"The soldiers of the 90th Regiment, forming baggage guard, received the charge with gallantry, and lost some brave officers and men, shooting down, however, twenty-five of the troopers, and putting the whole body to flight.

"They were finally driven off by two guns of Captain Oliphant's battery. The troops had been marching three days under a perfect deluge of rain, irregularly fed, and badly housed in villages; it was thought necessary to pitch tents, and permit them to halt on the 24th. The assault on the city was deferred until the 25th. On that morning our baggage and tents were deposited in the Alumbagh, under an escort, and we advanced. The 1st Brigade, under Sir J. Outram's personal leading, drove the enemy from a succession of gardens and walled enclosures, supported by two brigades, which I accompanied. Both brigades were established on the canal, at the bridge of the Charbagh. From this point the direct road to the Residency is a little less than two miles, but it was known to have been cut by trenches and crossed by palisades at short intervals, the houses also being all loopholed. Progress in this direction was opposed, so the united column pushed and deployed along the narrow road which skirts the left bank of the canal. Its advance was not seriously interrupted until it came opposite the King's palace, or Kishorabagh, where two guns and a body of mercenary troops were entrenched. From this entrenchment a fire of grape and musketry was poured, under which nothing could live. The artillery and troops had to pass a bridge partially under its influence, but were then shrouded by the buildings adjacent to the palace of Phureed Buksh.

"Darkness was coming, and it was proposed to halt within the court of this Mahal for the night; but I esteemed it to be of such importance not to leave this beleaguered garrison, knowing that succour was at hand, that I ordered the main body of the 75th Highlanders and the Regiment of Ferozepore to advance.

"This column rushed on with a desperate . . . by Sir J. Outram and

\* Query?—"It became necessary to throw our right, &c., and retire our left."

myself, Lieutenants Hudson and Harbord (Havelock's), of my staff, and, overcoming every obstacle, established itself within the enclosure of the Residency.

"The garrison may be more easily conceived than described; but it was not until the next evening that the whole of my troops, guns, mounds, and sick and wounded, continually exposed to the attack of the enemy, could be brought step by step within this enclosure, and the adjacent palace of Phureed Buksh.

"To form a notion of the obstacles overcome, a reference must be made to the events that are known to have occurred at Bunnec, Ayres and Saragossa: our advance was through streets of flint-roofed and loopholed houses, each forming a separate fortress. I am proud with respect to the success of operations which demanded the efforts of 10,000 good troops. The advantage has cost us dearly.

"The killed, wounded, and missing—the water being wounded soldiers who, I regret to say, have fallen into the hands of a merciless foe—amount to 464 officers and men. . . . Sir James Outram received a flesh wound in the arm in the early part of the action, near Charbagh, but nothing would subdue his spirit; and, though faint from loss of blood, he continued to the end of the operation to sit on his horse, which he only dismounted at the gate of the Residency. As he has now assumed the command, I leave to him the narrative of all events subsequent to the 25th instant."

### A LETTER FROM LUCKNOW.

The following letter from Lieutenant Moorsom, deputy-assistant-quarter-master-general to Sir H. Havelock's forces, was brought on a small scrap of paper from Lucknow to Cawnpore. It is believed to be the last and only detailed note from the inside of Lucknow to that date:—

"Lucknow, Oct. 27.  
"My dearest Mother.—All right physically and mentally—brain, body, and limb—to date. We relieved Lucknow from its instant peril, and are now ourselves occupying a more extended position in the town, blockaded with the garrison. Write to English's, Gubbins's, and Couper's people, if possible, to say that they and theirs are all well. We have grub abundant, ammunition, good quarters, plenty of fighting men, stout hearts, and our God on our side; on the other, our enemy numerous, but cowardly, with a scarcity of iron and lead for guns. Had we not many women and children, and sick and wounded, we could walk out of the town at any moment. As it is, we can hold our own, and steadily make small advances until reinforcements arrive. I tried once before to ease your anxieties by writing, but the messenger was compelled to throw away his despatches before falling into the hands of the enemy. This goes through the beleaguering host, so you will, I hope, see the necessity for my writing no more fully."

### DEFEAT OF THE DINAPORE MUTINEERS.

On the afternoon of the 1st Nov. a sharp action occurred near the village of Kudjrai, betwixt the Dinapore mutineers and a detachment of 500 men, consisting of part of the Naval Brigade and a detachment of the 93rd Highlanders, with two nine-pounder guns, under Colonel Powell, of her Majesty's 53rd Foot. Our loss was heavy: Colonel Powell being amongst the slain. The enemy were prepared for the attack, and the mutineer Sepoys were in uniform. Our success was complete; we captured their two guns and ammunition wagons, and then destroyed their camp. This occurring at the close of a forced march, the enemy could not be pursued. The detachment of the Naval Brigade, its task thus accomplished, fell back on Binkee, with a view of returning to Futteypore, but the rest of the troops marched into Cawnpore, where they arrived on the 2nd.

### BRIGADIER SHOWERS'S COLUMN IN REHILKUND.

We have already reported that the flying column under Brigadier Showers having swept the country around Delhi, started afresh on the 2nd of October, and was last heard of at Jalloo Satar, on the 12th. Here the horse-men of the Nawab of Jhujjur, who had crossed the river, were disarmed without resistance. In the fort they found twenty-one guns, with a considerable supply of gunpowder and munitions of war, a large number of horses and elephants, with 3,000 stand of arms. The chief himself was captured on the 17th, in his hunting-grounds at Chowckas. Information was now received that the Goojjar had fallen back to Rewaree, with the view of plundering the cities. Hodson's horse, which had just joined, dashed back, overtook them, and cut about forty of them to pieces. A party of the Guide cavalry next surprised Nahar, captured about forty vagabonds, secured some fifty cavalry horses, and a couple of nine-pounders. The majority of the captives were hanged, but not till after due trial, and a sufficiency of evidence to convict them of their guilt. The beautiful country and fine climate, with the excitement of the pursuit, seemed to act like magic on the health and spirits of the men. On the 15th the column reached Dadree, where the chief came out to meet them in token of respect, and was unbounded in his professions of loyalty and duty. The following day the Cashmere levies, under Captain Lawrence, joined the column. A body of cavalry, detached to Nahr, endeavoured to prevent the fugitives from reaching the fort of Kanouj, and cut up all they overtook. A squadron of the carabineers, with Hodson's force, was afterwards sent out in the same direction, under Colonel Custance, with the view of obtaining possession of the fort before it was reached by the enemy. Brigadier Showers himself, with the main column, followed as speedily as he could, and reached the place on the 20th, when they found Colonel Custance, who had arrived the day before, in possession. The garrison, who had not been reinforced, surrendered at once. Fifty thousand pounds worth of treasure in rupees, with fourteen guns, and a large quantity of stores, were captured. About 500 of the garrison, said to be Poorbeahs, had fled during the night, and sixty who remained laid down their arms. Here the force rested awhile, to recover from their recent violent exertions. They had during the previous fortnight secured upwards of £70,000 worth of treasure. They started again on the 22nd. On the 31st a detachment of Showers's column went in pursuit of a body of Mewattee and other insurgents, who had taken up a position on the heights near Sonuh, in the Goorgaon district. The rebels were dispersed with the loss of about 100 killed.

### AGRA.—NYNEE TAL.

Muttra has been re-occupied by Colonel Cotton, who left Agra for Futteypoor Sikree on the 27th of October. The rebels there did not wait for his approach. They abandoned a position naturally advantageous from the height of the fort walls and massiveness of the buildings, leaving to their fate from forty to fifty fanatic Afghans and Ghazees, who determined to sell their lives dearly. They gathered in a building called the Tehseeldaree, which was vigorously shelled on the 29th by our artillery. The Jurgah, or temple, in advance of the Tehseeldaree, was first stormed; the gate of the Tehseeldaree was then blown in by the guns, and an entrance effected, in spite of a sharp fire from loopholes about it. The Ghazees made a desperate stand after the gate was blown in, and they were all killed. Lieutenant Glubb and eight men on our side were wounded. From Futteypoor Sikree, Colonel Cotton marched to Muttra, which he re-occupied on the 2nd of November. On the road, the rebel village of Begree was severely punished, and 150 men were killed. In the direction of the Doab, the Agra force also acted with vigour. Three guns, 150 3rd Europeans, and 1,000 Sikhs, were sent on the 25th of October to relieve the cavalry (150) left in charge of Allyghur, and this small column went out a few days after to Adhaura, nine miles distant, where fifty rebels were killed, and fifty more carried off as prisoners.

Higher up the Doab the country seems to have been quiet, but on the other side of the Ganges the hill station of Nynce Tal has been visited a second time by a large force from Bareilly, which now occupies a permanent position. This body of rebels appeared at Kat Godown (foot of the Nynce Tal hills) on the 6th of October, gradually increased in numbers till it mustered 5,000 strong, with artillery, and then took possession of Huldwanee and Kalladoongee, thus blocking both passes to the English position. At the same time 3,000 men were at the Nugurghaut near Roorkee; and Walleedad Khan, the fugitive Malagur rajah, was roaming about Rohilkund with several regiments and some artillery for the collection of revenue. Balespore, on the extreme north-east of the frontier, was firmly held by a small band under one of the Skinners, who kept the fort and was well supplied with guns and ammunition.

### DISASTER AT JEERUN.

A disastrous attack was made on the rebels at Jeerun, on the 23rd of October. The list of casualties was heavy. There were killed:—Captain N. B. Tucker, 2nd Light Cavalry; one trooper, ditto; Captain Read, her

Majesty's 83rd Regiment. Wounded:—Captain Simpson, 2nd Light Cavalry; Lieut. Blair, ditto; Lieut. Le Geyt, ditto; two troopers, ditto; Captain Laurie, Lane Adjutant; Captain Soppitt, 12th Regiment N.I.; eight privates, ditto; two privates her Majesty's 83rd Regiment. Missing:—two privates 12th Regiment N.I.

The fort of Jeerun is a place small and compact, built on the top of a steep hill, studded with rocks and jungle, and having only one road of access, which could be held by a very few men. At the foot of the hill were dilapidated huts, and ground intersected with holes and ravines, in which matchlock men could be posted with much advantage to the defenders. The enemy seemed to have been cowed by the results of the engagement, for they evacuated the place in the night, carrying off with them the head of Luckur, which we have since learnt they exposed on a pole above a gate at Mundesoor.

### MALWA.—MEHIDPOOR.

A large number of the Indore mutineers, being supposed to have taken the direction of Dhar, in the province of Malwa, were followed from Bhow on the 20th of October, by the Malwa field force, under Brigadier C. S. Stuart, of the 6th Regiment Native Infantry. After a variety of encounters, during which the insurgents were driven within the walls, it was found requisite to confine our operations to an imperfect siege till our heavy guns arrived. The town commences at the south-west corner of the fort, from which it is completely detached, extending to a considerable space to the southward and westward. On Sunday, the 25th, the siege train arrived, when the town was captured, and the fort invested. Five days hard firing were occupied before a breach was established. On the 30th, a flag of truce was shown, and on operations for half-an-hour suspended; but the Brigadier declined according to any conditions, as the breach, which was then rapidly enlarging, was declared practicable on the following day. The troops were immediately ordered to storm, when they found the place abandoned. The light was burning everywhere, but not a soul was seen, though a brisk fire was kept up upon us scarce half-an-hour before. During the siege of Dhar, our casualties were only about six wounded. Brigadier Stuart now turned his attention to the northward, marching on the 6th inst. in pursuit of Heera Singh—formerly a jemadar in the Nagpore cavalry, and in command of the troopers who murdered their officers, Captains Brodie and Hunt, at Indore.

On the morning of the 8th of November, the United Malwa Contingent was attacked at Mehidpoor by the Yellaiters, Rohillas, and Mekranes, along with the bad cashas of the city. They were headed by the Amildar, or native police-officer at Mehidpoor, and amounted to about 4,000 or 5,000 men, armed with matchlocks, swords, and spears. The force opposed to this consisted of 250 men of the Contingent, commanded by Major Timms and Captain Mill. They maintained a gallant but unequal fight of nearly eight hours, from seven a.m. till three p.m., when they were compelled to retire with the loss of their guns. The Mussulmans of the Contingent now joined the enemy. Captain Mills, the commander of the infantry, was shot while leading on a gallant charge of the Galior Cavalry. Dr. Carey, with Sergeant-Majors O'Connor and Mason, were shot in retreating. Major Timms, escorted by the remnant of the 2nd Cavalry, Galior Contingent, took the direction in which the Malwa field force, under Brigadier Stuart, was supposed to be advancing. About 150 of the Contingent are said to have fallen, and about 400 of the enemy.

### THE PLUNDERED TREASURES.

The following is a list of the treasures plundered in the North-West Provinces: Allhabad, Agra, Allyghur, Ajmeer, Azimghur, Bareilly, Banagol, Bareilly, Bijnore, Bhuttee, Budaon, Bhojndstunur, Cawnpore, Delhi, Damoh, Etawah, Futteypore, Furruckabad, Gornepore, Goozoon, Hissar, Huzarnpore, Hushingabad, Jhansi, Jaunpore, Jubbulpore, Jalaun, Kumbhoon, Moradabad, Mynpoorie, Muttra, Muzaffarnagar, Narnar, Narsingpore, Neemuch, Panepoot, Rohkuck, Seharnpore, Shahjehanpore, Sonwe, and Saugor. Treasures plundered in Oude: Lucknow, Serapoor, Fyzabad, Indore, Baratch, Treasures plundered in Beogel: Behar, Shahabad, Singbhoon Hazareebaag, Loharduggah, Mannbhoon.

### SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

It is unnecessary to accompany our portrait of Sir Colin Campbell with any remark as to his character and career, because we have already published a biography of the gallant General in a previous number. The latest news we have of him from India, where he is adding to his reputation every day, will be found elsewhere in the present issue; all but the following story of a most narrow escape which recently befell him:—

Writing from Benares, on the 31st of October, a correspondent says:—"The Commander-in-Chief has come and gone. He arrived to-day at 9 a.m., and put up at Colonel Gordon's, where he breakfasted and saw some officers, whence he paid a visit to the Lieutenant-Governor. He started for Allahabad at 1 p.m. On this side of Shergotty the Commander-in-Chief's party came across, most unexpectedly, a detachment of the fugitive and mutinous 32nd, and were very nearly caught by them. Had the garrisons been five hundred yards further on the road, the whole party would have been cut off to a man, for they were proceeding without an escort of any kind. These gallant sepoys were seen travelling like gentlemen on elephants, of which fourteen were counted, and were also escorted by twenty-five sowars, who hovered some time about the carriages. As soon as this cavalcade was perceived, the carriages turned back, and retraced their steps for ten miles till they came up with a bullock-train party. This accounts for the delay in the Commander-in-Chief's arrival, who otherwise would have been here yesterday. You may imagine how excited people became here, when, coupled with the non-arrival of Sir Colin, it became known in the afternoon that the electric communication was interrupted between this and Shergotty; but little did the good folks think how near their suspicions were to realisation, for it is not to be denied that, to use a common phrase, the Commander-in-Chief was as nearly 'nabbed' as possible, and all his staff with him. Sir Colin looked uncommonly fresh and well, and intended to be at Cawnpore the day after to-morrow."

A similar accident befell Napoleon, during the Russian campaign. While detached from his army, with only a small party of his staff, a cloud of Cossacks came riding past almost within a lance's length of the richest prize in Christendom. However, they were more in earnest on plundering some carriages, which had been abandoned in the neighbourhood, and Napoleon and his party escaped.

### THE HIGHLANDERS AT LUCKNOW.

In this place we may very fitly quote the following extract from a letter written by M. de Binnero, a French physician, in the service of Muzur Rajah, and published in "Le Pays" (Paris paper), under the date of Calcutta, October the 8th:—

"I give you the following account of the relief of Lucknow, as described by a lady, one of the rescued party:—'On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, 'her father should return from the ploughing.' She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless, and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright before me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening.



GENERAL SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY IN INDIA.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL)

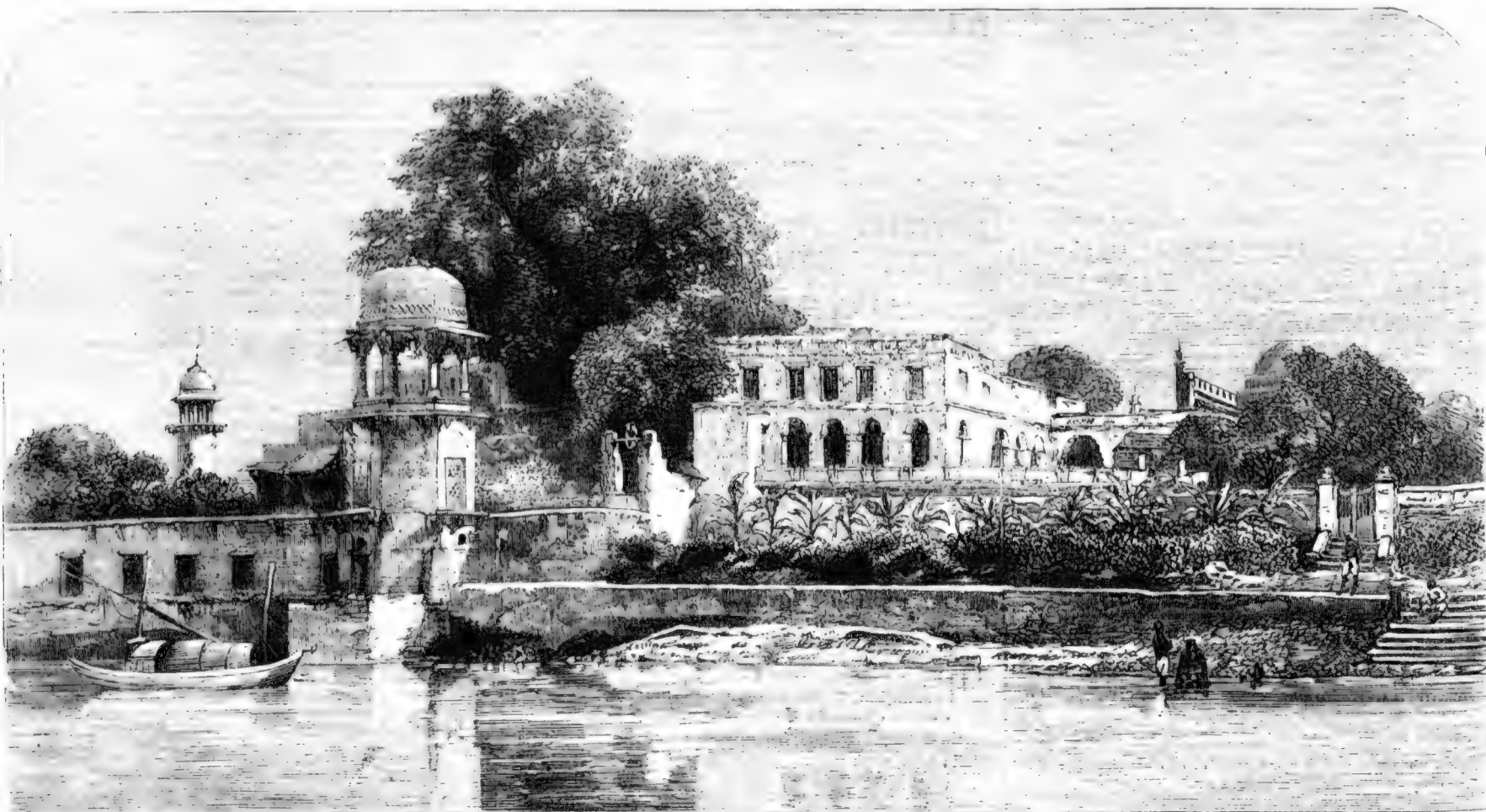
A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin', it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!' Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervour. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, 'Courage! courage! hark to the slogan—o the Macgregor, the grandest of the Macs! Here's help at last!' To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be indescribable. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the Colonel shook his head. Our dull Lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonising hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line—'Will ye no believe it now? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are comin! D'ye hear, d'ye hear?' At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. The shrill, penetrating ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the Sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succour to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. No heart in the Residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by the simultaneous pulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigour to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of 'God save the Queen' they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,' &c. After that, nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld lang syne.'

#### LUCKNOW.

THE ROOMEE DERWAZEE, AND THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF THE CITY.

ALTHOUGH Lucknow is one of the chief places on which the attention of this country has been fixed ever since the commencement of the sepoy revolt, yet the information we have received respecting it has been scanty in the extreme; while illustrative materials have been still more meagre. Under these circumstances, we consider ourselves fortunate in being able to lay before our readers a couple of views of portions of the capital city of the kingdom of Oude. The first of these is the Roomee Derwazee, or Constantinople Gate, which is situated in the chief quarter of the city. Mr. Bayard Taylor expresses himself as startled at the unexpected splendour of the scene which was presented to his gaze after passing through the gate in question. He says, "I was in the centre of a group of tombs, mosques, and pavilions, all of which were of white marble or covered with white stucco, and surmounted with swelling Oriental domes, which shone like solid gold—fitting crowns to the slender arches, and the masses of Saracenic flagstone and fretwork from which they sprang. A huge stone tank with flights of steps descending into it, on all sides occupied the foreground of the picture. Around its banks and between the dazzling pavilions ran a boskage of roses in full bloom, in the midst of which a few tall palms shot up into the sunshine."

We will avail ourselves of some of the notes of Prince Soltykoff to enable us to describe another illustration. Speaking of the chief street of Lucknow, he says:—"I then entered a wide and crowded street, on each side of which were beautiful Oriental edifices, with gilded cupolas and innumerable minarets. Horsemen, clothed in golden cloths and Cashmere shawls, preceded by servants with silver sticks and drawn swords, were hurrying along. Noblemen passed in their beautifully-painted and richly-gilded palanquins, leisurely smoking their silver hookahs, surrounded by servants, and preceded by a guard of honour mounted on camels, dressed out in silks of red and green; and at times a dozen more elephants, mounted with richly-carved howdahs, in which were seated parties of citizens, clothed in silks of the gayest colours. Now and then a band of wild Afghans would come cantering along on their sleek camels. On arriving at the end of the street, I observed a large gateway covered by graceful minarets and gilded cupolas, very like those in the Kremlin at Moscow and which lent quite an enchantment to the scene before me. On entering the gateway, I learned that it led to the inclosure which the old king had chosen for his tomb. I advanced within, and was really surprised to find that this immense place



VIEW ON THE BANKS OF THE JUMNA.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

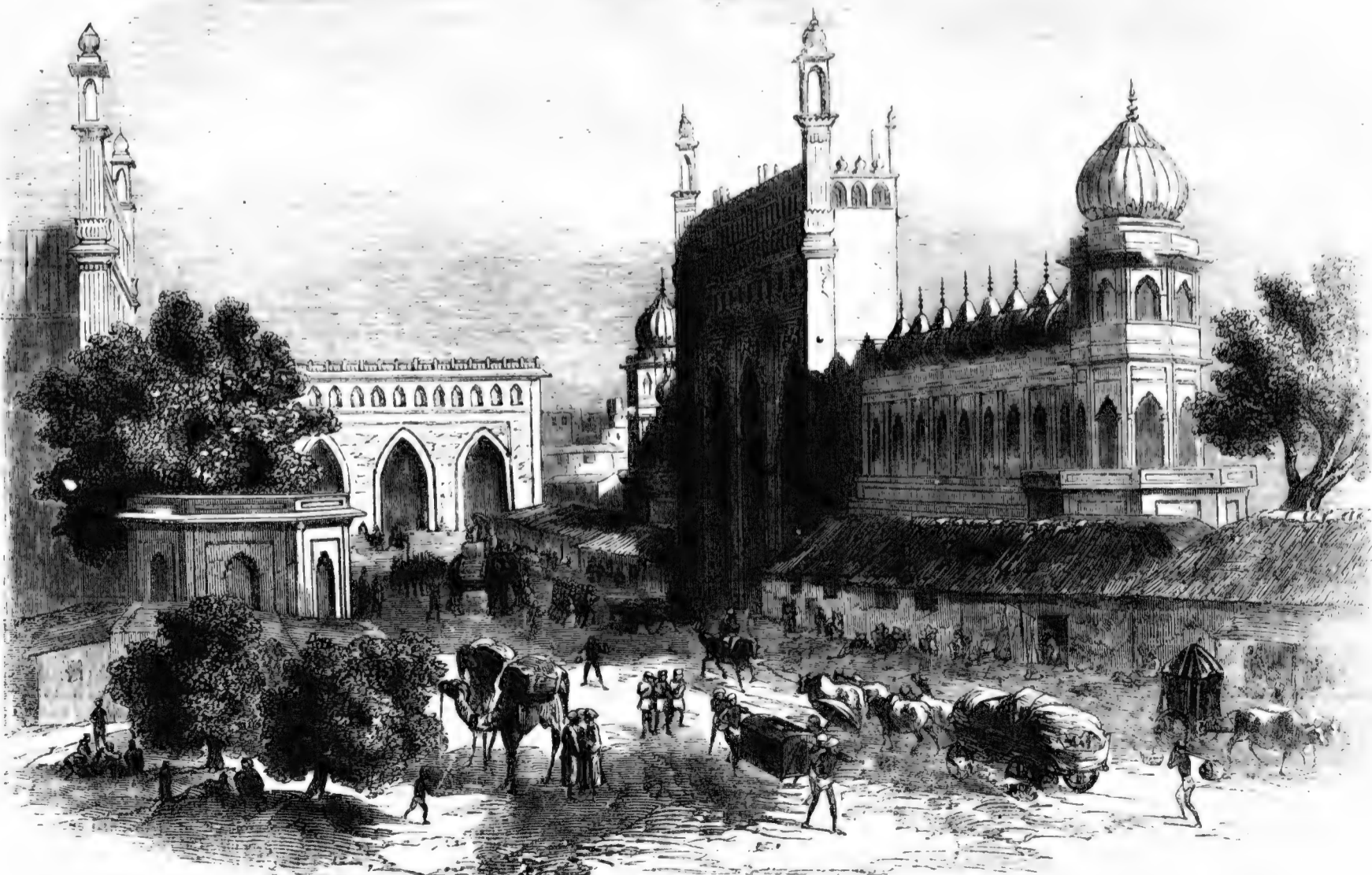


THE ROOMIE DURWAZEE GATE AT LUCKNOW.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON DE LAGRANGE.)

contained everything which was beautiful, rare, and amusing. There were numbers of small Moorish-looking buildings most elaborately carved—fountains and aviaries crowded with birds of the most extraordinary and beautiful plumage. I entered the largest of the buildings, and found it to

be the tomb of the king's mother, whose body had been buried in the centre of the principal room, and over which was erected a beautiful silver-gilt model of a mosque. Lucknow is certainly a fine city; but the buildings are mostly of stuccoed brick, occasionally painted red and green,

while the interior walls are of polished marble. The bazaar is immense. Its length is interminable, but, although continually crowded, I could never observe that there was really anything of interest about it to attract so many idlers."



THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF LUCKNOW.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON DE LAGRANGE.)

## MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

The "Mofussilite" gives us, from a forthcoming "Government Gazette," to be issued at Agra, we suppose, the following description of Nena Sahib:—"The Nena is forty-two years of age. His black, complexion light wheat-coloured, large eyes, and flat round face. He is understood now to wear a beard. His height about 5 feet 8 inches. He wears his hair very short (or at least did so), leaving only so much as a skull-cap could cover. He is full in person, and of powerful frame. He has not the Maharratta hooked nose with broad nostrils, but a straight, well-shaped one. He has a servant with a cut ear, who never leaves his side."

An officer in the East India Company's Engineers gives us a portrait of the King of Delhi also. He says—"The day after the King was caught I went to see him with two or three officers. He was in a house in a street called the 'Lall Koon' Street, that is, the Red Wall Street. He was lying on a bed with cushions, &c., a man tending him, and two or three servants about. He is and looks very old, being very much wasted, has a very hooked back, short white beard, not at all a regal looking swell. He looked in a great fright, and apparently thought we had come to insult him, &c., but we only took a look, and then came away. I hope to get a likeness of him in a day or two."

Byra-Peraud, the great banker at Benares, with his jemadar and eight Horkars, were tried at Jaunpore, for carrying on treasonable correspondence with the insurgents in Oude, condemned, and hanged. We hear that he suffered four lacs for his life, but unfortunately for him did not meet with a benevolent Governor.

**THE EAST INDIA COMPANY AND OUR INDIAN HEROES.**—A special meeting of the proprietors of the East India Company was held on Wednesday, to consider certain resolutions of the Court of Directors, granting to Major-General Sir Archdale Wilson an annuity of £1,000, and to Lady Neil, the widow of the late Brigadier-General Neil, and to Mrs. Nicholson, mother of the late Brigadier-General John Nicholson, special pensions of £500 per annum respectively. Mr. Malins was in the chair, and in proposing the grants, dealt upon the 2nd service done by Wilson, Neil, and Nicholson. The grant to Sir Archdale Wilson was voted without discussion. With respect to Lady Neil, and to Mrs. Nicholson, however, it was agreed that an annuity of £500 was insufficient; and Mr. Lewis proposed that in the former case it should be raised to £1,200. Ultimately it was resolved that with respect to both ladies the annuity of £500 should be granted in addition to the regulated pension and claim on the military fund, and not in substitution, as at first proposed. The chairman explained that without the resolution Lady Neil would be entitled to £120 pension, £200 a year from the compassionate fund for each of the children, and between £500 and £600 a year for herself and children from the military fund, which was independent of the Company.

## INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 57

On Friday we had a well-sustained debate, in which the leading men, and but few others, took a part. The question was—Whether a select committee should be appointed to inquire into the operation of the Bank Act, &c. Mr. Disraeli moved an amendment to the effect that no inquiry is necessary. Whereupon the parties joined issue, and fought a very pretty battle. The victory was at no time doubtful. Ministers from the first were sure of a large majority. They had, however, "whipped" up their supporters. There was little or no "whipping" on the Conservative side. Indeed, the once strong and compact Conservative party is now so disorganised that it is not safe to "whip"—for a general summons to the Conservatives is quite as likely to bring up foes as friends. Colonel Taylor and Mr. Whitmore have therefore little to do but "to hope against hope" for better times. The Conservative benches are well filled, and, to a stranger, look as formidable as a Sepoy regiment on parade; but the Conservative leaders and subaltern officers know that a large number of the gentlemen who sit there are not to be trusted; they talk Conservatism, and still profess to be Conservatives, but they vote with Lord Palmerston, or they do not vote at all. The causes of the breaking up of a once strong and powerful party are many. Some of the party have no confidence in their leader, Disraeli; others have really, though almost unconsciously, drifted away from their principles, while many of the Low Church School have been fairly caught and fascinated by the late appointments to the Episcopal Bench. They do not agree with Lord Palmerston's politics, but he has shown himself a true friend of the Church, and must be supported. "Come what may, we must keep out these Puseyites," Mr. Bentinck, for example, is probably one of the most thoroughly dogged Tories in the House; but if the question were put to him "whether he would vote for Universal Suffrage, or have Gladstone Premier?" we will venture to say that he would decide for Universal Suffrage. And would probably rather see London in ruins, Macaulay's prophecy fulfilled, and a "New Zealander" skelting a brick arch of London Bridge from the ruins of St. Paul's, than have Dr. Hook at Lambeth. What a capital piece of fly-fishing was that Bishop's appointment business! Thinkest thou, oh reader, that my Lord Palmerston has any sympathy for Evangelicalism? Not he; but with that keen sagacity of his, I saw that it was a fly of the right huckle, and waited his hook with Dr. Falt. And he has succeeded beyond even his own expectations. No one but those who have the opportunity, as we have, of quietly mixing with the political parties, watching their various moves and hearing their conversations, can have any idea how that fine stroke of policy has disintegrated the Conservative body. Perhaps a Reform Bill, if sufficiently Radical, may induce some of them to close their ranks, and fight shoulder to shoulder, as in old times; but it is doubtful. When we again meet we shall see.

## MR. CARDWELL.

The debate was chiefly remarkable for the appearance of Mr. Cardwell once more upon the boards. This gentleman is one of the best debaters in the House; second, perhaps, only to Sir James Graham, who is unquestionably the first. He is a fine, tall, well-made fellow, with light complexion, sandy hair, and a capital head. He is the son of a Liverpool merchant, was born in 1813, and is therefore 44 years old. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and took a double first in 1835; sat for Clitheroe from 1842 to 1847; for Liverpool from 1847 to 1852, when he was defeated both for that town and Ayrshire, but was returned for the City of Oxford in 1853. At the last January election he was rejected by the Oxford men for Mr. Neate, but when Mr. Neate lost his seat for corrupt practices, Mr. Cardwell was again returned in opposition to Mr. Thackeray. Mr. Cardwell is a barrister by profession, but we believe he does not practice. He was Secretary for the Treasury from February, 1845, to July, 1846; and President of the Board of Trade from December, 1852, to February, 1855; and that he ought to be in the Government now is the opinion of every man in the House. But it is questionable whether he will be invited to office by Lord Palmerston. He is too clever. The Noble Lord, it is understood, is not over-lord of very clever men in his Government. He likes to be king indeed, and will have no viceroys over him. Mr. Cardwell was cordially greeted when he arose, and as soon as the report spread through the lobbies and offices that he was up, the House rapidly filled; and the profound attention with which the members listened, and the impatient cries of "Order" with which they repressed all gossiping at the bar, showed that they recognised a master of debate in Mr. Cardwell. It is a pleasant sight to see the British House of Commons thus: a man like Gladstone, or Cardwell, or Graham on his legs, the House silent as a church, and every eye fixed upon the speaker. It is then we are proud of our parliamentary institution, and are glad to see "disgraced foreigners" looking down upon the scene. On this occasion the Comte de Paris and the Duc d'Anmale were in the Ambassadors' Gallery.

## "GLADSTONE!" "GLADSTONE!"

When Mr. Cardwell sat down, there suddenly broke out a storm, for Mr. Malins arose, and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Malins caught the Speaker's eye, and he was called upon to proceed; but the House would not have it so. Mr. Malins is not a favourite speaker: Mr. Gladstone is; and there arose such a tumult of shouts for "Gladstone!" that it soon became obvious, even to Mr. Malins, that he must either give way, or speak amidst an uproar that would mar the effect of his eloquence, and so he wisely gave way. And Gladstone began. But we are bound to say that he did not shine. It was a dry subject, not suitable for the display of his peculiar style of oratory. And he was on this occasion more diffusive and long-winded than usual. Indeed, there was one of his sentences which was

quite a wonder. We thought he never would have got to the end of it! And how he successfully threaded the maze of that wood of words without losing his way must ever remain a marvel. When Gladstone sat down, Mr. Malins again rose; and by far the greater part of the House arose too. The debate went on till about 12.30, when the House divided, and the Government got a majority of 175 out of 412 members. This was the only fight of the short session, and the result has sent the Ministers away crowing like chaunticlers.

## THE GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA.

If any of our readers have been in the habit of visiting the lobby of the House of Commons during the last four years, they must have often seen there a gentleman of middle height, robust frame, rather tending to corpulency, with a jolly-round face, suggesting good living, good digestion, and good temper. This gentleman is Lord Mulgrave, the son of the Marquis of Normanby, and now Governor of Nova Scotia. He may be known at once, it by nothing else, by this peculiarity: he is always either taking snuff or blowing his nose. Some people are surprised that his Lordship should take this dreary governorship—though the salary is £3,000 a year—for Nova Scotia is not a very desirable place for a lord and lady to live in. But it is understood that Lord Mulgrave has determined to "go in" for a higher class of governorship, and is to try his "prentice hand" at Nova Scotia. His Lordship has been for several years, as we said in our last, junior "whip" to the House. His duty was to keep watch and ward as sentinel at the door, to prevent slippery supporters from sneaking away before the division, and to pair those who were obliged to leave. But now he is no longer to stand sentry, but to have sentries to do him honour, and, instead of hurrying down to the House of Commons at a quarter to four "to make a House," and lounging about the lobby until the morning, will soon step out of his barge amidst the salute of cannon and the presentation of arms, and take formal possession of his governorship with something like royal ceremony. There will not be much hard work to do; but as his Lordship is fond of yatching and fishing, he may employ his leisure time agreeably enough, for there is ample room and verge enough wherein to exercise his nautical skill, and fish about in the rivers and bays. His Lordship succeeds Sir Jasper le Marchand, brother to Sir Denis le Marchand, Clerk of the House of Commons.

## THE ADJOURNMENT.

The House adjourned on Saturday at 4.30. It was not prorogued. Prorogation is the prerogative of the Crown; but the House adjourns itself. Parliament cannot be prorogued for more than sixty days; but to an adjournment there is no limit. The reason for the distinction is obvious. The prerogative of the Crown it was necessary to limit; but there is clearly no necessity to limit the House's privilege of adjournment. The House arose on Saturday somewhat earlier than some of the members intended. The real business of the House was over. Most of the members were gone; but a few remained, who were evidently bent upon having a little quiet talk. This was very annoying to the Government members, who were necessarily kept in attendance to watch the proceedings; and also to the officers, who, many of them, wanted to get away into the country. But there was no help for it. So long as members would talk, the House could not rise. It is true, a count was practicable—but this the Government hardly liked to venture upon when the subject of talk was their own alleged mistakes. And so it appeared highly probable that at we might go on for another hour at least. Fortunately an accident happened which all at once suddenly put an end to the House. Sir William Fraser arose to put a question, which was ruled by the Speaker to be out of order. "Love the adjournment," said Mr. Hudson, "and then you can put it." And Sir William, taking the hint, moved "that the House do now adjourn." Now, the motion for adjournment is one on which men may talk on every subject *De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. It was, therefore, with no small dismay that we saw this measure adopted. But Sir William, who is a new member, got confused, and instead of speaking on the introduction of his motion, sat down, and turned round to consult a friend behind; and when he turned back, lo! the question had been put, and carried; Mr. Speaker was sitting out of the Chair; and the Sergeant was carrying off the mace.

## Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

FRANCE AND THE SLAVE-TRADE.

IN ANSWER to a question by Lord Shaftesbury, Lord CLARENCE said that a contract had been entered into by the French Government and certain firms for the supply of negroes to the French colonies, on the condition that it was to be bona fide a free immigration. A similar experiment had been tried by this country sixteen years ago, but had failed. Her Majesty's Government were alive to the dangers of any such scheme, and had felt it their duty to bring the matter under the notice of the French Government, which had promised to take the subject into their serious consideration. Lord GREY expressed a hope that if, unhappily, the result of the correspondence with France on this subject should be unsatisfactory, the whole of the proceedings would be published and submitted to the judgment of the civilized world.

## THE BANK INDemnITY BILL.

The second reading of this bill was moved by Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY; and, after a speech from Earl GREY, was committed, read a third time, and passed. The House then adjourned.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE CALCUTTA MEMORIAL.

Mr. WISE asked why the Government had declined to present to her Majesty the memorial from the British inhabitants at Calcutta? Lord PALMERSTON said, the rule was, if any complaint was made against a Governor abroad, that the memorial should be transmitted through the Governor, with his observations, in order that the Government at home should be in possession of the whole matter. He had thought it his duty, therefore, to return the memorial in question to those who had forwarded it.

## GENERAL HAVELOCK'S PENSION.

Lord PALMERSTON intimated that, in compliance with the evident wish of the House, the Government had great pleasure in making the pension to General Havelock extend to two lives instead of one.

## TRANSPORT OF TROOPS TO INDIA.

Mr. FENON SMITH said that it is the intention of the Government to grant a Committee of Inquiry into the whole question of the conduct of Ministers with reference to the transport of troops to India, and the alleged delays.

## THE COMMITTEE ON THE BANK ACT.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved the re-appointment of the committee of last year to inquire into the operation of the Bank Act of 1844, with an intimation to the committee to inquire into the causes of the present commercial crisis.

Mr. DISRAELI moved an amendment that no inquiry was needed into the Bank Act.

Mr. CARDWELL opposed, and Mr. GLADSTONE supported the amendment; and after some further discussion, the House divided—For the motion, 295; against it, 117; majority, 178.

The House then adjourned.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

## ADJOURNMENT OF THE HOUSE.

The House of Lords met on Saturday to receive the Royal assent to the Bank Indemnity Bill, and

Lord PANMURE took advantage of the opportunity to read a letter from Sir Colin Campbell, in which he effectually disproved the report that he had been on ill terms with Lord Caning.

Their Lordships then adjourned until the 4th of February.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## CHURCH-RATES.

Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to Mr. T. Dancome, stated that the Government hoped to submit to Parliament a bill on the subject of church-rates, and that he proposed to move for a committee on the Corrupt Practices Act.

## THE POPULAR DISTRESS.

Mr. NEWDEGATE called attention to the wide-spread and increasing distress among the manufacturing classes, and expressed his conviction that the Government would have the authority of Parliament for the adoption of measures of relief.

Sir GEORGE GREY acknowledged that there had been a great deal of local distress, and that the conduct of the working-classes had been highly creditable to

them; but it was not in the power of the Government or of Parliament to meet such local distress.

The House, after some further business, adjourned until the 4th of February.

(The following appeared in a portion only of our Last Week's Impression, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Bank Issue Indemnity Bill was read a second time. Some other business of an unimportant nature was despatched, and their Lordships adjourned.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## TRANSPORT OF TROOPS.

Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to questions by Sir J. Pakington, gave very full explanations respecting the passage of British troops through Egypt to India.

## JEWISH DISABILITIES.

The House having resolved itself into a committee to consider the Oaths of Allegiance, Supremacy, and Abjuration, and also to consider the disabilities affecting her Majesty's Jewish subjects.

Lord J. RUSSELL, in moving that the Chairman be directed to move for leave to bring in a bill to substitute one oath for the Oaths of Allegiance, Supremacy, and Abjuration, and for the relief of her Majesty's subjects professing the Jewish religion, stated the nature of the bill, the chief feature of which was the addition to the oath proposed in his former bill of the words "on the true faith of a Christian," and by a subsequent clause authorising the omission of those words when the oath was administered to one of her Majesty's Jewish subjects.

Sir F. THESIGER said he should resist the measure in every stage, because he believed that, by the admission of Jews to the Legislature, a fatal blow would be given to a principle interwoven with every department of the State.

The motion was supported by Mr. Dilwyn, Mr. C. G. Mr. Pease, Mr. Griffith, and Mr. Walter; and opposed by Mr. Bentinck, Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Stanhope.

Mr. BURY, though he had voted against the former bill, would support the present measure, upon the Christian principle of doing to others as he would that others should do to him.

After some further discussion, the Bill was ordered to be brought in.

## SIR H. HAVELOCK.

Sir Henry Havelock's Annuity Bill was read a second time, after a discussion, in which the title of the gallant officer to a higher reward was strongly urged.

## THE LEVIATHAN.

We beg to announce to our readers that, on the completion of the Launch of the Leviathan, we propose to publish an extra number of our paper, to be entitled

## THE LEVIATHAN NUMBER

OF THE

## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

It will contain a history of the origin, mode of construction, and eventual floating of this gigantic ship; with the simplest statistical information respecting her cost, her particular and general dimensions, her passenger accommodation, her means of propulsion, and anticipated speed. The whole prefixed by a popular account of the history of steam navigation from the early essays of Bell and Fulton to the latest results of modern times.

## ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

from Photographs by Joseph Cundall and Robert Howlett, taken expressly for this journal, and exhibiting the ship at the various stages of her construction. Also, views of her bows, stern, and broadside in her present state; with representations of the launching tackle and appurtenances while at work; a large and accurate general view of the final launch; and a full-length portrait of Mr. Brunel, the eminent engineer, &c., &c.

The Leviathan Number of the "Illustrated Times" will contain an amount of matter and engravings sufficient to fill an octavo volume; nevertheless, it will be published at the same price as an ordinary number of the paper, namely, 2d., or Stamped to go Free by Post, 3d.

It is necessary that all who wish to possess this complete illustrated record of one of the most wonderful undertakings of modern times, should give immediate orders to the news-agents, as after the day of publication it will be difficult if not impossible to obtain copies.

## ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE YEAR 1858.

## MASTER PIECES OF MODERN ART.

The Proprietors of the "Illustrated Times" inform their subscribers that they have been engaged for many months past in the preparation of a series of most highly-finished Engravings on a large scale, to be printed separately from the paper, and which they propose to issue at short intervals throughout the coming year. Specimens of these Engravings will be shortly in the hands of the news-agents, and the Proprietors will allow these specimens to speak for themselves, feeling confident that they will more than realise any eulogy they could bestow upon them.

The first of these Engravings will be issued early in January, 1858. Some idea of the sterling and interesting character of the series may be gained from the following list of subjects already completed:—

The Return from Hawking	Painted by Sir E. Landseer, R.A.
The Wolf and the Lamb	W. Mulready, R.A.
Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman	C. Leslie, R.A.
The Shepherd's Chief Mourner	Sir E. Landseer, R.A.
The Canterbury Pilgrims	T. Stothard, R.A.
The Young Princess in the Tower	Pau. Delaroche
Happy as a King	W. Colvins, R.A.
Crossing the Bridge	Sir E. Landseer, R.A.
Family Happiness	Meyerheim.
Old English Hospitality	G. Cattermole.
The Sanctuary	Sir E. Landseer, R.A.
Crossing the Brook	J. M. W. Turner, R.A.
The Death of Queen Elizabeth	Paul Delaroche.
The Last In	W. Mulready, R.A.
Woodland Dance	T. Stothard, R.A.
A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society	Sir E. Landseer, R.A.

## VALUABLE MAPS ON A LARGE SCALE.

During the forthcoming year the Proprietors will also issue at least Six Elaborately-Engraved Maps, the same size as the Map of London, published by them in March last. The first of these will be

## A GRAND MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES,

from the recent Ordnance Surveys, and including all the Railways throughout the Kingdom. The size will be 40 inches by 35 inches, and specimens will be ready in the course of a fortnight.

\*\* We greatly regret to inform our readers, that, owing to an accident in printing, we have been obliged to withdraw several of the illustrations which we had announced for publication in the present number, and have had to provide substitutes for them at the last moment.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

## STAMPED EDITION TO GO FREE BY POST.

3 months, 3s. 10d.; 6 months, 7s. 8d.; 12 months, 15s. 2d.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1857.

## RECENT COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

FAILURES still continue, when the worst of the crisis is over—like the vibrations that follow an earthquake. Recovery, on the other hand, is a very slow process, and before it can be felt amongst the working-classes, whose prospects depend on it, these have gone through miseries which the prosperous cannot even imagine.

But the worst feature of these times is not the misfortunes which accompany it. A house that fails for want of money, due to it from Hamburg or New York, dies, as it were, a natural death; naturally, even though violent and painful. But just as half-a-dozen deaths in any family would not shock the survivors so much as one felony brought home to a member of it—so it is with our commerce. The

failures are nothing to the frauds; they only prove that commerce has its risks, like the harvest or like sea-faring. The frauds, however, are a bad morality in the system of life—a nothing diseased in the body—something that may any day break out into awful results. It is clear that our recent banking and trading have been affected by something of this sort; and the importance of the fact consists not in the particular cases, which it is easy to count, but in its being a fear that these could not have happened without a bad state of things—a bad atmosphere—to breed them. A cholera case in a street—if it be but one—is a sign of the generally unwholesome conditions of life there.

Take recent bankruptcies—even if you don't mention names; by what process does a house, worth at starting £10,000, change to let in the world in a few years for twenty times the amount?—By gambling. There is no other way; since by a steady, most careful course of business, though there might be failures, failures would not be on such an awful scale. Now, if—as is admitted and recognised by our law—gambling be a bad thing for a State, surely the form of gambling cannot be the matter of primary importance? If lotteries are mischievous, that practice must be wrong when makes trade itself a lottery. If it is foolish to gamble in gold, it must be foolish to gamble in wool or silk. Ought not, then, the public opinion of the country to set itself as resolutely against the one thing as the other? Opinion can do much, and law can do something, and it is high time for both to be set to work.

With regard to the more flagrant crimes of commerce, which generally take banking as their instrument of fraud, we still want more power of dealing with them criminally. It is true that we have improved in this particular, but there is still much to be done. Paul is a convict, but men of the same stamp are still free—"come and go" with the utmost facility, and go, ultimately, as the best course of the two. The law is too tardy for these fellows. Given a good case of common robbery, and you keep your man till he clears himself or gets convicted; but, given a banking robbery, and your man can get away as soon as he finds real danger impending. He keeps up the force of being an unsuccessful trader under examination, just as long as suits his convenience, and no longer. The one remedy is to make stricter penal laws against trade offenders.

It cannot be denied, however, that, with regard to general reckless trading, there is much in our present social state which favours it. There is a temptation to make great *comps*, for a grand way of doing business imposes on people. It is much the same as with private spendthrifts. If you want to get more credit than you ought to have, the plan is to start a brougham for which you cannot pay. We are all imposed on, in more or less, by show; and money, or the appearance of it, is so much honoured, that the temptation to an ambitious man to secure one or affect the other is imminent. From a snob to a swindler is really (like another celebrated transition) "but one step."

It is worth the while of those who set fashions and lead opinion in this country to consider what they can do to discourage this tendency. That they have influence in the matter, is certain. When the late Duke of Wellington went to Hudson's ball, he exercised a bad effect on public opinion, for instance. He meant well, no doubt; but such a great head could not bow to the golden calf without injuring the morality of England. These things have their political consequences intimately, and which also is worth considering. Frederick the Great was fond of remarking that the rage for speculation at Paris under Law was one of the causes of the French Revolution. It degraded and demoralised the noblesse, and prepared the popular mind for those excesses which dishonoured the name of liberty, and have ever since robbed it of some of its best fruits.

That we shall ever save trade from some fluctuations, is of course an absurdity to expect; but to say that its morality cannot be amended, is to renounce moral power together, and to hand over the world to a dreary reign of materialism.

**MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.**—The 25th of January next is now definitely fixed for this interesting event. Great preparations are being made at St. James's Palace, where the grand festivals in honour of the Royal nuptials will take place. Workmen are busily employed in the Banqueting Hall and the adjoining apartments. The Chapel Royal will be prepared in the style which was followed when her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort were united. Three performances are to take place at her Majesty's Theatre in honour of the occasion. They are to consist of a tragedy, a comedy, and an opera. The tragedy is to be performed on the 10th. "Macbeth" has been selected, and the production of it confided to Mr. Phelps. Miss Helen Faucit is likely to represent Lady Macbeth. The opera is to be Ballo's "Rose of Castile." We believe (says the "Literary Gazette") that the role of Ballo has not been finally chosen, but conclude that it will be one of Shakespeare's or Sheridan's.

**THE JEWISH RELIEF BILL.**—The new bill brought in by Mr. Fitzroy, Lord John Russell, and Mr. John A. Smith, for the substitution of one oath in lieu of those now operating to the exclusion from Parliament of her Majesty's Jewish subjects, has been published. The proposed oath runs as follows:—"I, A.B., do swear, that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria, and will defend her to the utmost of my power against all conspiracies and attempts whatever which shall be made against her person, crown, or dignity, and I will do my utmost endeavour to disclose and make known to her Majesty, her heirs and successors, all treasons and traitorous conspiracies which may be formed against her or them; and I do faithfully promise to maintain, support, and defend, to the utmost of my power, the succession of the crown, which succession, by an act intitled 'An Act for the further limitation of the crown, and better securing the rights and liberties of the subject,' is and stands limited to the Princess Sophia, Electress of Hanover, and the heirs of her body, being Protestants, hereby utterly renouncing and abjuring any obedience or allegiance unto any other person claiming or pretending a right to the crown of this realm; and I do declare that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, directly or indirectly, within this realm; and I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian. So help me God." The bill then enacts that the concluding words, "and I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian," shall, in the case of those professing the Jewish religion, and also of those who are of the persuasion called Quakers, be omitted, and the latter be allowed to make their affirmation instead of an oath. The bill provides that no Jew shall, by virtue of its enactments, be enabled to hold the office of Lord Chancellor either of England or Ireland, or Regent of the United Kingdom, or Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

**THE LEVIATHAN.**—More than a week was spent in making new preparations to move this vessel. A regular series of large piles, of enormous strength, was driven on the opposite bank of the river, and the chains and anchors holding back the moorings by which the Leviathan is dragged with a double purchase toward the river, were secured amongst them. These preparations being completed, they were tested on Tuesday evening, but the only result of ten minutes' exertion was to drive the feed-pipe out of one of the hydraulic rams, and to snap a river mooring chain of 2½ inches. Next day, however, the launching experiments were more successful. A few minutes' application was followed by a slip of twenty-eight inches aft and fifteen forward, the effect being to put the vessel straight on the rails.

**DR. GOURBURN'S RESIGNATION** of the head mastership of Rugby School has been marked by the presentation to that gentleman, by both old and present Rugbyans, of a very handsome memorial. It is in the form of a clock, elaborated in silver and marble.

**MR. VERNON SMITH** announced in the House of Commons, on Saturday, that if on trial the King of Delhi should be found guilty, he would be sent out of the country.

**THE SUM OF £514 17s. 6d.** has been subscribed among the commercial men of Vienna in aid of the Indian Mutiny Relief Fund.

**A MAGISTRATE OF NOTTINGHAM**, Mr. Thomas Marriott, committed suicide by drowning himself in a cistern seven feet deep, the opening of which was only two feet wide.

**PARLEY AND CO.'S WORCESTER BANK** stopped on Friday, the 11th inst.

**NO PRIZE-MONEY** of our own treasure retaken from the rebels in India will be allowed.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

**HER MAJESTY** will visit Almack Castle, it is said, when the works now in progress are more advanced.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES** is going to plant Dartmoor. A large number of birch, Scotch fir, oak, and other plants for forest planting, have been ordered for that purpose.

**THE COURT** will return to Windsor Castle to-day (Saturday), according to previous arrangements.

**THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE**, as General Commanding-in-Chief, had a levee at the Horse Guards, on Saturday, which was fully attended.

**THE DUCHESS OF KENT** has ordered her robe and train for the occasion of the Princess Royal's wedding from a Spanish manufacturer.

**MESSRS. VIALDOT** has accepted a short engagement to sing in opera at Walsaw.

**M. DE PICCOLOMINI**, says Rumour, is studying the heroine's part in "L'Étoile du Nord," with a view to that opera being presented during the coming season at her Majesty's Theatre.

**THE TWENTY-FIFTH THOUSAND** OF DR. LIVINGSTONE'S WORK was issued this week.

**A SHILLING EDITION** OF MR. DICKENS'S "CHRISTMAS CAROL" is advertised.

**A TRANSLATION**, in the Russian language, of the best classical works in the English and French tongues, is to be published in the beginning of next year. Prescott's "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" and "Pitt in the Second of Spain," Grote's voluminous "History of Greece," and Thiers's "Napoléon Conquérant," have been selected to begin this undertaking.

**LUCIEN BONAPARTE**, nephew of the Emperor, after some years' apprenticeship as a deacon, was promoted to priestly orders at Rome last Sunday—another step towards the tiara.

**GENERAL NYLLE** has left a family of nine—six sons and three daughters, the eldest still under age.

**THE ROYAL DOCKYARD BRIGADES** are to be forthwith disbanded. There is no present prospect of their services being required, they cause a considerable expense; and the time devoted to drill can be better employed in other work.

**A SUM** not exceeding £5,000 is to be granted to Dr. Livingstone by the Government to enable him to prosecute his researches in Africa without any delay.

**SIR GEORGE GREY** has announced his intention to bring in a bill for the reform of the Corporation of London next session.

**THE LAUNCHING OF THE LEVIATHAN**, says the "Times," has already cost £70,000.

**THE CANONY IN DURHAM CATHEDRAL**, rendered vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Townsend, has been conferred by the Bishop of Durham on the Rev. R. C. Cox, Archdeacon of Lindisfarne and Vicar of Easingham. The value of the canony is £1,000 per annum.

**THE RUMOUR** that the Princess Alice was to be officially asked in marriage to the Prince of Orange is now contradicted.

**CAPTAIN WATKINS**, of the Northampton Militia, while travelling between Totness and Plymouth, put his head out of the window of the railway carriage. It came in contact with a wall, which the train was then passing, and he was instantly killed.

**THE PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT** will give every facility to Dr. Livingstone in his expedition through their territory, and afford him every co-operation in their power.

**SCANDAL** IS VERY BUSY (says the "Liverpool Advertiser") "with the name of a clergyman who formerly occupied an excellent position here, and who was much respected by his congregation. The circumstances, whispered, if true—and they are, from their painful nature, hard to believe—exhibit an extent of depravity we have scarcely ever before heard of."

**A POST-OFFICE** was fitted-up on the deck of the Tennyson mail-boat, which sailed for Australia on Saturday, for the sorting of the mails by a staff of officers from the General Post Office. This is the first floating post-office that has been established in connection with the English mail-packets.

**WESTMINSTER ABBEY** is to be lighted with gas. Divine service is to be performed in the Abbey on Sunday evenings at the commencement of the year; and this arrangement for lighting the immense building will also add to its warmth.

**COLONEL CROSS**, who has recently arrived from India, where it is said he amassed upwards of £1,500,000, is in treaty for the purchase of large estates in Yorkshire, it being the intention of the Colonel to send for one of the divisions of that county in the event of a vacancy. The Colonel (says the "Court Circular") left England in 1808, almost penniless.

**THE STAMPEE AMBASSADORS** have made a tour of inspection among the factories of Manchester.

**AT THE SALE OF DEAN CONYFARER'S LIBRARY**, two small duodecimo volumes, in manuscript, containing the earliest English translation of the New Testament (Wycliffe's) and of the lessons taken from the Old Testament, produced the large sum of £115. Transcripts of any of the great Reformers' writings are very rare.

**A HANDSOME MONUMENT** has lately been erected in the mausoleum chapel of Long Newton Church, by Frances Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry, to the memory of the late Marquis of Londonderry.

**THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE** reviewed the troops in Woolwich garrison (the Royal Marines excepted) on Saturday morning, on the Common. The Oxfordshire and East Kent Militia regiments were among the corps which took part in the evolutions of the day, and were included in the approval which the Commander-in-Chief expressed at their close.

**WITH THE AUSTRALIA MAILED** which left England on Saturday, the Royal National Life-boat Association sent fifteen working drawings of the life-boat adopted by it to the five Australian Governors.

**THE LATE SUDDEN DEMAND** FOR SOVEREIGNS has put to the test the capabilities of the Mint. Three millions of sovereigns have been coined and forwarded to the Bank of England within five weeks, and in one week not less than 840,000 have been turned out—a feat altogether unexampled in the history of coining.

**THE SPANISH RESIDENTS IN LONDON** have sent an address of felicitation to the Queen of Spain, on the birth of her son.

**MADAME GASSIER** is at Rome, where she has concluded an advantageous engagement for the period of the carnival.

**PRINCE DADACH-KI-LANE**, who assassinated the Governor-General of Koutais, Prince Gagarin, has been tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot.

**AN UNUSUAL NUMBER OF PRISONERS**, principally recruits, recently enlisted in the Royal Artillery, have been convicted of infringing the articles of war, and three of them lately received fifty lashes each at Woolwich.

**THE MARQUIS OF DALHOUSIE**, by the last letters received from Malta, is represented to have derived slight benefit from his short residence at the island, and it is hoped that he will derive permanent good by his stay there until the spring of next year.

**THE QUEEN OF SPAIN** has presented Dr. Corral y Ona, who attended her in her confinement, with 1,000 ounces of gold in a richly-chased silver box, also with a magnificent set of brilliants; and has, besides, conferred on him the title of Marquis del Real Actio.

**JOSEPH LIGHTFOOT**, a clerk employed by Messrs. Hoag and Blake, solicitors of Castle Northwich, has absconded with £400, the property of the trustees of the river Wenner.

**THE SALE OF PORT WINE**, from which the bad smell left by the sulphur used in treating the grapes has been dispelled by a chemical process, has been prohibited.

**THE REIGNING GRAND DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN** has given birth to a Prince. The Grand Duke had immediately inscribed on the muster-roll of the battalion of riflemen.

**THREE MANUFACTORIES AND TWO CUSTOM-HOUSES** have been destroyed by fire at Hammerfest. The loss is estimated at between 30,000 and 40,000 rix dollars. The property was partly insured.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

**THE LEVIATHAN** still hangs steadily on the stocks, and public interest seems utterly to have abated. On Tuesday, the high tide gave promise of floating her, but the mes went away to dinner (that important ceremony which takes precedence of everything else in the British mind), and the opportunity was lost. I see that the proprietors are getting frightened at the stories told about town of the cost of the launch, which are having a serious effect on the share market, and announce that the cost will not exceed some £20,000!

The new Bishop of London would appear to be a great improvement on his predecessor. His speech at Haileybury College, the other day, was an excellent specimen of quiet and impressive oratory. By the way, this col-

lection on her exerts at the training school for last January, and last week the drill was in full play, and henceforth the appointments are open to general competition.

**THE CREEP** A Trencher is to be introduced on his determination to introduce into Westminster Abbey, for the evening service, which is to be given on Sunday, a new service, to be given in the interior. The gloomy dark appearance of all our cathedrals, even throughout the afternoon service, keeps many people from participating in Divine worship, while those who do attend often feel the ill effects in impaired health.

People who go into theatres, they will recollect the name of Colonel Waugh, the partner of John Edward Selous in the Lascaz Bank mystery. Colonel Waugh lived at Camden House, Kensington; gave large parties, and was especially admired for his theatricals. He had a very neat little theatre at Camden House, where Mr. Dicken and the Twickenham House troupe played in the "Lighthouse" for the benefit of some charity. He lived most expensively, and for a long time people asked whence came the money of Waugh. The question is now clearly set at rest.

Who is Mr. Charles Compton Caycedo, and why is he to be made a peer? This is not a conundrum; I merely ask for information.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A NOVEL WITH A PURPOSE.

THE "Saturday Review" is not an eulogistic publication. Its mission, so far as book-reviewing is concerned, appears to be to administer as thorough a caustic to an author as is possible in its limited space; to "state," as the phrase goes, heartily and with a will. And it not only attacks the writer whose work is under notice, but it has a shrewd thrust at his friends; it knows very well what clique he belongs to, what numbers of it are not University men, and who do not go to Mr. Lloyd's; it thinks it stars that it is not as other publications are—professional, unjust, adulterated; it has been sent into the world to keep its finger in the order, and it does its work by laying itself about it with a smart cracking whip. That this whip is smart and cracking must be confessed; that it is and is generally well directed is equally true. Authors stand in need of constant correction, and the stinging out from the "Saturday Review" is nearly left to, and more wholesome than the gash inflicted by the bludgeon of old Professor Wilson, or the stain from the foul squirt of the late lamented Right Honourable Croker. But when the stern officer of justice lays down his knout and takes to singing laudatory hymns, we may well be curious as to the cause of his joy; so that when I read the other day in the immaculate publication a notice of a new novel by Mr. Trollope, in which all the stock of compliment which has been left to accumulate since the first number was poured out for the author's benefit, I immediately sent for the book. I have met Mr. Trollope before in print. He is the author of "The Warden" and "Barchester Towers," two novels containing good descriptions of a quiet cathedral town, and certain places in the life of its clerical inhabitants, and now herewith exaggerated or ridiculously ignorant account of a new career and the staff employed on it. Both books were written with that certain power of satire, amount of good humour and degree of coarseness, which might have been expected from a member of the "Widow Barnaby" family.

In his new work Mr. Trollope has deserted clerical for official life. We are introduced into the mysteries of the Civil Service, and are made to comprehend in all their dreadful enormity the baneful influences which the new system of promotion by merit and competitive examination have had upon that branch of the State. Of the three clerks, two, Harry Norman and Alaric Tudor, are in the "Weights and Measures"—for which read Treasury. Norman is a sensible, plodding, not over brilliant fellow; Alaric a showy, knowing, bustling man, well knowing how to make the best of his ability. They are intimate friends, and get on a fairly until the author's *life noise* appears; a senior clerkship in the office is thrown open to Competitive Examination, and Alaric Tudor wins it, walking over the heads of all his seniors, including Harry Norman. From that moment Mr. Trollope commences to push Alaric down the hill; no one does he improperly speculate in the shares of a mine, on the condition of which he is sent by Government to report, but he even supplants his friend in the affections of the girl he loves; becomes a trustee to a young lady, whose money he appropriates; and winds up with being tried at the Old Bailey, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment at the Millbank Penitentiary. The third clerk, Charley Tudor, cousin of Alaric, is the scamp of the book, and the favourite of the author. He is in the "Internal Navigation Office," a branch of Somerset House; and on his entry into the service is so ignorant that he does not even know what a leading article is; (2) and when shown one, cannot even copy it correctly. He is a low, drunken, dissipated vagabond, deep in accommodation bill transactions, making love to an Irish barmaid, lying, shirking, insulting his senior officers, and disgracing his position. But he, too, falls in love with a very sweet girl, and his passion has such an extraordinary influence upon him that it reforms, not only his morals, but his intellect; he becomes a favourite author, and even enjoys the honour of having his works mentioned with praise in the course of a debate in the House of Commons! So much for the official portion of the book, which in design and execution is false and overstrained. Mr. Trollope would endeavour to deduce that the fall of Alaric Tudor is traceable to the bad effect of Civil Service Competitive Examination, but he utterly fails in his deduction. A clever clerk is not of necessity a dishonest man, any more than a dull one is the perfection of probity. Alaric won his position by his talent; he lost his moral status by want of moral courage, but this lack was natural to him, and was not the result of his official elevation. As for Charley Tudor, he is a libel upon the service. I happen to know something of official life, and I can safely say that in the course of an eleven years' experience, I never came across such a specimen: he is lower, more disolute in his habits, more grovelling in his debauchery, than the worst kind of medical student twenty years ago, and I do not think compulsion can go further.

It is in the domestic details of his story that the author excels. The character of the old widow lady, Mrs. Woodward, and her three daughters, Gertrude, Linda, and Kate, who eventually, respectively, are married to the three clerks, are admirably delineated; and the scene of the rejection of Norman by Gertrude is interesting, natural, and pathetic in the highest degree. But even this part is marred by much coarseness, and many signs of hasty slurring writing. Mr. Trollope decidedly possesses a clear conception of character, but he cannot, or will not, work out his design; he does not turn out his work in a workmanlike manner; he is a conscientious thinker, but not a conscientious writer, and hence his book reads more like the production of a clever amateur than the well-matured and carefully-polished effort of an author loving his craft and giving his best powers to his contribution towards it.

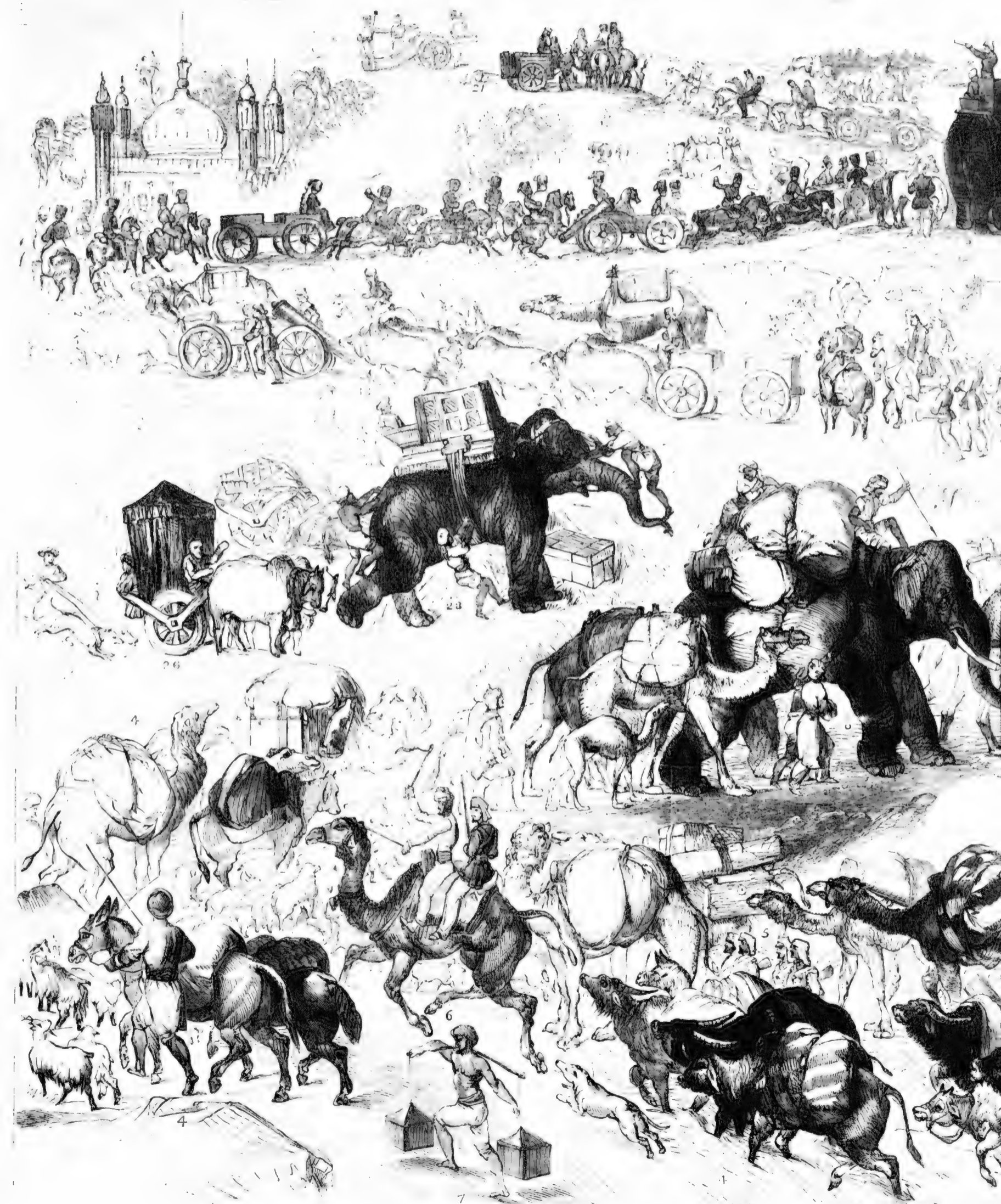
## THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

**CATTLE** show week saw the theatres crammed, and the good effects are still continuing, though no novelty has been produced. "Boots at the Swan" is drawing largely at the Olympic. Eight years ago I saw Mr. Robson in this farce at the Grecian Saloon, and even then marked him as the most original actor I had ever seen.

All the houses are busily engaged with their pantomimic preparations. Mr. E. L. Blanchard's pantomime at Drury Lane, is as usual written "with a purpose." The title will be "Little Jack Horner; or Harlequin A. B. C.," and the principal feature of the plot is the struggles of Intelligence against the schemes of the Demon Ignorance; the story turning upon the nursery "Jack's" encounter with all the difficulties that beset the path to the temple of knowledge. Mr. B. Verley's great effect—a coral pavilion, built by Imagination in honour of Intelligence, her visitor—will be novel and very good.

Several amateurs have recently joined the theatrical profession: Captain Dancy Roebuck, who must under a great deal of five he can become an actor, and Mr. R. W. Williams. Mr. J. H. Robson, also, whose extraordinary performance of clown in the amateur pantomime before her Majesty created such a sensation, has also gone into the provinces, with a view to qualify himself for the London stage.

\* "The Three Clerks." A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. London: Bentley



1. Water Carriers.  
2. A Coffee Party.  
3. Grain and Supplies for the Camp.

4. 4. Camp Baggage.  
5. Hazaar Guard.  
6. Express Camel.

7. Boxes for Carrying Refreshments.  
8. A Mess Tent.  
9. Baggage.

10. The Cart of the County.  
11. Conveyance of the Wounded.  
12. Regiments of Infantry.

THE REAR OF AN ARMY ON THE MARCH



13. Foot Artillery.  
14. Horse Artillery.  
15. General Officer and Staff.

17. Goorkhas.  
18. Light Cavalry.  
20. Native Horse Artillery.

21. Advanced Gun.  
26. Native Cart.

28. Sporting Elephant Driver and  
Assistant getting up.

## JUVENILE GIFT BOOKS.

(Continued from page 415.)

Why the English translator of Hey's verses styles his volume *PICTURE FABLES* we are at a loss to imagine, as his language is plain and intelligible. It would be equally sensible to call them "Fable Pictures," and a little more correct. We do not call Mr. Kenny Meadows' illustrations of Shakespeare "Drama Pictures;" far less should we think of styling them "Picture Dramas." In the same way, Mr. Leech's drawings in "Punch" are not spoken of as "Punch Pictures," while no one but a madman would allude to them as "Picture Punches."

Beautiful and significant as Otto Speckter's designs certainly are, it is impossible to maintain that they would tell any distinct story without the verses by Hey, which accompany them and explain their meaning. Hey's lines are said to be written to Speckter's pictures, but Speckter's pictures might have been drawn to Hey's lines.

However this may be, we have here a very handsome, interesting, and instructive book for children, and while all the fables are calculated to please a child, many of them are of a nature to make philosophical old men persevere them, and meditate on their beauties.

What an excellent fable is that of the Sow! Every one must admire it, and the simplest child can understand it. The sow warns her little ones "not to go stamping through the town," and "not in each puddle to lay them down."

"But just what the sow had accustomed them to,  
And just what they'd always noticed her do;  
That learned the children every one,  
And all did just as their mother had done.  
And from her example each became  
A pig in deed and a pig in name."

It is seen that Mr. Duleken's translated verses are flowing and natural in expression—in fact, that they exhibit no trace whatever of their foreign origin, while they are at the same time executed with great fidelity to the original.

The Bear may be taken as another specimen of the author's manner. The dancing bear appears to be in a perpetual state of hilarity, but his forced mirth disengages with him and he loughs for the woods.

Nothing, again, in its way can be better than the Bat and the Bird. Neither the mouse nor the bird will play with the unfortunate hybrid; and she is left disconsolate and alone, which explains why she flutters drearily about the house-tops at night.

The volume contains a hundred fables, each with an illustration,—the illustrations being, in fact, themselves the fables, if we are to adopt the notion set forth in the title of the book.

THE FOUR SISTERS, by the author of "Harry and his Homes," consists of four short stories, illustrating the virtues of Patience, Humility, Hope, and Love, and dedicated to the "elder daughters" of the author's "poorer neighbours." We cannot help objecting to the special nature of such a dedication. Why are not younger daughters—why, even, are not richer neighbours, to profit by the tales, if anything profitable be contained in them? It is true that most of the principal characters in these narratives are either girls who are about to leave their homes, or girls who have just entered life as domestic servants. Nevertheless, "Patience" is only the history of an upper servant; and although the author of "Harry and his Homes" will perhaps be shocked at our mentioning that work (a work which in his day was recommended by clergymen from their pulpits) as a model for his or any one else's imitation, we must at the same time protest, on the part of the elder daughters, against the lugubrious nature of the literature produced for their especial benefit. "In our inestimable Sunday Schools," says the author, "they (that is to say, the elder daughters of the author's poorer neighbours) have been already taught the nature and necessity of the heaven-born gift—charity"—and we are of opinion that a little of the divine quality might have been exhibited by the writer of these tales, which are certainly not calculated to gladden the heart of their readers. Religion, like philosophy, is—

"Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,"

and yet there is so much psalm-singing, so much chapter and verse, so much of the mere outside of religion, in the FOUR SISTERS, that the effect is both crabbed and harsh. In novels, as in real life, praying and the study of holy books should not be introduced too publicly nor too often. Again, it is unfortunate that out of the four heroines two should die, while even Ruth Benson, strong as she at first appears, has an illness which very nearly carries her off.

The description of Ruth Benson's first day as servant in the house of an irritable, unjust woman, where the little boy throws stones at the new parlour-maid, and then, crying, declares that "she has squeezed him, shaken him, and hurt him very much," is written with much truthfulness, and there are many other excellent pages in the same story, among which we may mention in particular those devoted to "Jessy's Hopeless Search after her Drunken Father." Altogether, the book possesses literary merits above the average; but it is rather too miserable for the time of year.

Absolon's cuts are quite in accordance with the letter-press. For instance, there is one engraving of Ruth taking Davy to church, in which fifteen individuals, male and female, are made to look more wretched than any forty-five we ever had the misfortune to see.

"I like to hear the music," says little Davy, "when the congregation are coming out; but I wish the gentleman would not speak so long."

That is just what we feel as regards the book itself. We like some of the scenes and descriptions, but there are certain portions of the work which should be either shortened or omitted altogether.

Children who wish to know what a hero means, and who are not likely to understand Mr. Carlyle's comparatively abstruse volume on the subject, should have the new work by the author of "Olave" given to them. This little book contains the history of a true hero, as narrated by Captain Philip Carew, alias Uncle Philip; a veteran who entertains the same opinion about great men that Mr. Wood holds on the subject of eagles, and who thinks that those qualities which are the most prominent are not necessarily the most admirable.

EDA MORTON AND HER COUSINS is a very nice book for very young ladies, and is gracefully illustrated by Mr. Birket Foster. Eda Morton is proud; thinks she is better than her cousins (and is better, too, in our opinion); meets with a certain amount of useful experience, well narrated by the author; and ultimately becomes a very nice girl—in the opinion not only of her reviewer, but also of her uncle and aunt, and all her friends. The scene of the tale is laid in Scotland; and the story, though simple, is interesting from beginning to end.

Mr. Charles H. Bennett is already favourably known as a graphic delineator of some force of humour, and of great fertility of fancy, whose bright little *croquis*, redolent of fun and shrewd observation, have enlivened the pages of our comic periodicals for some time past. A work recently published, and which achieved a legitimate success—"Shadows"—a reminiscence of the *doublures* of Gillray and the *ombres* of Grandville, adapted to modern times, showed that Mr. Bennett was capable of much higher things than he had previously attempted: and the quiet, telling bits of sarcasm that lit up the *chiaro oscuro* of the "Shadows," showed a pungency of wit, and a concentration of purpose, not commonly to be met with, or indeed expected, in similar performances. In the work now before us, THE FABLES OF ÆSOP AND OTHERS TRANSLATED INTO HUMAN NATURE (Kent and Co.), Mr. Bennett has made another and a most important step in his profession. The ludicrous metamorphosis he has endeavoured to work out: the transmutation of human nature, with all its petty meannesses, and spites, and hatreds, and jealousies, into the feathered, or finny, or furry, or crustaceous forms of birds, beasts, and fishes, was not by any means a facile task; but he has accomplished it, if not with entire success, at least with a skill that is always meritorious, and frequently with a felicity that is really surprising. In the modest and sensible introduction to the book, the artist (who is his own author) admits that he has much to learn, and that he has even something to forget, and that he is encouraged to put forward this book of Fables as little more than a promise of what (D.V.) he hopes to attempt. We commend Mr. Bennett for his modesty; and believe that the promise he has already given will ripen into most satisfactory performance.

THE RIVAL KINGS, or OVERBEARING, besides teaching boys that they should govern their temper, gives an interesting account of the ad-

ventures of a family—especially of the youthful members—in Wales. If the book contained a plot we would communicate it to the reader, but it is really impossible to follow the juvenile heroes through all their tours and rambles. We are, at the same time, decidedly of opinion that a child's book, if at all a long one, should not have a plot, the plan of a connected dramatic story being advantageously supplied by a string of incidents, each of which may be read and appreciated separately. The very young reader is unable to swallow his fiction all at once, or even to take it in a few large doses. Accordingly, before he reaches the end he has forgotten all about the beginning; and, in order to enjoy a good story, it is rather necessary to hold all portions of it in the mind at once. The juvenile tale-reader, however, who chooses to accompany the little Welsh boys on their expedition to St. David's Island, or on any of their numerous wanderings by the edge of the cliff, and by the shore of the sea, will find plenty to reward him for his confidence in entrusting himself to their society.

THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE PICTURE BOOK, is a neatly-printed, beautifully-illustrated little work, reproducing in a small compass the whole of the Old and New Testament History, and as nearly as possible in the very words of the Bible. Instead of giving their children common-place stories saddened by an admixture of pseudo-religious sentimentality, we recommend parents to buy their boys and girls this Bible-Picture Book. Considered merely as stories appealing to human sympathy, can they find anything to approach the history of Joseph and his Brethren, or of the Israelites in Egypt? In this little volume, too—which it would be impossible to praise too highly—we have eighty engravings illustrating the most important scenes and incidents recorded in the Sacred Book; and every one of these woodcuts is copied from some masterpiece—many of them being quite unknown in England even to habitual students of art. Accordingly, in spite of its title, the "Children's Bible Picture Book," appeals quite as much to grown-up persons as to those of tender years. The illustrations can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who have some familiarity with works of art; but they must tend to form a correct taste in all children who have such drawings constantly before their eyes, while they must also have the effect of quickening their comprehension of the Scripture narrative, and of fixing the principal events indelibly on their memory. Many of the engravings in this admirable little book are copied from designs by Overbeck and other eminent painters in the "Illustrated German Bible," and from the "Bible Pictures," by Julius Schnorr. The narrative portion of the work is from the pen of the writer of "Historical Tales," by M. J.

As regards WILLIE'S BIRTHDAY, by the author of "Day of a Baby-Boy," we believe Master Willie to be himself the "baby-boy" who met with so much success on his first appearance; at all events, we find him here at the age of five likely to gain considerable popularity among children of his own age, or perhaps a little older. It is Willie's birthday, and the author shows us how a little boy did what he liked, and how he didn't like it. "Let me do as I like this birthday," says the child, "and if I am selfish or sick, then you needn't let me do as I like next birthday." Willie's papa had promised him a dog, and on his birthday Willie claims it. From his mamma he obtains a jacket and trousers, a pair of boots, and a collar, "for really," says Willie, "I do not like to wear frocks and frills, and short sleeves, and shoes with straps, and I really am too old!" Then Willie has what he likes for dinner, and invites whom he likes in the evening. But the dinner disagrees with him, a "swell" of twelve years of age, who comes to the evening party, chaffs Willie, and asks him "Who's his tailor?" and finally the precocious young gentleman is rendered quite miserable. The moral of all this is, that children must not do as they like; nevertheless, if they like amusing little books, their parents ought certainly to let them read the one which treats of Master Willie's eventful day.

WILLIE'S REST shows us how the same young hero spent his Sunday; and as we have exposed his failings on another occasion, we must do him the justice to state that he passed his Sabbath in the most laudable manner.

Mr. Landells, if he has not recently invented a new pleasure for children, in his HOME PASTIMES, has at all events put all children in a position to enjoy a pleasure which formerly was open only to those who possessed considerable natural ingenuity. There is nothing (except, perhaps, pudding and things of that kind) that children like so much as making carriages, omnibuses, boats, and generally everything that rolls on the road or sails on the sea. They make them out of card-board, but only about one child out of twenty knows how to cut them out at all; while not more than one out of a hundred ever really turns out an omnibus that it will be quite possible to distinguish from a railway carriage, or vice versa. Mr. Landells has now designed models of every kind of machine a child is likely to think of imitating, from a wheelbarrow to a wind-mill, from a sledge to a yacht, from a cab to one of Prince Albert's model cottages. The cards on which the outlines of these models are engraved are published, together with a book of explanatory directions; and we have no doubt Mr. Landells' system, by which every child becomes his own toy-maker, will enjoy an extensive popularity.

The copy of the wonderful adventures of the redoubtable JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, from which, forty-five years ago, we used "to steal a fearful joy," was a small 18mo. in curious paper covers, ornamented with Dutch metal, printed on blueish paper called tea-paper, now entirely obsolete, and illustrated by cuts which looked as if they had been engraved with a tenpenny nail. But now Jack's adventures come to us on the finest paper, in the most delicate binding, and illustrated by unquestionably the first artist in his line of the day. Mr. Doyle's drawings are wonderful conceptions, and will secure the book a place amongst the treasures of collectors, as well as excite the imagination of children. That portrait of the two-headed Welsh giant, with goggle mouths and "foreheads villainous low," would have satisfied the author himself if he could have seen it. The cuts are admirably engraved by G. and E. Daziel.

RIGHT NOT RIGHT is an old story, but always fresh and new. The conquest of America by the Spaniards will never fail in interest, so full as it is of strange adventures and stories. The narrative is supposed to be related by a mother to her family, and very clearly, comprehensively, and succinctly it is done, and interspersed with very good moral reflections, to catch the eye of careful parents and mamma at the counter in search of "something proper for children," nicely arranged, so as to be easily skipped—as they certainly will be—by the youthful readers. The Rev. Thomas Scott, the famous Commentator, once published an edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim," with notes to explain; and he gave a copy to a poor old woman in his parish; and, calling one day afterwards, he said to her, "Well, Mary, have you read my book? and do you understand it?" "Oh, yes, I understand it; and I hope I shall understand the notes some day." And we fancy that all moral reflections in children's story-books meet with the same fate. Let a story be told well, and the child will understand it, and in its own way draw reflections therefrom; but he will certainly postpone the consideration of all wise saws that we attempt to force upon him to a more convenient season. This book is, however, a very good one, and well illustrated by John Gilbert.

FRED MARKHAM IN RUSSIA, is a narrative of the travels in Russia of two lads, under the care of a sailor uncle, at the time of the coronation of the Czar, with illustrations by Landells. It is intended for boys and girls somewhat older, and is just the sort of book that children nine or ten years of age devour; and it has this recommendation—while it amuses, it also instructs, and stamps upon their memories facts about the country to which it relates, that are never forgotten. It is full of incidents, contains sufficiently wonderful tales about wolves, the prisoners in Siberia, narrow escapes from the ice, and other equally exciting matters, and is without not devoid of fun, as the following anecdote will prove. The lads had lost their way in St. Petersburg, neither of them knew the Russian language, and for a time they could find no one who could speak English. Here was a dilemma. Fortunately, after wandering about some time in a drosky, they met two English sailors, who delivered them out of their fix in this droll manner. They wanted to go to the square in which stands the famous equestrian statue of Peter the Great. So failing by all sorts of odd signs and manoeuvres to make the drosky driver understand where he was to go, Sailor Jen knelt down and imitates the prancing horse, while Tom mounts as the Great Peter. The likeness was recognised at once, with a shout of laughter, by the driver, who soon landed the boys safely at their hotel.

Most of our readers, we suppose, have taken part in the acting of charades, and have, we doubt not, lost a good deal of time in debating about "the word." Well, HISTORICAL ACTING CHARADES is a book written to facilitate this capital Christmas amusement. It is the very book that we ourselves have felt the need of, for though, as the reader has already learned, we are not young now, yet we occasionally take a part in this modern game, and enjoy it too, and if we should be called upon to act the part of manager this Christmas, we shall certainly avail ourselves of the suggestions gathered from the pages of this volume; and we feel confident that the book will be for several years to come a regular *ride mecum* at family gatherings.

We must defer until next week our notice of the new edition of Jules Gerard's sporting adventures, and of the heap of other volumes for the "younger branches" that crowd the editorial table at this season of the year.

SOLVENIR OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION: London Stereoscopic Company.

This elegant *souvenir* consists of twelve selected views of the chief objects of interest and beauty exhibited among the Art-Treasures of Manchester, and adapted to the stereoscope. Mr. P. H. Delanotte, from whose atelier these delightful views emanate, deserves great praise for the care and attention which have evidently been shown in preparing the pictures. Among this shining galaxy of art-wonders we may pause for a moment, favourably to characterise the view of Mr. Macdonald's "Andromeda," the charming "Hunter" of John Gibson, and a marvellous picture of the "Ransome from the South." At Christmas time the stereoscope is a never-failing source of amusement in the home circle. It will rally the dullest conversation; it will divert the driest argument; it will amuse both old and young; it will mask the merit of the giggling maiden; and prove an inestimable benefit to the bashful man, now and for ever released from his Ixionic task of fanning over the inevitable portfolio of prints. Well indeed has Sir David Brewster said of this matchless scientific toy, that "while photography portrays the sublime and beautiful in nature and art, the stereoscope reproduces in all their roundness and prominence the objects and the scenes themselves."

THE FAMILY FRIEND, 1857—(Ward and Lock)—may certainly lay claim to the title of an entertaining volume. It is in truth the strangest and most entertaining repository of "chapters on wedding days," "model men and women," biographical rebusers, conundrums, valentines, odds and ends, recipes and anecdotes; the whole prefaced by a portrait of the Princess Royal, and brought to a climax by a voluminous correspondence between the editor of the "Family Friend" and his friends. A most marvellously diversified acquaintance does this editor appear to possess. Wonderful questions do his friends put to him, and answers yet more wonderful are returned to them; but editor and correspondents both seem to be on the best terms with one another, and so get along amicably. Altogether the volume is very amusing, very varied, very neatly illustrated, and very cheap.

THE ALLOWANCES made to several members of the Royal family and to the King of the Belgians, amounting in the year ended March last to £158,705. No part is paid to the King of the Belgians, but, after certain annuities, it is repaid into the Exchequer. The sum so repaid was £34,000.

AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS it is reported that the Russian Government has issued orders to prevent American whalers from fishing in Russian waters.

## LAW AND CRIME.

A LITTLE detail of railway management, of a kind of which the public have hitherto been scarcely aware, came out last week in evidence before Mr. Justice Cresswell, upon the trial of an action against the South-Eastern Railway Company, for injuries sustained by one of their passengers. The defendants pleaded that plaintiff had, before action, accepted £6 in full of his claim for compensation. The witness for the defence was surgeon to the company, as well as senior surgeon to the London Hospital. He proved that after the accident, he had called upon the plaintiff, questioned him as to injuries, and offered him £6, which plaintiff accepted, and for which a receipt was given. As a more isolated instance this would not have been remarkable, but on cross-examination, it appeared that this method of proceeding was the Doctor's ordinary course of practice. "My first duty," said he, "is to see patients, and then—to settle with them. I do not examine them, except in serious cases. I have endeavoured to make bargains with sick persons in bed, but, to the best of my belief, never except in the presence of their medical men." Speaking of the railway collision which led to the case, he said—"It was a very serious accident: one had his leg broken, one his jaw fractured, one his nasal bone broken, many were hurt. I do not know how many bargains I made. I carry a bundle of receipts about, and I assure you it is no easy task." There is nothing morally, or perhaps even professionally, objectionable in the system here displayed, and possibly it may be to the advantage of the sufferers to be offered the option of ready money as an alternative of the delays, risk, and expense of legal proceedings; but we fancy that the development of this novel branch of the healing art may interest, if not surprise, some of our readers.

A boy was brought before the magistrate sitting at Lambeth charged with disturbing the proceedings at an establishment entitled the "Royal Manger," in the Waiworth Road. The place appears to be used by a congregation of persons with extraordinary ideas. It is not long since that a petition was got up and signed by these honest folks for the extrication of the devil. On each Sunday evening (as stated at the police-court) flags are hung in front of the meeting-house, drums are beaten, and a number of lighted candles disposed within the windows so as to give the place the appearance of a penny theatre. A Mr. Peacock, who appears to have the management of the affair, appeared dressed out with ribbons, and with a long sword by his side; and Mrs. Peacock holds forth within in rambling discourses upon things in general. Perhaps there can scarcely be a doubt in any sane mind, that all these things are clear symptoms of a species of insanity of an exceedingly mischievous and self-propagating tendency. It is sad to think that the law is powerless to interfere and to protect the ignorant and weak-minded from being drawn in to share in the delusions of these unfortunate persons; it would be humiliating to the judgment of a nation to suppose it incapable of drawing a broad distinction between such thoroughly morbid displays and any form of religion or dissent in its widest sense. The question whether such exhibitions should be allowed, is not one of religious toleration; it is one of moral and intellectual health—as much a sanitary question as even one as to drainage can possibly be, unless the health of the brain be considered a less important portion of the human anatomy than any other.

In a cause recently tried at Guildhall, counsel applied to the judge, Mr. Justice Cresswell, for permission (by consent of both parties) to have the issue decided without the intervention of a jury. His Lordship is reported to have said—"I would much rather not. I have only known of three cases in which causes have been tried by the judge without a jury, and they have all turned out failures." In order to appreciate the full force of this remark, it should be borne in mind that the whole County Court system, the pet legal reform of modern legislators, is based upon the principle of the sufficiency of a judge without a jury in matters of debt, and ordinary causes of action. If the judges of the superior courts, ordinarily men not only of great legal experience, but of eminent judicial abilities, can form only unsatisfactory tribunals if unaided by juries, what must be the position of the unfortunate County Court sniters, doomed to have their causes decided by a class of judges of whom, without disparagement, it will be sufficient to add that they scarcely rank so high as their more, let us say, "successful" brethren? And yet the difference between the classes of cases tried before the respective courts, consists generally in the amount sought to be recovered only. And the County Courts try, at least, a hundred cases to one of the superior courts. If Mr. Justice Cresswell be right (and we have certainly not the temerity to attack his position), what a fearful amount of "failures" of justice must be involved in the County Court verdicts!

## MR. JOHN STEPHENS.

Among the scraps of intelligence in which the movements of distinguished persons are recorded, we find the following announcement:—"Edinburgh, Monday. Court of Bankruptcy, this day. John Edward Stephens was not forthcoming this morning. The Sheriff has granted a warrant for his apprehension. It is rumoured that he left for London on Sunday night." At the moment we write this illustrious citizen may be among us again in this southern division of the empire; but, again, Mr. John Edward Stephens may change his mind and resolve to bear the brunt of the examination. We will not, therefore, as yet, treat him as a runaway witness, or remark upon the disclosures which he has made before the Scotch Court as to the transactions of the Eastern Bank. It will be enough to do this when the presumption of his disappearance amounts to certainty; but we may at least be permitted to call attention to the somewhat remarkable facts of his autobiography, as they have been enunciated by him at Edinburgh within the last few days.

Mr. John Edward Stephens, then, began life as an assistant-surgeon in a military regiment—a most respectable and honourable pursuit, to which it is a pity for the sake of others that he did not adhere. In this capacity he served in India and elsewhere, until, finding that he could not in all probability arrive at wealth and distinction very speedily in the career which he had chosen, he resolved to abandon so barren a profession, and to play the game of life in a grand way. He returned to England, and in conjunction with Colonel Waugh, of Branksome Island, managed that remarkable institution which has been somewhat popularly known to the public as the Eastern Corporation, or the Eastern Bank. The ostensible object of this noble foundation was to provide, as it were, a harbour of refuge for nabobs who were suffering from plethora of rupers. So great was the benevolence of these strong but tender men that they resolved not to exclude the poor worn-out Indian officer with his little pension, nor the Indian widow with her still smaller mite, from the comprehensive action of the Eastern Bank. The concern appears to have been earned on upon the simplest plan. Prospectuses were published in India and in England, announcing, in that flowing phraseology which seems to characterise operations of this nature, that if Anglo-Indian capitalists, high and low, and more especially those of the military profession, would intrust their savings to the careful guardianship of the directors of the Eastern Bank, they would receive interest at a rate which would have even made a shylock forget for a while the elopement of his daughter Jessica.

The concern thrived, the till was gorged, and for a while the shareholders and creditors were led out of their own contributions and their own deposits. The system is simple as simplicity itself, and needs no further explanation. Meanwhile the contributions and deposits were drawn out mainly by Colonel Waugh, who is now recruiting his shattered health in the kingdom of Spain. Mr. John Edward Stephens, however, did not disdain to follow in the steps of his principal, in conjunction with him, he carried on the trade of "clay and brick sellers," the sensible material for their trade being excavated from the soil of the Island of Branksome, but the actual material being drawn from the coffers of the Eastern Bank. Not satisfied with this venture, Mr. John Edward Stephens turned his attention to watchmaking, and the funds for carrying on this trade were again advanced from the Eastern Bank. As banker, as brickmaker, as watchmaker, one would have supposed that Mr. Stephens would have had enough on his hands, even giving him every credit for being a person of active mind and energetic habits. Mr. Stephens was of a very different opinion. He had become fired with the noble ambition of meeting the Erards and Broadwoods, and great pianoforte-makers, upon their own ground, and accordingly the assistant-surgeon superadded to his other pursuits that of a pianoforte-maker. Another slight squeeze at the generous udder of that great milk-cow, the Eastern Bank, and the thing was done. The story sounds like a bad joke, but we find that Mr. Stephens, even so, found time hanging heavily upon his hands, and signed for other avocations, and other trades. He next turned wharfinger; but it must not be supposed that the commencement of a new pursuit implied any dereliction of his old duties with this Encyclopaedic man; to Abaculus only was he unfaithful. Again the Bank came to his aid. Thus Mr. Stephens, the elegant assistant-surgeon, was now banker, watchmaker, pianoforte-maker, clay and brick seller, and wharfinger; but even this was not enough. There were some little spare moments of time yet which could be usefully applied, and accordingly Mr. Stephens would become an upholsterer. Advances were again obtained from the same Chancellor of the Exchequer, and an upholsterer Mr. Stephens became. In none of these multifarious pursuits, however, strange to say, did he succeed, although he might almost consider that he had had British India at his back. The watches would not go, the pianos were out of tune, the wharves are empty, the upholstery was not in request, the clay stuck on hand, and, last and not the least, the bank till began to present the appearance of a vacuum. At last it became necessary to have a slight interview with the creditors of the bank; but upon that interview and its results we will not expatiate as yet, as the affair may be considered as before the Court until Mr. Stephens has finally declined any further conversation with the Scotch tribunals. It does not appear that he has actually made up his mind not to appear again before the Court. We should, however, as at present disposed, be inclined to sugar unflatteringly of the Scotch Sheriff's chances of further intercourse with Mr. Stephens, save, indeed, upon the contingency of a gentle but earnest compulsion.

It is not a little remarkable that a man who has so recently been found competent to carry on so many trades should so soon break down at the trade of a witness. Mr. Stephens complains that he has been so harassed with questions that his health is giving way. Colonel Waugh's health, too, has given way, and the public will surely sympathise with this interesting pair of invalids. Mr. Stephens adds, with great regret, that on reconsidering his answers he has been led to make unfounded statements to his own prejudice—no eager has he been to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; so clearly of everybody's reputation save his own. He has not had time to reflect upon the circumstances of the Bank with such attention as will enable him to give proper answers to all the teasing, vexatious questions, which ingenious Scotchmen can put to him. Colonel Waugh and Mr. Stephens, Mr. Stephens doubts not, will come out of the trial a little whiter than lambs when they have the time and opportunity to place their conduct in a proper light before the public; or, at least, they will be able, as the alternative, to show that all their proceedings were sanctioned by the other directors—a conclusion which will no doubt prove highly satisfactory to the shareholders and depositors.—"Times."

## TRIAL OF MR. BRIGHT, OF HULL, FOR FORGERY.

HENRY SMITH BRIGHT, aged 41, was charged, at York, with having forged and uttered certain transfer deeds and other instruments, with intent to defraud. He pleaded "Not Guilty."

The first indictment charged the prisoner with having, on the 4th day of July, 1853, forged the name of "Robert John Taylor" to a certain deed for the transfer of shares in the North-Eastern Railway Company, and that he uttered the said deed with intent to defraud.

Mr. Overend, Q.C., stated the case, and said he would show that the prisoner had disposed of the whole of this share property, except eighteen shares—the transfers of the shares standing in the name of Robert John Taylor, (the son of the prisoner's then partner), having been forged with intent to defraud the partnership—the money the result of those sales being applied, not for the partnership concern, but for his own private use.

After these facts had been proved, Mr. James commenced his address to the jury, contending that the prisoner, in all his transactions, had dealt as a partner in the firm, and that he had as much right to deal with the shares as Mr. Taylor. The firm had dealt largely in railway speculations, commencing Jan. 1, 1845, amounting in the whole to about £150,000, and including from 1,000 to 1,500 transactions. Upon Mr. Bright devolved the whole management and control of these gigantic undertakings, and he had this control by the authority of his partner.

The court was then adjourned until the next morning, the jury remaining in charge of the sheriff during the night.

On the following morning Mr. Justice Williams summed up, remarking, that notwithstanding the deed was not executed by Robert John Taylor, and without his authority or consent, yet it was by no means followed that it was a forgery. The reason was this: It was quite clear that the shares transferred by the deed stood in the name of Robert John Taylor, that he was only the nominee or agent of the prisoner, Mr. Bright, and his partner, Mr. Taylor. The shares were without doubt partnership property, and Robert John Taylor had no interest whatever in them, being at that time only a clerk in the house. If, therefore, the prisoner honestly put the name of Robert John Taylor to the deed, bona fide intending to sell the partnership property for partnership purposes, with the authority of Mr. Taylor, it would not be a forgery, notwithstanding that Robert John Taylor was entirely ignorant of his name having been put to the deed. The partner had unquestionably, in point of law, authority to put the name of the firm to a bill of exchange or any similar instrument, and it did not for his own purposes and not for the partnership, it was not a forgery, but merely an abuse of the power which the law invested him as a partner. But it was obvious that this was not the writing of one of the names of the firm, but of a stranger, Robert John Taylor. The jury must take the law to be this: If the prisoner, without the authority of his partner, Mr. Taylor, wrote the name of Robert John Taylor to the deed of transfer, and uttered it with a guilty knowledge to defraud the partnership, and for the dishonest purpose of secretly and privately applying partnership property to his own use, he was guilty of the crime imputed to him.

The jury, after twenty minutes' conversation, returned a verdict of "Guilty," and the prisoner was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

On being called on, the prisoner addressed his Lordship, saying he had no fault to find with the conduct of the prosecution. He knew full well that the crime of forgery was as far as years ago punishable with death, and he desired to say that his recollection was upon his mind when all the transactions connected with the firm took place. Those transactions were carried on as a speculation in his own individual name, and were so carried on for the sole purpose of relieving the position of the firm, which had suffered loss by the railway engage-

ments. He positively stated that the whole of these speculations were entered into with the full knowledge and privity of his partner, Mr. Taylor; that when the firm launched into these speculations the fact was kept from the knowledge of Mr. Taylor's son, who it was notorious was no man of business; and it was also kept from the clerks, because their cognizance of what was going on would have a tendency to ruin the firm.

## YORKSHIRE BIGAMIST.

THOMAS HITCHIN was indicted, before Mr. Justice Williams, at York, for bigamy, in having married Ann Baldwin, December, 1851, at Bradford, his former wife being then alive.

The formal proofs having been given of the marriage of the prisoner with his first wife on the 4th of June, 1848, and that she was still alive.

Ann Baldwin, an awkward, stupid-looking woman, was called to prove her subsequent marriage with the prisoner. This she proved to have been celebrated at Bradford parish church on the 7th of December, 1851, and that she had had two children by the prisoner.

The prisoner, a rough-looking labourer, with red hair, then proceeded to cross-examine her, with the following results:—

Now, then, what did parson say to me when you say we were wed?—Witness: Don't know.

—Did he open a book and say to me, "Say as I say?"—Yes.

—Did I shout out "Say as I say?" Stop a bit: and did the congregation set up a crack of laughing, same as these folks?—Yes.

Very well; and did parson say to me, "Conduct yourself properly, sir, or I shall not marry you to-day?"—Yes.

—Well; so we jogged on, didn't we, till the middle, he reading, and I saying as he said?—Yes.

Then he says "Speak louder. Will you marry this woman?" Say "I will;" and I said loud out, "I shan't," didn't I?—Yes (hesitatingly).

Well; and then he said, "I shall not marry you to-day—stand down," didn't he?—Yes.

Well; I stepped down, didn't I? And it was a bigger drop than I thought, and I nearly fell and laid the ring out of my hand, didn't I?—Yes.

Well; there was nine couple being wed, wasn't there? and Billy Walsh was there, wasn't he? and didn't he pick up the ring, and say, "I shan't not wed yet; I will wed thee myself?"—Yes.

Did parson bid me stand down then, and did I stand down?—Yes, thou did.

Did I ever stand up before that noon since?—No.

Then out of church I walks, and this woman followed me. Did thou ask me if I would go again and get wed awt, and give me some money to go pay the parson to get wed again, and I wouldn't go?—Yes.

Didn't I say if thou has any money to go and pay for a piece of a job, go and pay him thyself? Didn't I say I shall not pay till he has finished his job?—Yes.

Did you leave me in the churchyard with Sally Barnett, and did you say you would go to the vestry and try to get wed out?—Yes.

Did you come back laughing to me, and say "He's taken brass, and I'm to bring thee again before him to-morrow?"—Yes.

After that, does thou consider thou art married? Didn't the people about thee say thou was not married?—Thou art asking me more than I can remember.

Well, did I put 't'ing on thy finger, or Billy Walsh?—Billy Walsh.

The witness was here re-examined by the learned counsel, and stated that she had put her mark to the register, and had seen the prisoner do the same. (An examined copy of the register was produced, and appeared to bear out that fact.)

In answer to his Lordship the witness stated that she had said before the magistrates that she had been married to the prisoner.

A witness was called who said she did not remember the incidents of the wedding spoken to by the last witness.

The prisoner, in his defence, said: Well, I consider that this second was not a marriage. I neither put the ring on, nor paid any money; and I never said "I will," but I said "I shan't." I don't consider that a marriage.

His Lordship, in summing up, said he could not blame persons for laughing as the trial proceeded, as there were circumstances in it very ludicrous. But the case had now assumed a serious aspect, as the prisoner had evidently got the second wife to perjure herself to endeavour to screen him. This in itself was a very grave offence. The testimony of this woman could not be believed, contradicted as it was by the examined copy of the register, and by the other witness who was present.

The jury found the prisoner "Guilty," but recommended him to mercy on account of his ignorance.

## THE MURDER AND SUICIDE AT CROYDON.

An inquest has been held upon the bodies of the Mrs. Smither and her two sons, who were found dead in their beds on the morning of Thursday week.

The evidence went to show that the elder son, William Smither, was a clerk in the Bank of England, the younger, Charles, being a clerk in the factory of an engineer at Deptford. They lived with their mother at Thornton Heath, near Croydon, and were known as a most affectionate family. William, who was thirty-one years of age, and thirteen years older than his brother, had always been a temperate man, though for a few days past he had drunk great quantities of brandy. On the morning of the 10th inst., finding that the young men did not make their appearance to breakfast, the servant-girl went to their room, and found them both dead in bed, the bed-clothes undisturbed. On the corpse was a bottle, which had contained prussic acid of Scheele's strength, and a wine-glass. The servant, alarmed, rushed into her mistress's room, to acquaint her with the sad discovery, when she found her also dead. An examination of the bodies left no doubt that mother and sons had all been poisoned with prussic acid.

The question was—how and by whom they were so poisoned. The evidence of the servant girl as to this point was as follows:—Mrs. Smither had called her up (the girl, that is) at about half-past six on the Thursday morning. She rose; and a few minutes after, William called to her for a wine glass; which she took up and gave to him on the landing. Mr. William used to give his mother her medicine. Other evidence went to show that William Smither had greatly involved himself in Stock Exchange transactions, and was at that time pressed for the payment of some considerable sums. Moreover, he had made it appear that these transactions were on behalf of a friend of his—a man of large fortune; and had made several false statements to cover the deceit. That the unfortunate young man was predisposed to insanity was also shown. He had suffered from vertigo and inflammation of the brain; his manner was described as flighty, and his mind morbid. His father died suddenly some time ago, and this greatly affected him; and he had an uncle who hanged himself.

The jury came to the following conclusion:—"That the deceased Mary Smither and Charles Smither were both wilfully murdered by William Holton Smither, and that he, the said William Holton Smither, committed suicide while in a state of temporary derangement." It is supposed that the unfortunate man dropped the poison to his brother's mouth while he was asleep; that he (William) afterwards poisoned his mother's medicine, and then lying down by his brother's side, drained the phial. The poison was of great strength, and death must have been almost instantaneous.

## MURDER AND SUICIDE NEAR THE EUSTON SQUARE STATION.

On Thursday last, a man, who seemed to be a foreigner, called with his wife at a coffee-house in Drummond Street, Euston Square, and engaged lodgings. They remained there till Sunday, when, as they were both about to leave, the keeper of the coffee-house stopped them, and asked for payment. They went back into their room, and nothing more was heard of them for some hours. During the evening the coffee-house keeper knocked at the door once or twice, but as it was fastened on the inside, he did not open it. At length he communicated with the police, and a sergeant forced open the door. The woman was then found on the floor with her throat cut. The man was upon his knees; he also had a frightful gash across his throat, and there was a razor in his right hand. The inference is that he had cut the woman's throat and had afterwards murdered himself. It was the opinion of a surgeon that they had been dead some hours. No noise had been heard in that room in the course of the afternoon.

It has since been discovered that these unhappy people had arrived from the Dover Station on the 25th of November, and from that day to the 3rd instant they remained at the Pantion Hotel, in Pantion Street, Haymarket. They lived moderately, at the rate of a guinea a day, and paid regularly. There is some clue to the identity of the woman. The name "Helder" was found written in a sheet of paper found in a blotting-case, on hearing which, a young man of that name came forward and stated his belief that the unfortunate woman was a near relative of his, a married woman with three children, who had suddenly left her friends at Greenwich some time ago, for the purpose, as was supposed, of proceeding to the Continent. He believed she had returned to London, as one of the members of the family fancied she passed her in the street in the company of a foreigner answering to the description of the murderer.

THE BRAMHALL MURDER.—The Bramhall murder case occupied four days at the Chester Assizes last week. The particulars have been already stated. James Henderson was accused of murdering his father—shooting him in his bed in the middle of the night. James raised an alarm, stated that he had fired at robbers, and that they ran from the house. No trace of robbers was found. A great point against Henderson was, that scraps of paper which had evidently been used for wadding, found in the deceased's bedroom, appeared to have been torn from a book which was in the prisoner's room. A strong circumstance in his favour was, that his brothers and sisters deposed that on the morning of the murder they heard footsteps on the stairs that were not James's—he is lame, and his tread is peculiar. There were doubts in the case. The jury considered for two hours, and then gave a verdict of "Not guilty."

## THE ELLESMERE JEWEL ROBBERY.

THE prisoners Atwell and Jackson were found guilty upon the indictments against them in this case, of which we have already given the details. Mrs. Jackson was acquitted, her defence being that she acted under coercion of her husband.

The Recorder, in passing sentence, said that the prisoner Atwell had pleaded guilty to being concerned in this robbery, and he had tendered a written statement to the Court, which would be taken into consideration, as well as the fact that he appeared to have to some extent made a voluntary disclosure of the circumstances under which the robbery was committed, which had been useful to the ends of justice. The Court, under these circumstances, considered that a slight punishment in addition to his former sentence would be sufficient, and he should therefore order him to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for six months; and he hoped that, when he came out of prison, he would carry out the intention in his statement, to abandon these courses, and become an honest member of society. As to the other prisoner, it was clear that he had received this property well-knowing that it had been stolen; and it was also perfectly plain that, under the disguise of carrying on the business of an oil and colourman, he had offered facilities to dishonest persons to dispose of stolen property, and that he had carried on that practice to a considerable extent; a portion of the produce of no less than four robberies being found in his possession at the time he was taken into custody. It also appeared that he had been tried before in this court for felony, and under such circumstances, he felt that the only sentence he should be justified in passing upon him was that he be kept in penal servitude for ten years.

DISCOVERY OF A SUPPOSED MURDER.—The skeleton of a man was discovered a few days ago at Middleton, in Norfolk, buried about eighteen inches below the surface of the ground in a field near the Norwich turnpike-road. The body seemed to have been placed lying on the back, but the head and legs were raised rather above the trunk. It appeared that the body had been thrust into a hole not sufficiently long to allow of its lying at full length. Upon or near the chest was found a piece of corroded steel, encrusted with dirt, and bearing an exact resemblance to an ordinary razor blade. The skull was broken into several pieces and the jaw was fractured, but a good set of teeth remained. Notwithstanding this last particular, local rumour inclines to the supposition of these being the mortal remains of Mr. John Bell, a gentleman who disappeared mysteriously in November, 1849, being then nearly fourscore years of age, and has never been heard of since. He left some property, which his family, in hope of his return, abstained for seven years from dividing amongst themselves.

GOON OF TAWE.—We are told that as Lord Palmerston was going down to the House, the other day, he was met by one of the peripatetic newsmongers, who was bellowing, "Himpawnt nooze! Cawthor of Nena Sui!" His Lordship, startled at this shameless fiction, turned, and angrily asked the man how he dared to deceive the public in that way? "Nause me, my Lord," said the shrewd outsider of literature, "I only follow my business as you follow yours."

COLLISION IN THE ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL.—The Times, steam steamship, on her way from Dublin to Liverpool on Sunday, came into collision on off the Skerries at three a.m., with the brig Atlanta, bound from Liverpool to Buenos Ayres. The Atlanta immediately sank. The crew were saved by the Times which sustained but little damage.

GUNPOWDER EXPLOSIONS.—General Robert, of the Artillery, and a member of the Institute, has made a discovery by which the explosion of gunpowder in magazines may be prevented. It consists simply of mixing the gunpowder with coal dust. When the gunpowder is required for use, it is only necessary to sift it: the coal dust falls through the sieve, and the gunpowder resumes its original qualities. The experiment has been tried with complete success, the gunpowder being found to burn slowly, like pitch or tar.

LOSS OF A PACKET SHIP.—The London and New York line of packet ship Northumberland left New York on the 15th of November, with thirty-five passengers, a valuable cargo, and a crew of twenty-eight. On the 18th inst., and following days she encountered a tremendous hurricane, which threw her over on her beam ends. By cutting away the masts she righted a little; but, in spite of incessant pumping night and day, the men labouring up to their armpits in water, she filled fast between decks, and small hope remained. Happily, on the morning of the 4th, the brig Jessie of St. John's, Newfoundland, came in sight, and with great difficulty took off the crew and passengers, who had to be thrown overboard attached to a rope, to be hauled in by the long-boat of the Jessie, since a nearer approach would have been instant destruction. The ship was then abandoned, and the Jessie brought the rescued men and women to Queenstown.

THE GREAT CHRISTMAS CATTLE MARKET.—The show of beasts at the great Christmas market on Monday was unprecedentedly numerous, and of the highest order of merit; fully nine tenths of them were considerably above the average weight, and otherwise in unusually fine condition. This improvement, it must be understood, was not in the quantity of fat carried by the brutes, but in their general symmetry, and in their excellence as beef. The sheep, however, were not altogether so fine. There were a good many of second-rate character, and the supply was not extremely large.

BY ORDER OF THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, midnight mass will be celebrated on Christmas-eve in all the churches in the capital. Mgr. Morlot will officiate pontifically at Notre Dame.

THE FLOATING POPULATION OF PARIS VISITORS is calculated to be 110,000. The revenue of the Paris Municipality, which for 1857 amounted to sixty-seven millions of francs, by judicious management is computed at seventy-two millions for the coming 1858.

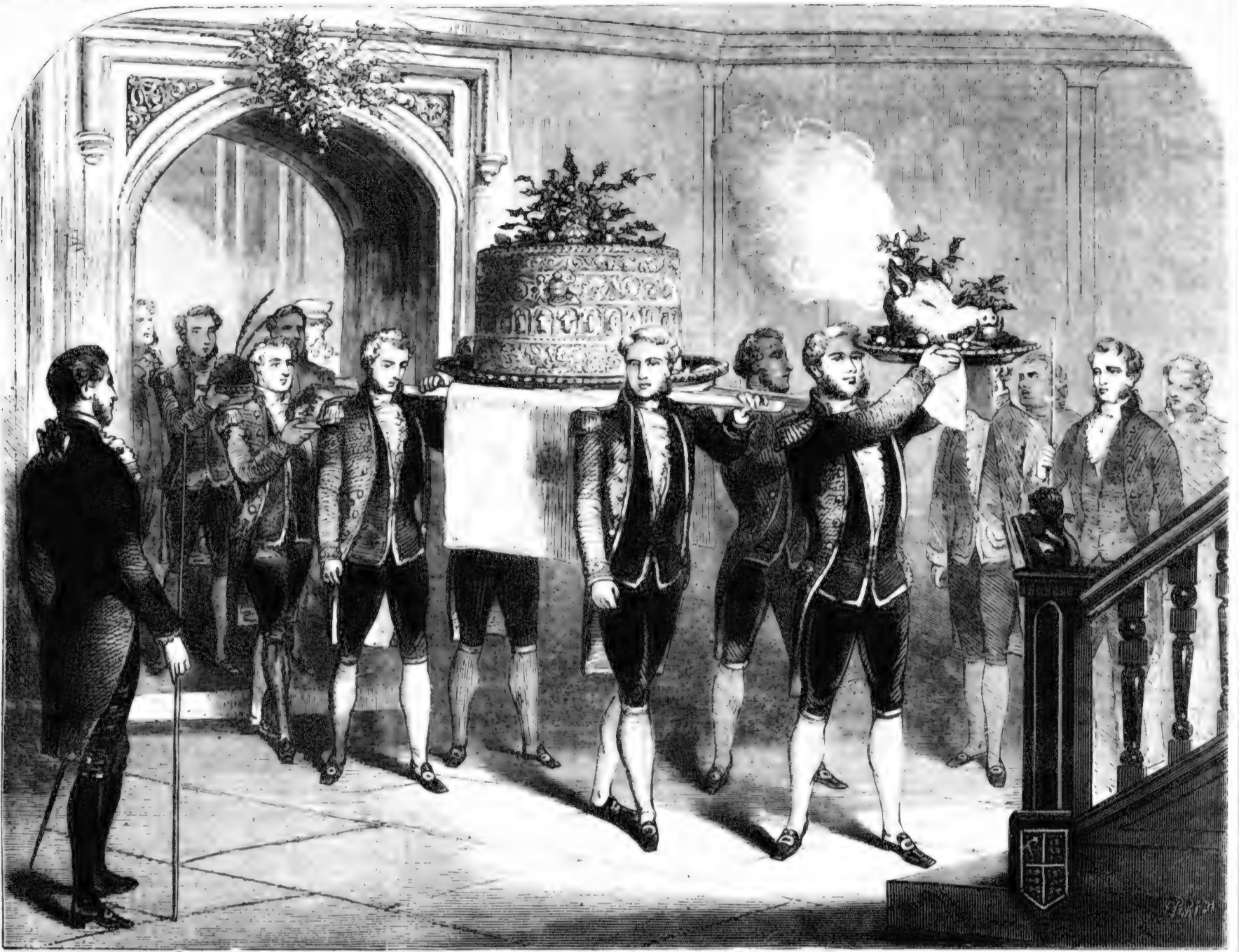
THE FEVER AT LISBON is gradually decreasing; and there is every probability that at the end of a few weeks it will be extinct.

## CHRISTMAS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE vast culinary saloon pictured forth in our engraving cannot boast of a higher antiquity than the time of George the Fourth, who, with his tutelary genius of architecture, Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, seemed determined to have a finger in every architectural pie at Windsor, from the Royal Tombstone to the Royal Kitchen. The present cuisine, however, when rebuilt, was suffered to retain many of its antiquities of formation; and there is much in its appearance that carries the mind back to old Christmas times, when Royalty had its pantlers, its yomen of the mouth, its esquire-casters, its clerks of the buttery, its manchet maidens, trencher scrappers, and flagon-vassals, down to little Johannes, who, according to the old Latin record, *fecit salsamentum*, or looked after the pickled pork and Croyper and Ringtail, the long-bodied, short-legged turnspit dogs. Those were rude days of cookery; the Barons of Beef were cooked, or rather scorched, before huge wood-fires; vegetables were rarely used; clumsy fossil brick-ovens were employed to bake the colossal pasties of the period; oxen and sheep were frequently roasted whole; and round of beef, washed down by strong ale, was a common breakfast, even for young ladies of rank. How different is our modern bill of fare! How different the modern Royal Kitchen! Behold the spacious temple of gastronomy, hung round with brass and copper trophies—stewpans, casseroles, braise maries, and saucepans—gleaming with gas-stoves, and with one tremendous fireplace, at which twenty joints can be roasted at once. Symmetrical rows of tables line the hall of Royal cookery; and here the white-jacketed and white-capped cooks (assisted sometimes by smart young dancels) are busily employed in putting the finishing touches to the dainty dishes which are to be set before the Queen. In the centre of the kitchen is a very large table covered with a white cloth, on which the various dishes of each course are arranged in their proper order as they will appear at the Royal table. On important occasions, this is brilliant with the gold and silver dishes in which the dinner is served. At Christmas time may be seen in the Royal kitchen the baron of beef, the famous sirloin weighing over 300 pounds. There are a very large number of persons, roasting and boiling cooks, confectioners, scullions, &c., employed in the culinary regions of Windsor Castle; and at Christmas time the fires, we are told, are kept alight night and day.

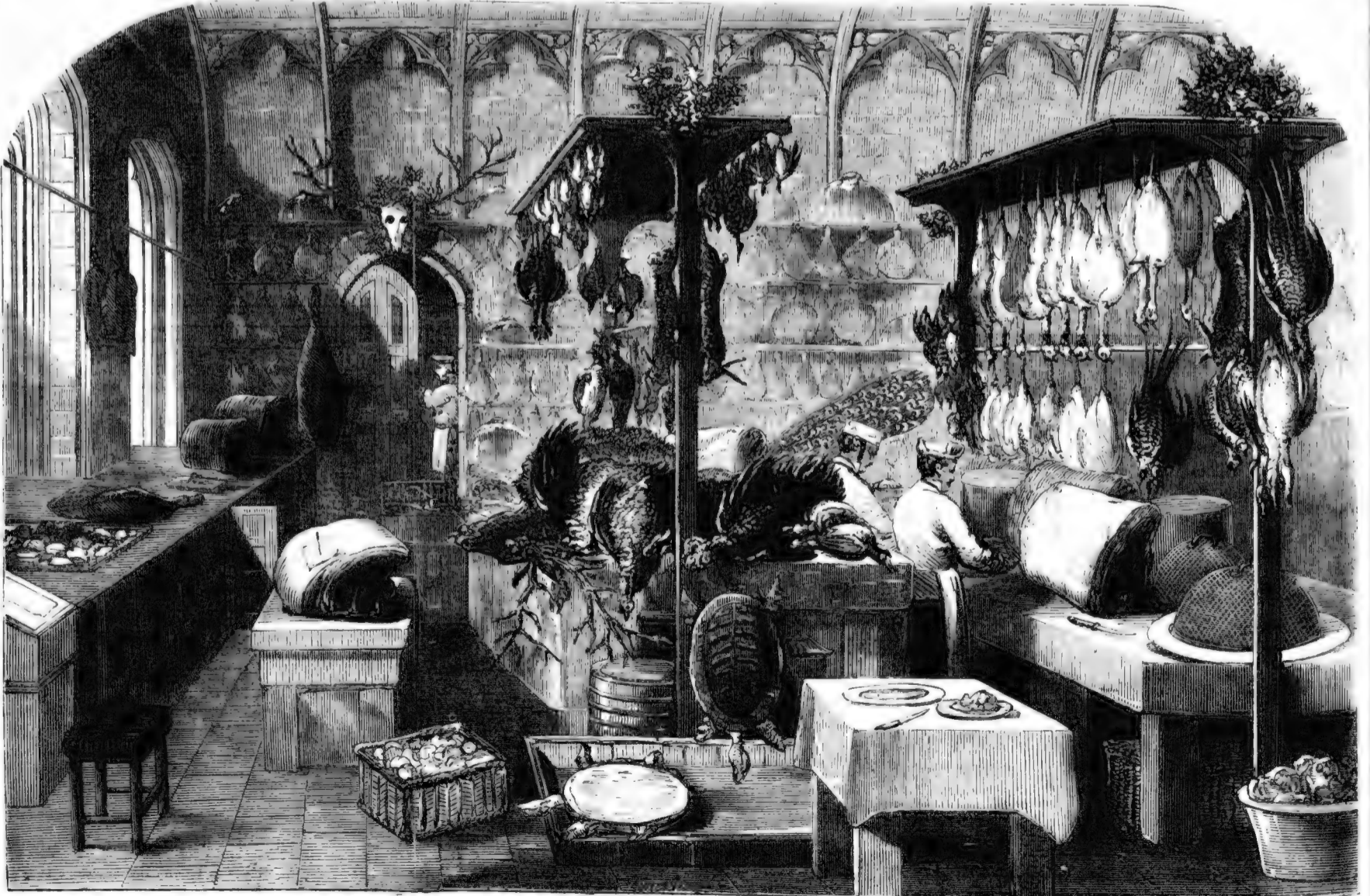
The Christmas Pie is a most important affair, of huge dimensions, and its production is a work of no slight difficulty, not only so far as its ornamentation is concerned, but also as regards cooking such an immense mass of comestibles. Next in high estate to the Christmas pie is the *hure de sauglier*, or great boar's head, duly bedecked with parsley, and with the traditional lemon in his mouth. A gaudy procession is that in which these two chivalrous dishes are the chief actors, borne, as they are, on the shoulders of Royal footmen, blazing in scarlet and gold lace.

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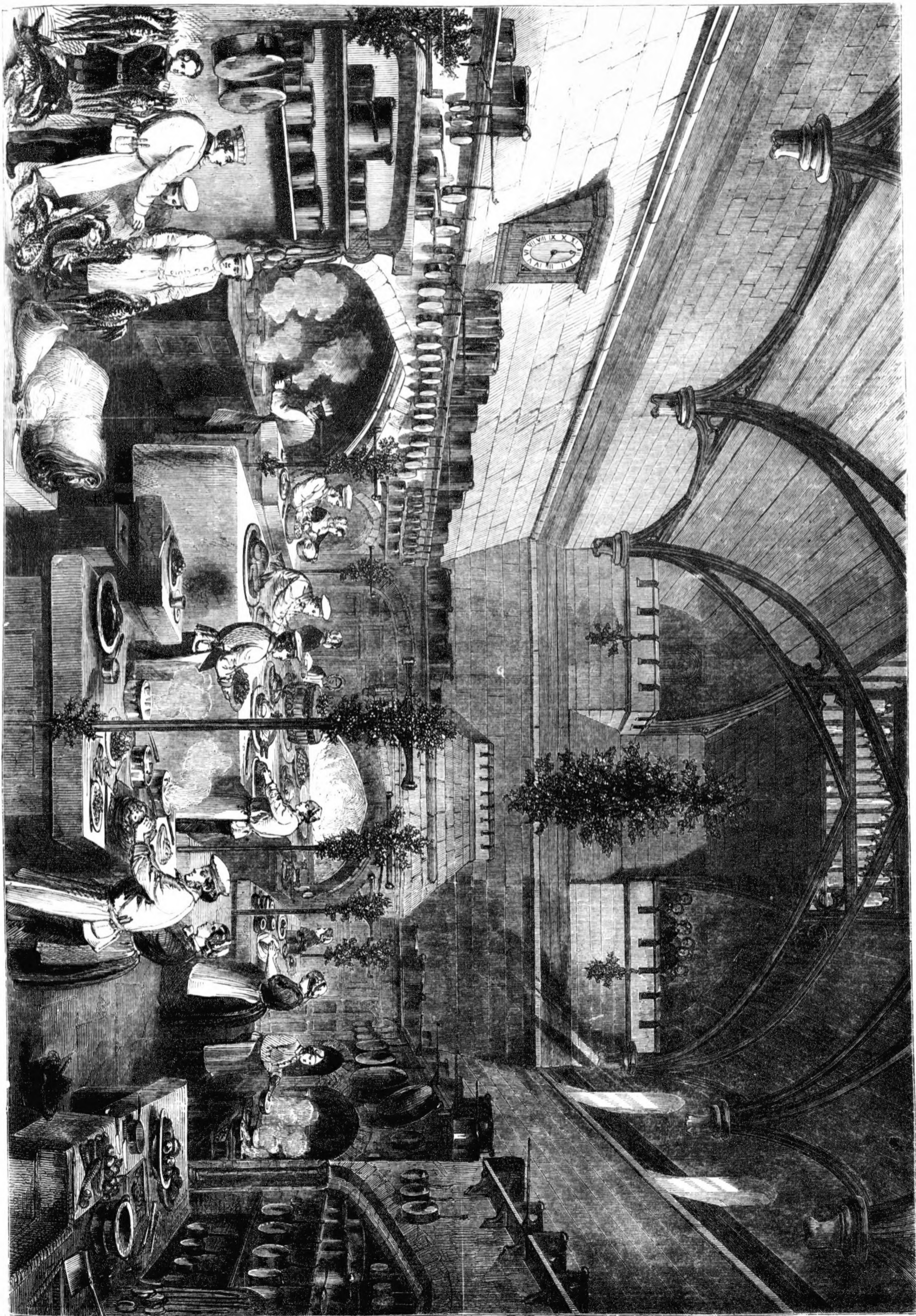


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